

Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

APRIL 1981 \$2.50*

**EXCLUSIVE:
DEBBIE
BYRNE
COMES
OF AGE**

**THE TRUTH
ABOUT
WOMEN'S
TENNIS**

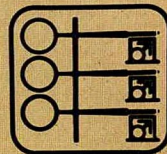
**MIKE WILLESEE'S
TRIAL BY TELEVISION**

**ROCK SPECIAL:
JIM MORRISON'S
LAST DAYS**

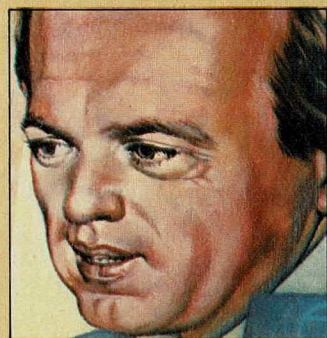


When only the best will do.

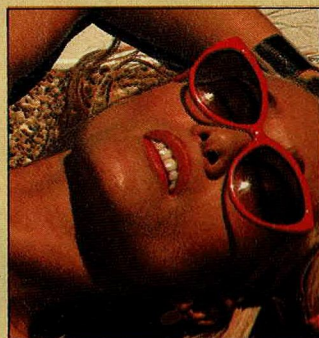
Special Filter
BENSON and HEDGES
WARNING - SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD



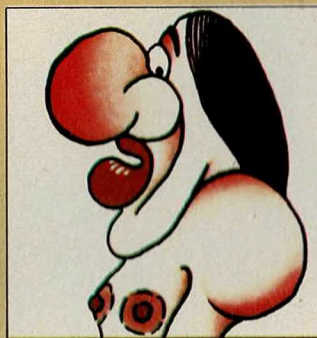
CONTENTS			PAGE
COVER	Debbie Byrne	Photo by Brett Hilder	
HOUSECALL	Introduction		4
FEEDBACK	Opinion		6
FORUM	Correspondence		9
SAVING SEED	Article	Phil Abraham	19
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	Emily Prager	25
REVIEWS			
FILMS		Alex Anthony	28
TV		Neal Akerman	29
SOUNDS		Phil Abraham/Carol Ashdown/Eric Myers	30
WORDS		John Hampshire/P.D. Jack	31
DEBBIE BYRNE'S HARD ROAD	Article	Phil Jarratt	34
ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS	Article	David Hirst	42
IF YOU KNEW.../SUZEE	Pictorial	Photos by Pat Hill	47
THE FORGOTTEN WAR	Article	P.D. Jack	58
TRIAL BY TELEVISION	Article	Howard Gipps	64
TURKISH DELIGHT/RUYA	Pictorial	Photos by Rico Mettbach	69
ALUMINIUM AND THE FLUORIDE THREAT	Advise and Dissent	Geoffrey Smith	84
TALES FROM THE TERRITORY	Article	Jim Bowditch	86
SIX GOOD REASONS TO HAVE FAITH IN YOUR DOCTOR	Humor	Alex O'Hara	92
THE TRUTH ABOUT WOMEN'S TENNIS	Article	John Hallows	96
PEDRO, HER PORSCHE	Fiction	S.D. White	100
CENTRESPREAD	Pictorial		104
THE VCR EXPLOSION	Service	Wayne Elmer	114
SUPERCAR	Motoring	Steven L. Thompson	126
FREE MAN IN PARIS	Article	Jerry Hopkins and Danny Sugerman	129
ARE YOU A HEALTH HAZARD?	Quiz		134
JOHN MEILLON	Interview	Owen Thomson	138
OIL AT SEA	Article	Dennis Hancock	146
JUST IN CASE	Service		154
SHAPING UP FOR A SHOWDOWN	Service	Noel Christensen	158



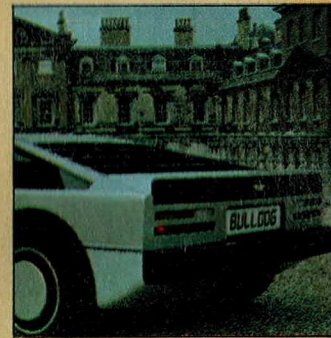
Trial by Television



Pet of the Month



Six Good Reasons



Supercar

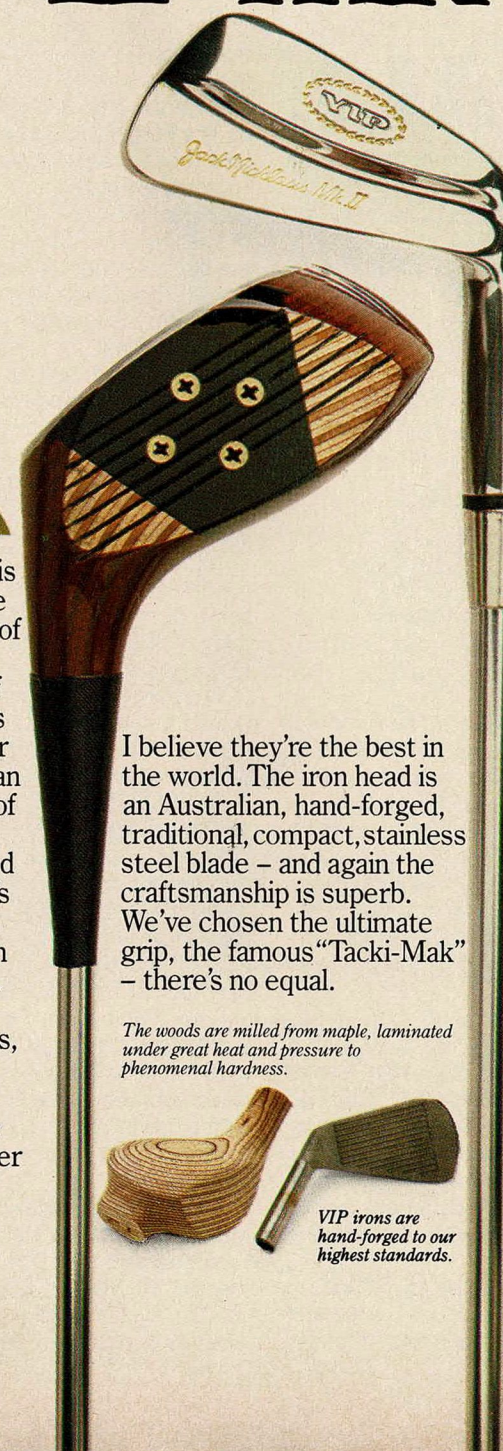
EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES: 99 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, 2000; Box 4084 GPO Sydney, 2001. Telephone 233 7000. Printed by ADM-Paramac, 252-266 Mitchell Road, Alexandria NSW 2015, for the publishers, ADM Franchise Pty. Ltd., 256 Mitchell Road, Alexandria NSW 2015, in association with Penthouse, The International Magazine for Men. © Copyright 1980 ADM Franchise Pty. Ltd. All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission. On request licensee will issue formal copyright assignments of licensed material appearing by permission of licensor. Price in Australia \$2.50. *Recommended and maximum price only. Registered for posting as a publication — Category B. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Fiction manuscripts are welcome but these must be typewritten, double-spaced, using only one side of the paper, and accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope for return. Names and addresses should also be written on the manuscripts. Australian Penthouse does not accept responsibility for lost manuscripts. Please allow several weeks for return. Address manuscripts to The Editor, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, 2001. All material published remains the property of Penthouse.

Your set for life. The new Nicklaus VIP mk II.



Jack's knowledge of the game is built on over 20 years experience on the world's pro circuits. Years of trying every design innovation.

As Jack himself says: "A set of clubs is an investment. Gimmicks and fads do absolutely nothing for your game. You want clubs you can live with until they become part of you. I designed the original Nicklaus VIP for Slazenger, based on what I know works, but there's no use resting on our laurels. We've refined and improved them to bring you a better set of clubs. The Nicklaus VIP MK II's have a good feel and a sense of rightness, and Slazenger's standard of construction equals any in the world. They use rock-hard maple for the woods, so you should never split a club-head. The woods and irons are fitted with the USA Union Propel II steel shaft and



The woods are milled from maple, laminated under great heat and pressure to phenomenal hardness.



VIP irons are hand-forged to our highest standards.

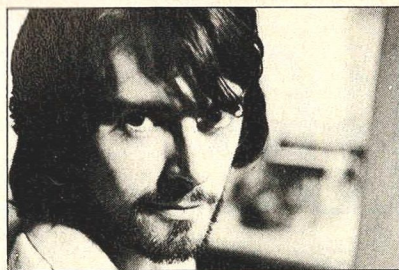
It has a permanent, natural tackiness and traction that will not deteriorate from atmospheric conditions. A grip with non-absorbent properties, making it more playable in all weather conditions and one that can be cleaned during play. Slazenger custom-build your Nicklaus VIP



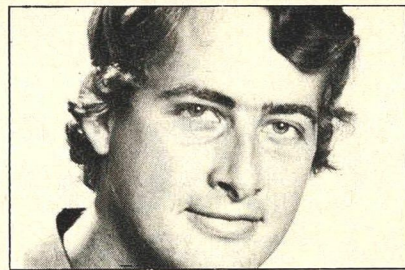
MK II's and each is numbered, so if you ever have to replace a damaged or lost club, you simply quote your number. A set of matched clubs is a fine investment, and with the new Nicklaus VIP MK II's, I honestly believe you're set for life."

Nicklaus VIP mk II

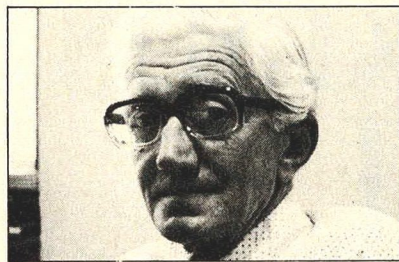
SLAZENGER
THE WINNING FEELING



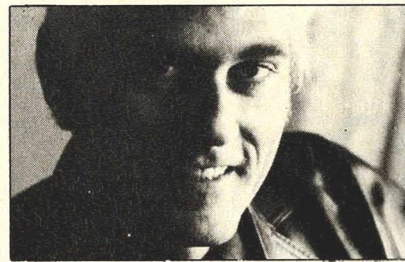
Frants Kantor



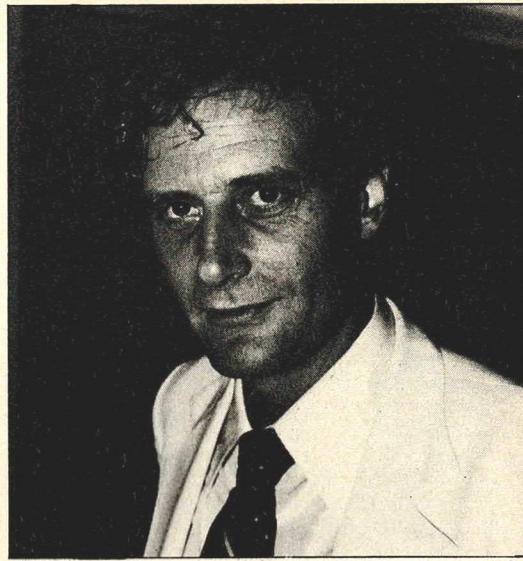
Howard Gipps



Jim Bowditch



John Hallows



P. D. Jack

HOUSECALL

Australian *Penthouse* went back on sale nationally last month after the Queensland Government revoked its ban on the magazine, the first ban in its history which had applied to "all subsequent issues".

But the lifting of the ban was hardly a victory for *Penthouse*. Rather, it was a warning that the forces of reaction are alive and well — a theme pursued by special writer David Hirst this month in his article Onward Christian Soldiers (which starts on page 42). *Penthouse* editor Phil Jarratt gave undertakings to the Queensland Literature Board of Review that the magazine would not in future breach guidelines for acceptability for publication in that State, and we do not anticipate any further problems with the Queensland Board.

However, as Jarratt said after the lifting of the ban: "We will continue to oppose the absurd notion that a 1954 Act of Parliament should be allowed to dictate what is acceptable for publication in 1981. We will continue to press for the right of Queenslanders to enjoy the same liberties as their fellow Australians." Average sales of *Penthouse* in Queensland rose by 20 percent in the week after the lifting of the ban, an indication perhaps that the law is out of step with the people.

Our covergirl this month is Debbie Byrne, onetime Queen of Pop and the gutsiest performer to grace an Australian stage or television screen in quite a while. Byrne, who made a startling comeback in the acclaimed ABC series *Farnham and Byrne* in 1980, tells for the first time how being a child star led her into the depths of depression and self-destruction before she was out of her teens; how at 18 she was simultaneously the nation's sweetheart and a glassy-eyed junkie. Now a hardworking single mother with a recording contract and a swag of TV offers, Debbie has successfully put heroin and heartbreak behind her. Her moving story begins on page 34.

Mike Willesee is another performer whose path to glory has recently been strewn with difficulty, to fool dangerously with a metaphor. While the critics were lashing Mike's new effort, former Willesee At Seven reporter Howard Gipps recalled the "walk-ins" which sent that show to the top of the ratings. Gipps was the foot-in-the-door man whose job it was to embarrass shonky operators into televised confessions, or better still, violence. His personal account of a very odd job under a very demanding boss makes fascinating reading. It begins on page 64 with another fine caricature from Frants Kantor.

This issue *Penthouse* Senior Editor P.D. Jack also indulges in reminiscence — of his time in war-torn Afghanistan. A year ago Jack requested leave from his job at the ABC and set off for the

front, any front. A couple of weeks later he was trekking across mountains with a band of Afghan freedom fighters, one of the few reporters in the world who gained the trust of the rebels. His report on The Forgotten War, which begins on page 58, is one of the best (and most moving) accounts to come out of this or any war.

Jim Morrison, lead singer of the Doors and a sex symbol in black leather, was found dead in his bath in Paris a decade ago... or was he? There was no autopsy and only his wife Pamela saw the body, and ten years later the conspiracy theorists insist that the demonic rock star is alive (if not well). Author Jerry Hopkins and Danny Sugerman, a Doors associate for many years, trace Morrison's last, tormented days in Free Man In Paris, our intriguing extract from *No-one Here Gets Out Alive*, to be published this month by Angus and Robertson. It begins on page 129.

Jim Bowditch is one of Australia's most famous knockabout journalists, a man who, in the company of a cold glass and a warm bar stool, will tell a thousand tales, many of them concerning the love of his life, Darwin. Darwin hasn't been the same since the Big Blow, according to Bowditch, who was the editor of the Northern Territory News for more than 20 years. But it's seen some wonderful times and some outrageous characters. Bowditch recalls some of the best and offers some insights into the frontier mentality of The North in Tales From The Territory. It's on page 86, along with a striking illustration by Danny Burke.

Women's tennis has to live in the shadow of Borg, McEnroe, Connors and friends much of the time, but the competition is no less fierce and the competitors no less temperamental. Freelance writer and tennis freak John Hallows served up a few curly ones to the ladies at the top to discover The Truth About Women's Tennis. It begins on page 96, just behind the welcome return of our 1980 cartoonist of the year, Alex O'Hara. This month O'Hara offers Six Good Reasons To Have Faith In Your Doctor (which might have been subtitled Six More Good Reasons Why O'Hara is gaining a legion of fans).

South Australian film maker Wayne Groom is poised to make his mark with his first full-length feature *Centrespread*, in which the delectable Kylie Foster (Pet of the month Jessica Castles in our March 1980 issue) finds fame and fortune baring all in a men's magazine. As this was a subject (and Kylie a lady) dear to our hearts we went behind the scenes to present this month's pictorial on the making of *Centrespread*. If the movie is half as delightful as its female cast it is destined to be a smash hit. The pictorial begins on page 104.

Elsewhere this month Owen Thomson interviews actor John Meillon (page 139), Patrick McCarville talks to star golfer Jack Newton (page 118), Dennis Hancock investigates life on an oil rig (page 148), Wayne Elmer looks at the best video cassette recorders available (page 114), we preview our new cartoon Sweet Chastity and present Pets Suzee and Ruya. Have fun.



My scotch? Take it as Red.

BORN 1820  STILL GOING STRONG
40° ALCOHOL/VOLUME
MASIUS/WAL3485.AB151/80



Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Published by
ADM FRANCHISE PTY. LTD.
Executive Director: Peter McWilliam

EDITOR
Phil Jarratt

EDITORIAL

Senior Editors: Carol Ashdown, P.D. Jack, Phil Abraham; Motoring Editor: John Hampshire; Art Director: John Byrne; Creative Designer: Bruce Morgan; Editorial Assistant: Verlie Nagel; Editorial Rights and Traffic Manager: Penny Kerr; Photographic Consultant: Rico Mettbach.

ADVERTISING

National Advertising Director: Steve Bocksette; Sales Executive: Ros Richards; Advertising Traffic Manager: Maree Robinson; Victorian Representative: Screid Representations; SA Representative: Hastwell Media; Queensland Representative: Media Services.

ADMINISTRATION

Managing Director: Bruce McWilliam; Office Manager: Kay Klima; Promotions Director: John Hampshire; Financial Services: Jacqueline Aldridge; Office Communications Officer: Victoria Alexander.

PRODUCTION

Production Manager: Dennis Bradshaw; Production Assistant: Lynette Harlen.

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES
99 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, 2000; Box 4084 GPO Sydney 2001. Telephone 233 7000.

DISTRIBUTORS

Gordon and Gotch (A'asia) Ltd.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.
(US edition)

Bob Guccione (Chairman and President)
Irwin E. Billman (Executive Vice-president)
Kathy Keeton (Senior Vice-president)
Anthony J. Guccione (Secretary-Treasurer)
Marianne Howatson (Senior Vice-president)

EDITORIAL

Editor in Chief: Bob Guccione; Editorial Director: James Goode; Managing Editor: Heidi Handman; Foreign Editions Manager: Suzanne Locatelli; VP/Art Director: Joe Brooks; Associate Art Director: Claire Victor

ADMINISTRATIVE

Associate Publisher, Kathy Keeton; Senior Vice-president/Advertising Director, Marianne Howatson; Senior Public Relations Director, Rich Jachetti; VP/Administrative Services, Jeri Winston; VP/Production Director, John Evans; VP/General Counsel, Joseph Kraft; VP/Circulation Marketing and Promotion, Bob Guccione, Jr.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Tel. (212) 593-3301. Telex no. 237128. West Coast: 8732 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069. Tel (213) 652-8070. London: 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB England. Tel 01-385-6181.

BUREAUS:

Washington, D.C.: William R. Corson, 1707 H Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. Berlin: Hans-Hohn, Enzianstrasse 1, Berlin 45. Rio de Janeiro: Andre Fodor, 98 Rua Mexico, 15th floor, Rio de Janeiro ZC39, Brazil. Budapest: Paul Kirlyhedgyi, 5 Regi posta utca, Budapest 5, Hungary. Zagreb: Cedimir Komijenovic, Strebrnjak 96, Zagreb, Yugoslavia.

APRIL

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Island girls

After making regular visits and a couple of extended stays in South East Asia and the South Pacific over the last 15 years I have developed an appreciation for the women of the region.

I find their natural grace and sensuousness far more attractive than anything any western girl has ever offered me. Eurasian girls, particularly the French/Chinese mix, must be the closest things to goddesses on the planet.

Which brings me to the reason for writing this letter . . . the girl on the cover of March *Australian Penthouse*. Who is she? I expected to see more of her within, but alas I was disappointed. One photograph could never do her justice. How about another look? — R. Milne, Sutherland NSW.

You can turn to page 47 for another look at our 18-years-old Asian beauty Suzee.

Survival

Your story on the Survivalists in March *Australian Penthouse* probably raised a few people's level of paranoia about the apocalypse. But haven't we heard these arguments before? I know a couple who were headed for the north coast of New South Wales more than a decade ago to get away from what they saw as the imminent destruction of society.

She got sick of waiting around for the world to end and went back home but my friend is still up there, getting involved in some weird Christian sect and maintaining his belief in the millenium. I saw him a couple of months ago and he's a wreck.

Ten years is a long time to wait for something as unpredictable as the end of the world.

Your story's survivalists said they slept better for their preparations. They may well do so, but I reckon I have a better time during the waking hours. — Peter McCarthy, Darlinghurst Sydney.

Smoker's lament

It was of particular interest to me that Michael Jenkinson in his March *Australian Penthouse* article, Dope Grows Up, pointed out that both of Australia's leading political activists for the legalisation of the weed became dedicated to the cause only after suffering prosecution.

I got the same sort of shock recently. I am a casual smoker and otherwise law-

abiding citizen. When the police made an early morning call to deliver a traffic summons, they were probably as surprised to see me smoking as I was to find them staring into my living room through the glass front-door.

As a result of that surprise visit, I was fined heavily and treated like a turkey by a variety of officials for merely possessing and smoking the stuff. I know others have suffered much worse consequences. They made me feel like a second class citizen, which I am not. But until other smokers get their head out of the sand and show the committed few that they've got support, we will keep having to pay for our pleasure. — C.R.P., Torquay Victoria.

Spellbound

I think it is terribly sad that men need magazines like *Australian Penthouse*. Do you really find it exciting to view photographs of female genitals? I find it difficult to attach any blame for the poses on the girls. Most of them are very young and will no doubt be very sorry one day.

The onus must lie with the people who procure them and talk them into being photographed in such a manner.

I fervently hope that everyone connected with the magazine suffers terrible events during the next year. A hex on you all. — Sylvia Ford, Woodford NSW.

Bikers

Andrew Carstairs put together a well researched account of the bikers and their day to day activities (Weekend of Horror) in your January issue. I am not trying to pick this article to pieces, but I must point out a few shortcomings.

Firstly, outlaw bikers do have friends other than clubmates and they do mix with other people regularly. However, these people are usually a select few who can be relied upon.

As for the number of the elite, I would put it closer to 500. If one takes the numbers of the three biggest clubs in Australia, Gypsy Jokers, Hells Angels and Finks, that alone would come close to 300. There are a number of smaller clubs who have earned the rights to be tagged one percenters too.

Regarding the Coffin Cheaters, it was perhaps bad luck they had to deal with a mob of idiots who didn't know how to survive in a real man's world. — P.T., South Australia. ☺

We have an agreement.



I promised her the best of everything. I bought a dozen red roses, a bottle of Moet et Chandon. I promised her filet mignon, just a little bleu, soft candlelight and sweet music. The filet was overdone and the candles burnt the roses.

Well, she said, maybe the music...? Sweet, you promised.

I leaned casually back and switched through eight of the fourteen memory presets on my Marantz ST500 AM/FM Stereo Computuner, looking for the right mood.

That's amazing speed and precision, she said.

That's Marantz, I said. It's drift-free too. That's nice she said, I like rock. And roll? I asked. That too, she curled closer.

I have these cassettes, I said, Blondie, Boombtown Rats, Clash, Kiss...Let's clash, she said.

I like their sound. And I like your Marantz.

Available through selected hi-fi dealers, Marantz features one of Australia's most comprehensive ranges of sophisticated hi-fi components. State-of-the-art tuners, cassette decks, amplifiers or complete home music systems — Marantz makes a sound investment.

SD8000 shown with TDK MA-RC60 tape. Models, prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

Yes, I said, this is the Marantz SD8000 Two-speed Cassette Deck, it's microprocessor controlled in all major tape transport functions.

Transport? she purred glancing towards the bedroom.

Yes, I said, has a Sendust head (hers dropped to my shoulder) plays metal tapes, too, has Solenoid control (I have very little, she murmured) and programmable replay.

OH? she looked up, does that mean you can fix it to play all night? Yes, I replied. Well, she kicked off her shoes. Since you're into extended high frequency response...I think I can interest you.

Then she smiled sweetly.

You know, I wasn't really hungry. I'd have come for the music alone. I do love the sound of Marantz.

Yes, I whispered, for that I could love you.

So, she said, if music be the food of love...It looks like we have an agreement.

You and me and Marantz.



The Marantz Agreement.

marantz®
Now you're listening.

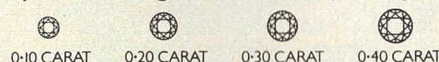
Distributed by: MARANTZ, 32 Cross St., Brookvale, NSW 2100, Telephone (02) 939 1900 Telex AA 24121 Melbourne (03) 329 7655, Brisbane (07) 48 8266, Adelaide (08) 223 2699, Perth (09) 328 3874.

SEND NOW FOR OUR FULL COLOUR 16-PAGE BROCHURE.

"\$550 FOR A DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING. HOW WOULD I GET THAT KIND OF MONEY?"

Some things you splurge on without turning a hair. Bits and pieces for your car. Drinks all round. New gear. Weekends and holidays away. But we'd bet you won't have a clue how much you'd pay for a diamond engagement ring. The girl in your life will.

She'll have quickly gathered that the bigger the diamond, the better. And that \$550 won't exactly put her in the "Liz Taylor league". But size, measured by carat weight, isn't everything.



There's the cut of the diamond. The clarity and the colour. Basically, as a guide, a good quality diamond will cost you about a month's salary. Which, if you think about it, is not a lot to spend on someone who means so much. A diamond is forever.



For your free copy of the informative booklet, "Everything you'd love to know about diamonds," go to the jeweller who displays this sign or write to: Diamond Information Centre, 132 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W. 2000.

De Beers

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse* — its contents, its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse* Forum, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

The new navy

I'm 19 years old, single, male, currently serving in the Navy. I am in training to become a jet mechanic and live in dormitory-style housing. I live on the first deck, which is the only way this sacred event I am about to tell could have taken place.

One night myself (PJ) and my roommates, David and a guy we'll call Barry, headed down to the enlisted club to get plastered, just like on any other payday. However, this particular night was a different story. We entered the dance room and had a few drinks. Watching all that bush shake on the dance floor was enough to get my blood circulating, and before too long my cock was as hard as a rock, just looking for a chance to blow my load. I started to take another drink when this gorgeous little brunette grabbed my hand and asked me to slow-dance. I quickly agreed, and we began to dance slowly and closely. She kept rubbing against my already hot rod. After the song was over, I asked her over to our table and bought her a drink. She said her name was Tonia, and she was new on the base. Before I had the chance to ask her to dance, my roommate Barry had already made his move.

Then Barry offered to buy her a drink. When he returned, she was gone. Barry and I didn't have to look too far, for she was slow-dancing with David. I could tell this little sexpot had not only turned me on but my roommates also. After a couple of hours she was moving really smoothly and seductively and swaying like a cat in heat. Barry, David and myself were all ready for a good screw.

Finally, when we were all seated by our table, I suggested that we go to our room. We all agreed, but Tonia frowned, because she wanted to go but didn't realise how she could get into our room. So I explained to her that we live on the first deck, and sneaking her in through the window would be no problem. After a few more drinks the boys and myself talked her into trying it. We walked back to the barracks and opened the window. She crawled in, and I rolled up three smokes. After the first two were gone, she lay back on the bed, closing her eyes. I knew now was the time to make my move. I thrust my tongue deep into her mouth, and started caressing her nicely shaped tits, pausing once in a while to

squeeze her nipples and roll them between my fingers. I could feel Tonia's nipples hardening. When I looked up, I saw Barry had already disrobed himself and was unbuttoning Tonia's top.

Once I uncovered them, I lapped at her firm mounds, stroking her hard nipples with my tongue. She started moaning quietly, as I took off my jeans and straddled her face with my legs. My exploding love log couldn't wait to enter her moist, hot mouth. I ran my thick cock across her lips, and suddenly she took my stiff member and began sucking me off like crazy. David had removed her pants and was doing the biggest muff dive I've ever seen. Not to be left out, Barry put his hot pillar into her eager hands. She started stroking him slowly, moving her hand over his cock and building up more and more speed every moment. I could feel myself getting dizzy and realised I would climax very soon. I began pumping faster and harder than ever. Then with one big thrust I exploded my elongated member, which could only be matched by fireworks. At 4.30am we told Tonia she had better leave before people became suspicious. We thanked her for a thrilling experience and promised to do it again sometime. The new navy is an adventure. — Name and address withheld.

Delayed reaction

I would like to share with other *Australian Penthouse* readers an experience I once enjoyed with my former lover, Pam. Pam is a petite, slim woman with big, dark bedroom eyes and long auburn hair that cascades down well past her bountiful tits. She has very long, lithe legs and one of the hottest, tightest little arses I have ever seen.

One evening we were sitting around at home, and Pam was starting to feel a little frisky. She bet me that she could suck my cock for five minutes for every inch of its length. As she ran off to look for a tape measure, I could feel my cock grow another inch from the anticipation. She soon returned, peeled my jeans away from my stiff rod, and stroked it gently with her hand, cupping my balls in her other hand. When she decided I was sufficiently aroused, she quickly slipped her tape along me, playfully announced "40 minutes", and flung the tape measure into the far corner of the room.

We wandered off to the bedroom,

where she propped me up comfortably on a couple of pillows so that I could watch the fun. Sliding down beside me, she wrapped herself around my left leg, rubbing her hot pussy against my ankle and eyeing my dick hungrily, like a feast about to be devoured. Her enthusiasm for cock-sucking was exceeded only by her expertise at it. She popped my purple glans into her mouth, running her tongue around it and poking the tip of her tongue into its tiny opening. Then she began mouth-screwing me rapidly; before long the entire length of my prick was glistening with her saliva.

By this time I was getting kind of wet myself, from the opposite direction. When she tasted the first drops of my love juice, she became extremely excited and vigorously milked my cock with her hand, lapping my juices up greedily as they splashed into her mouth. She paused to look up at me, her eyes burning with passion, and licked her lips. She smiled a slightly wicked smile and said, "My, how generous you are!" She moved her body slowly back and forth above me, letting the ends of her long hair brush gently over my stomach, legs, and groin. Then she dived back down on to me with renewed fervor, massaging my thighs with handfuls of her hair.

I don't know just how long she continued to tease and tantalise me; by this time our original bet was all but forgotten, as we were both completely caught up in our own passion.

The pleasure she was giving me was so exquisite that I wanted it to continue indefinitely; at the same time I was getting more and more desperate to unleash the flood of my steaming semen. As the tension became unbearable, I went wild, begging and pleading with Pam. She responded by plunging my cock deeper and deeper into her mouth, until she had taken my full eight inches. I could now feel my turgid glans jammed so far into her tender, yielding throat that it was touching the walls on both sides at once. The sensation was more than I could stand; as my hot cream literally exploded down into her throat, my mind damn near exploded, its fragments careening madly off into some far corner of the galaxy. The whole room seemed to dissolve from around me; the only reality left was the spurting of my juices and the warm, wet mouth that caught and savored and

swallowed every last drop of them. As the world came back into focus, I found Pam sitting on my face. The perfume she'd dabbed on her inner thighs was mixing with the stronger, headier scent of her own natural perfumes. Her sweet honey box was dripping wet; I tickled her divine little pubic hairs, just barely touching them with the tip of my tongue and lapping up the droplets of her honey. Then I slowly worked my tongue down into her, lovingly licking and sucking on her moist labia.

She was so hot and horny by this time that when the tip of my tongue touched her clitoris, she came instantaneously. The bed almost shook as I felt her body shudder twice, and her muscular legs tightened around my head. I kept my face buried in her, continuing to tongue and suck her clit, and she soon had two or three more rapid, violent orgasms in quick succession. Her body was shaking so violently that it was all I could do to hang on to her; I grabbed her by her hip bones and clung to her torso for dear life as she bucked and writhed uncontrollably above me. We rested in each other's arms for a while and then treated ourselves to a nice, slow, deep, hard screw for a nightcap.

I have yet to find another lover who can give head the way Pam could. She really was the best that I ever had. — *Name and address withheld.*

Developing the skills

I have wanted to write this letter for some time, complimenting my girl friend, but she didn't want anyone to know this. But now that she has broken up with me, I can tell the story.

I was 19 and a shy virgin when I met Terry. She and I hit it off real quick and knew we had something special going when our first dance together left us both breathless and excited, because my leg had been pressed between hers, allowing me to feel the swaying of her thighs, and she, of course, felt my organ grow into erection against her flat belly. Don't get me wrong — we were both pretty innocent, and there was no hip-grinding or anything.

When we got back to my place, she stopped the car short in a vacant lot and asked if I felt like talking, and I said, "Sure!" We really did talk for a while, but then she leaned close to me, and I kissed her again. She then put her arms around me, and we started necking.

Several dates later things had progressed to where I could cup my hand over her blouse and rub her nipples to excitement through her bra. Then one time I slipped my hand inside her blouse and felt her frilly bra. She then lifted my hand, in what I at first thought was a signal to stop. But she then pulled up her cup and placed my hand on her bare breast, her nipple stiffening into my palm.

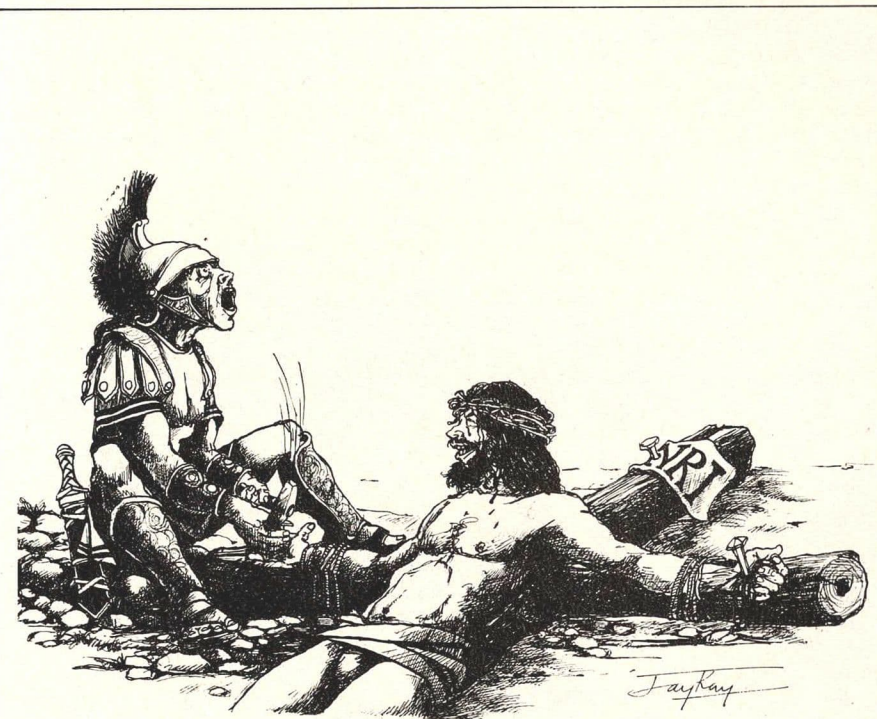
On our next date I had her sit on my lap (her car had bucket seats) while I fondled and sucked her breasts. Then I began to slowly run one hand up and down the outside of her panty hose-encased legs, clear up to her bottom, where I would gently pinch her cheeks. I ran my hand up the inside of her leg, and one of my dreams came true when she uncrossed her legs and spread her thighs for my hands. My groping fingers found the huge wet spot in her panty hose (no panties), and I was thrilled that I had caused her dampness. My totally inexperienced fingers were not doing much for her, so she directed my hand to her nylon-encased crotch and asked me to rub slowly, and so I did this until she came, and the sensation of her panty hose-covered arse bouncing on my lap made me come in my pants.

We were now getting into very heavy petting sessions, with both of us being totally naked. She would also get above me, spread her lips, and wrap them around the base of my cock and rub up and down, being careful to avoid the head, since we had decided not to have any protection available to tempt us to go farther than we had intended. We had both decided to wait a while for love-making. This was fine with me, because I thought that nothing could feel better than those lips. However, I decided that it would be nice to see how it felt to have her go down on me, and I decided that the best way to do this was for me to go down on her first. So one night, when we were naked in her bed, doing some fast and furious stroking, I stopped and lay my hand over her vagina and whispered in her ear that I would like to try kissing her there. I was terrified that she would get mad at me! Instead, she looked at me with a funny look for a moment and said that I could, but only if I would let her suck me first. Another dream come true!

She slowly crawled down my body until she was smiling up at me and my erect cock was inches from her face. Then she took hold of me with both hands and guided the head of my penis into her mouth.

Realising that she didn't care, I lay back and relaxed as she began to slowly and wetly lick my cock. I moved her hair out of the way so I could watch her do this, and it really turned me on to see my cock become covered with a shiny layer of spit as she flicked her tongue in and out. Then she looked straight into my eyes as she again took me into her mouth and started pumping. Soon I was about to come, and I told her so, so she moved so that only the head was in her mouth and sucked as hard as she could until I started spurting.

When we had finally decided to lose our virginity, we went on a camping trip overnight together, because she did not want to make love in the back of a car the



...anyhow* have a Winfield 25's



Five
smokes
ahead of
the rest

first time, and she also wanted to be able to sleep with me for the entire night. Anyway, that night when we got undressed and she put on her sexy nightgown, we both knew that it would be coming off very soon. After some preliminary kissing and petting, I pulled off her nightgown and moved over to her, whispering in her ear, "I want to make love to you now."

Her only reply was to grab hold of my hard cock, place the head between her lips, and lift her arse off the mattress causing me to sink into her. The fantastic warm, wet, and tight feeling was so intense that I came after only one stroke.

After I came, my cock deflated very slowly and so I kept stroking into her until there was no hardness left and I slipped out of her pussy. She quickly dived down and began to suck me furiously until I was hard again, and then she spread her legs for me, and we screwed until we had both come, or so we thought, and then went to sleep. That night one of us would wake up and begin to rub the other until they woke up so that we could make love again, and we did this a total of five times.

Our relationship lasted for another eight months after we had started having sex and by then we were very well experienced in knowing what the other person enjoyed best. Her favorite position was to have me screw her from behind, with my balls slapping against her arse

and for me to reach around and rub her button at the same time. I enjoyed this position also, except that I would have a tendency to slip out of her when I began stroking too fast. My own favorite was the missionary position or having her sit on my lap facing me, with her legs wrapped around my waist, because in this way I could get the greatest penetration.

Now that she has broken up with me, she already has three guys that she is seeing, and I am sure that they will soon be reaping the benefits of the previous experiences that she had with me, although I am still hoping to get her back. In the meantime, I am looking for another girl that I can practise my now well developed skills on. — *Name and address withheld.*

New waves of pleasure

I am a student at a large university and although my sex life was varied and plentiful, I never had an experience that I thought warranted printing in your column... until last weekend.

I went downtown Saturday morning to do some errands, not realising the sexual delights that awaited me. In a record store I bumped into a blonde punk rocker as we searched through the latest New Wave imports. There seemed to be a natural attraction both mentally and physically. I felt a twinge in my cock. She invited me to her flat, and I accepted.

As we walked, she introduced herself as Cindy, and was she sweet. She had sparkling blue eyes, a punk shag haircut, nice, firm-looking tits, just a bit more than a mouthful, the way I like them. My cock was slightly hard from my fantasising, and I caught her eyeing it a few times. She just flashed a naive smile and batted her eyes. We walked and talked for what seemed like hours, and by the time we arrived at her place, I was hornier for this chick than a mutt in heat.

She fixed some drinks, and got into a pretty hot conversation. I leaned over to kiss her, and she placed her hand on my semirigid member. We kissed long and explored each other's mouth with our tongues and each other's body with our hands. She lay on top of me and pressed her thigh against my dick and swelling balls. I reached under her T-shirt and began to massage her swollen nipples. She was rubbing her crotch against my leg with my hand-on straining to get out of my jeans and next to her soft belly. She was moaning softly and rubbing her pussy against my leg faster and faster. I brought her tits to my mouth and worked her nipples hard with my lips. She began to thrash around as she became hot, so I got on top of her, removed her shirt, and started at her nipples again. My leg was pressed firmly against her now wet jeans, and she humped at it wildly. As I began to bite her rock-hard nipples, she started to scream and shudder with her first orgasm. I kissed her neck and face as she regained her composure.

She suddenly hugged me and shoved her tongue deep into my throat. She manoeuvred herself on top of me and pulled off my shirt. She began to outline the muscles of my chest with her tongue, all the time rubbing against my aching hard-on, and suck and nip at my nipples, which were surprisingly hard, and I began to go slowly out of my mind with pleasure. She finally moved down and pulled off my pants and shorts and socks. Releasing my rock-hard tool, she worked at it slowly with her mouth, taking all seven inches to the base. She worked like a pro, using her lips, tongue, mouth, teeth, and throat to explore my cock, balls, and arse. She finally began to really suck my throbbing, veiny member, working it slowly in and out of her mouth. Her hands were working at my balls and tits alternately. I began to pump my cock faster into her mouth. My whole body tingled, and I felt my balls contract as I shot my thick load into her mouth. It felt like a bomb went off in my head. She licked me clean and then came up and kissed me, the taste of come still in her mouth.

She removed the rest of her clothes and sat on my face, her mouth returning to my cock. I worked slowly up her legs to her honeypot and went at her like it was my last meal. She came a few times and

was soaked with her juice. I mounted her when my cock reawoke and slowly entered her. I'll never forget the sight of my uncut shaft entering her blonde pussy. She was wet and hot. I began to pump her hard and fast at first and slowed and screwed her gently and deeply whenever I thought I'd lose my wad. We screwed in just about every way possible. She had come already three times, and as I felt her build for her fourth, I pumped wildly and my cock let loose another load as she came again. I had a cigarette and dozed off. — *Name and address withheld.*

A dream come true

I'm just an average 22-year-old and aside from long curly hair and six-foot-plus height, I'm not considered handsome. As a matter of fact, I was sometimes taken aback by beautiful women, afraid of rejection. This is the fear and shyness that the following encounter laid to waste like an atomic blast!

Equipped with our quick wits and two dozen beers, two friends (John and Rick) and I hopped into my '69 MGB and headed for the beach.

We were feelin' *fine*! Further on we saw three girls sunning on towels near the water, and from John's and Rick's reactions you would have thought these chicks were right out of *Australian Penthouse*! They wanted to go back, but traffic wouldn't allow it then. I, as usual, started thinking that they would put us off, noses high in the air, a depressing thing. However, today I didn't give a damn! I said that I'd go back, but now John said something like, "Go on, forget it." Like hell!

A strong wave of confidence came over me, as I powered into a 180 degree U-turn and headed back down the beach, nearly losing John in the process. From my side now I could see the three chicks in eyepopping swim suits. They were gorgeous! We would need a big entrance, so I brought us around in a four-wheel drift and it stopped us angled up alongside them, maybe ten feet down the beach, so that we were looking right at them.

The girls were all smiles, and the look in their eyes was hot one that makes a man feel unwelcome. The old icebreaker "Where are you girls from?" followed. The brunette in the middle and the blonde on the end lit up especially as they all three answered "Sydney". (They had been flattered because we thought they were all about 18, which the auburn-haired babe nearest to me was; the other two were 27 and 28, as we learned later.) The other guys didn't say a thing, and it looked like it was up to me. Luckily I was on a roll. Now, all their eyes were on me, and it was more than enough to trigger a bulge in my baggies. They started giggling, and Laura, the brunette with the

fantastic long hair and dark complexion, soon had my full attention. Faye, the foxy blonde, also looked me square in the eye.

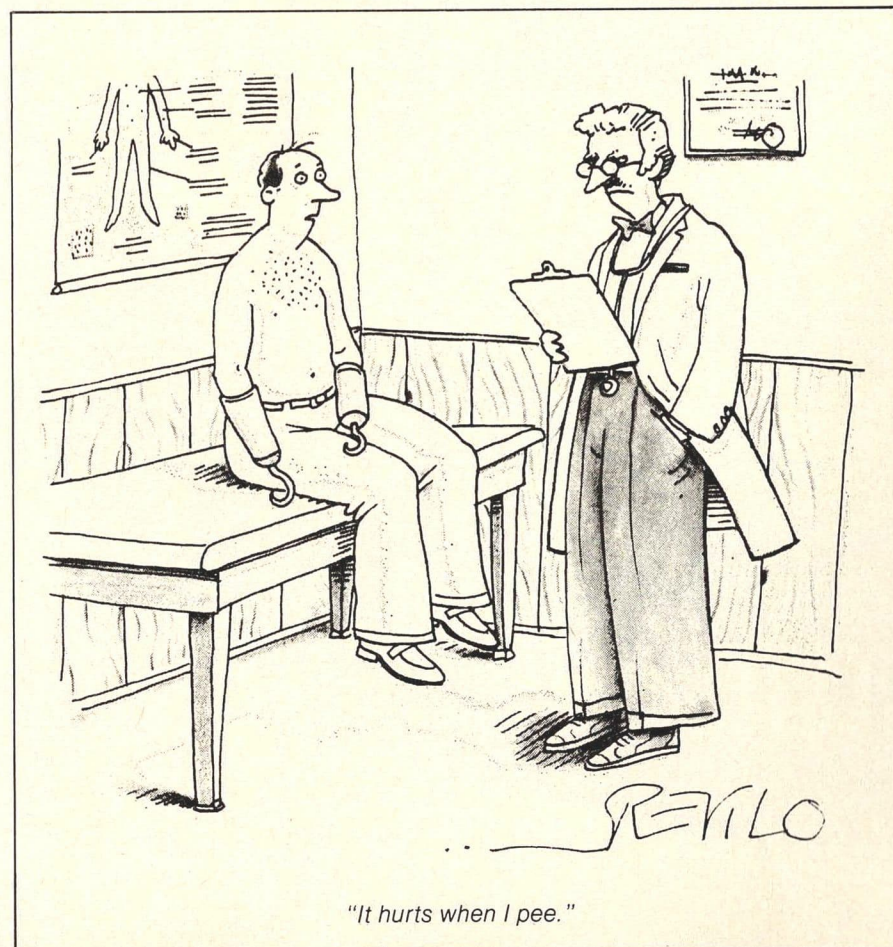
By now old Rick had managed to get Sandy's attention and was doing well. She was really his type, it seemed. John was helping me make small talk. Laura was getting up to get some beer from the cooler, and my eyes feasted on a succulent pussy that was peeking around the skimpy crotch of her swimsuit.

Seemingly paired off to everyone's satisfaction, we learned they worked together and this was the last day and evening of a three-day holiday — the previous

two having been spent with some guys who evidently hadn't showed them a very good time. Faye then asked me if we would take them out that night.

We would meet at the local hotel at eight. I would have a table reserved with a view of the surf. They ate it up! We sang all the way home and hoped they would show.

They did. My eyes met Laura's and her raw beauty melted me! I pulled out all stops to keep her attention, and when I knew I had it, I moved quickly. I put my hand under the table on her thigh and whispered in her ear that she was the



The Miracle of Perrier.

For millions of years deep beneath the plains of Southern France, a miracle has been taking place. Delicate volcanic gases have been forcing their way up and through tiny flaws in the earth's mantle into the pure, icy, subterranean waters, to rise and surface as the most delicate, the most refreshing, most widely acclaimed natural drink known to man. Perrier.

Perrier: Naturally sparkling from the centre of the earth.

most beautiful woman I'd ever met and that I would make love to her that night. She smiled and placed her hand in my other hand and squeezed it firmly. We drank a bayful, and the band was excellent. Everybody danced with everybody. I had one thing on my mind.

After Laura and I sneaked out for a walk on the beach, we kicked off our shoes and walked awhile in the surf. She said she loved my car, so we went for a cruise along the shoreline. Laura nuzzled up against me as I drove, and as her hand found its way inside my shirt front, she whispered in my ear that she wanted me more than any other man before. She told me I made her feel like the most beautiful woman in the world. I assured her she must be. She asked me if I was afraid of being with an older woman.

I was confused, insanely happy with Laura, and now very horny.

We drove to the beach to look at the moon coming up over the bay. She asked me many questions about myself and soon had me spilling my guts. Now, with the ride and the soul-searching near an end, she asked me what I really wanted to do. The truth came out without hesitation: "Make you come and come and come." Her head on my shoulder, she whispered, "Take me," running her hand through the hair on my chest and stomach. Needless to say, I went.

I had decided to go to Rick's place, as

the house where I was living was practically a commune and a mess. Once there I put on my favorite album and led Laura to the bedroom. We crashed together, her lips bruising mine in a fierce embrace, her tongue plunging down my throat. I pulled away for air just as she ripped open my shirt and pulled it off, digging her nails into my biceps. I heard a rushing hiss of air between her teeth in her open mouth. Lowering her head, she bit my neck and then my shoulder painfully, huskily saying something about loving my body. I enjoy a woman's nails and teeth and usually have to ask my partners for the pleasure. Laura was a wildcat, and about all I remember saying all night was "Oh, God, Laura, Laura!"

Now her tongue was in my navel as she dropped to her knees, her hand easily freeing my straining, rock-hard cock from its confiner. What a relief! I thought it would break in half! I know it was a full inch longer and much bigger around than ever. She said it was beautiful and flicked her tongue out after the wetness on the end just before pushing her lips over it.

She reached behind me, grabbing the cheeks of my arse and closing her eyes, and quickly said, "Just screw me in the mouth . . . now!" Submissively at first, then commanding. Maybe the best invitation to a headjob ever.

Her head plunged down, mouth around my cock, tongue swirling 90 miles

an hour. Now it's my turn, I thought. I was the aggressor now; she was mine. Not a stroke missed, I grabbed the flips of hair that surrounded her face and began pumping my full length down her throat. Slowly at first, but her dirty talk had really turned me on. Soon I was bucking, rearing her lips good. I sneered down at her, "Suck it! Suck it good!" I was raving. "I'm going to come all over your face!" I threatened. She must have known when I was about to come, because she pulled her head away just in time, with her right hand firmly replacing wet lips, and in the same rhythm expertly stroked me. She held her face there, lips parted, almost smiling. Laura was looking up into my eyes like a devoted puppy, as two or three of the most powerful spurts of sperm I ever shot sprayed her lips and tongue. Her open mouth started catching and swallowing the gobs of sperm that dripped from the head. It was so perfect, I almost cried.

"Take off your clothes," I directed, now feeling in control.

She stood and stripped like she was in a trance, sort of like looking into a mirror.

The light flashed for a moment on the inside of her thigh, and I caught a glimpse of the shimmering slickness of the wetness that already flooded her opening. Those juices and their musky smell invariably turn me on like a switch. I reached inside her legs and lay back as she walked up on the bed and got over me on her knees. Straddling my face, she lowered her sopping pussy and arse hole on to my hungry tongue and nose.

With one hand she grabbed a handful of my hair and, bracing the other against the wall, rocked herself across my flicking tongue and sucking lips. Her breathing turned to pants and grunts. "Lick it! Suck me here," she whispered heavily as her hand moved from my head, using her fingers to pull back the hood and protrude her swollen love nest.

She ground her crotch down suffocatingly and exhaled with a deep hiss. My nose and mouth filled with her pungent juices, and I could feel her pussy pulsating on my face. Her come was all over my face, dripping through my sideburns into my ears!

Whenever I have really gotten a charge out of going down on a woman, I try to show her how good it is. A purely hedonistic desire made me command her to put her fingers deep inside her tunnel of love. She grinned, entertained by my curiosity about her self-manipulation. She got even by asking me to crank my semierect penis to hardness for her. While her eyes were on my demonstration, she removed her fingers from between her legs and ran them into her sucking mouth, lips smacking when they came out. Still very involved in the extreme sensuality of this kitten's shameless displays, I was more or less content

while she was thinking ahead again! Throwing her arms around my neck and with one hand's nails sliding down my chest and stomach, she teased, "You said you were going to make love to me. Then I asked you to. Now I'm going to do it to you." Her hand stopped, grasping my cock, and in one motion pulled my head to her neck, raising her hips up, wrapping a leg around my waist, and guiding me to her hot tunnel. She giggled at the irony she had created. Sensing the challenge and having waited long enough, I pushed away from her seductive play. Taking her by surprise, I grabbed her ankles. Pushing my shoulders under her legs, I drove into her up to the hilt. She was tight. This is the way she wanted it, to be taken and screwed with power. She moaned with pleasure, "This is so good!" bucking up against my thrusts now. "Am I in heaven?" I asked. "No me." Sweetly sarcastic. I growled as animal-like as I could and began pumping faster.

The next thing I recall was leaving Laura at the door of their hotel room back out at the beach. I didn't know what time it was, nor did I care. I never asked her last name. I'll never see her again. I'll never forget her. — Name and address withheld.

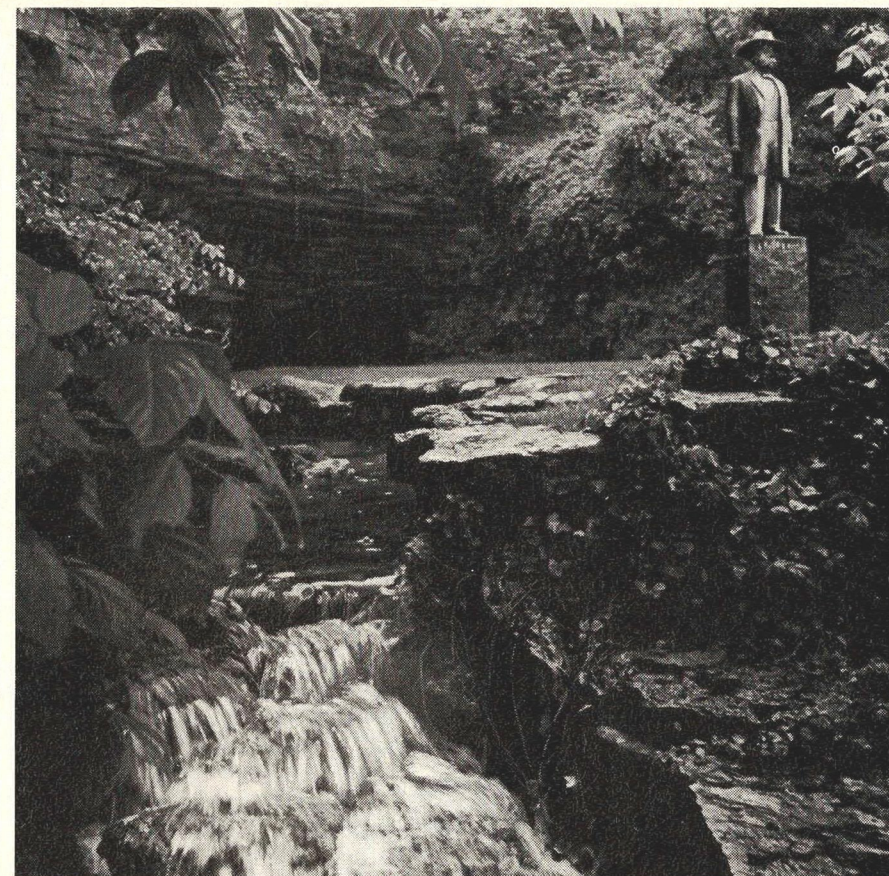
Aggressive, but never more content!

I just have to think of my most recent experience and I become ecstatic. Marc and I had known each other for almost three years. We talked about sex openly to one another and could carry on some pretty horny conversations at times. While we talked, little did we know I was picturing the two of us wildly engrossed with each other in bed.

At first I was leery about what he would do if I came on to him. I guess I was afraid of what I'd do if I made the first move and he ignored it, not taking me seriously. I have always been an aggressive person, and the truth of the matter is I was dying to see what that massive bulge in his jeans really looked like. Well, time passed, and all I could think of day and night was the two of us together.

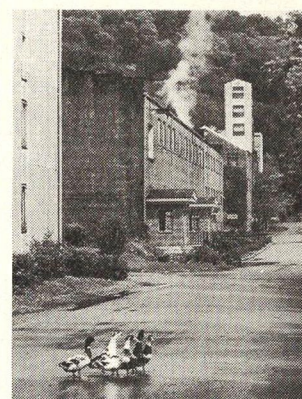
Finally, one morning I gave him a wakeup call at 7a.m. I blurted out something like "I've been thinking about us a lot and would really like to go to bed with you. Would you consider it?" He was in shock and said he had to pinch himself to make sure he wasn't dreaming. Much to my surprise he accepted. No messing around. Lickety-split it was arranged. We'd meet at his place that afternoon.

I was shocked at my nervousness when I arrived at his place. There wasn't much conversation between us. I mean, what needed to be said? We both knew what we wanted. I could hardly wait to see his gorgeous, muscle-bound, six-foot body undressed, but I suffered, and we took our time. I don't even remember how I got to the bedroom, but I found myself



Jack Daniel Distillery. Named a National Historic Place by the United States Government.

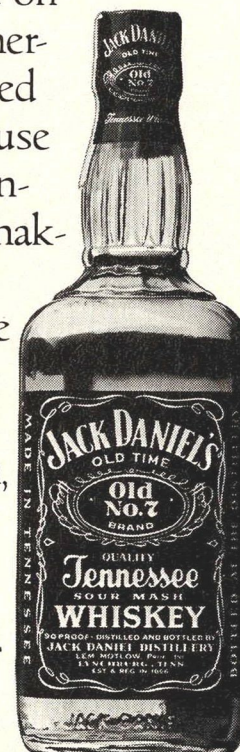
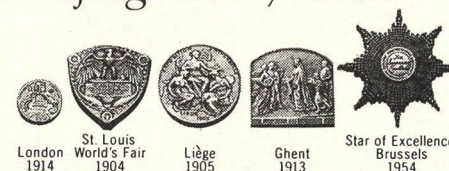
AT THE JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY, this iron-free stream flows year round to help bring you the world's smoothest whiskey.



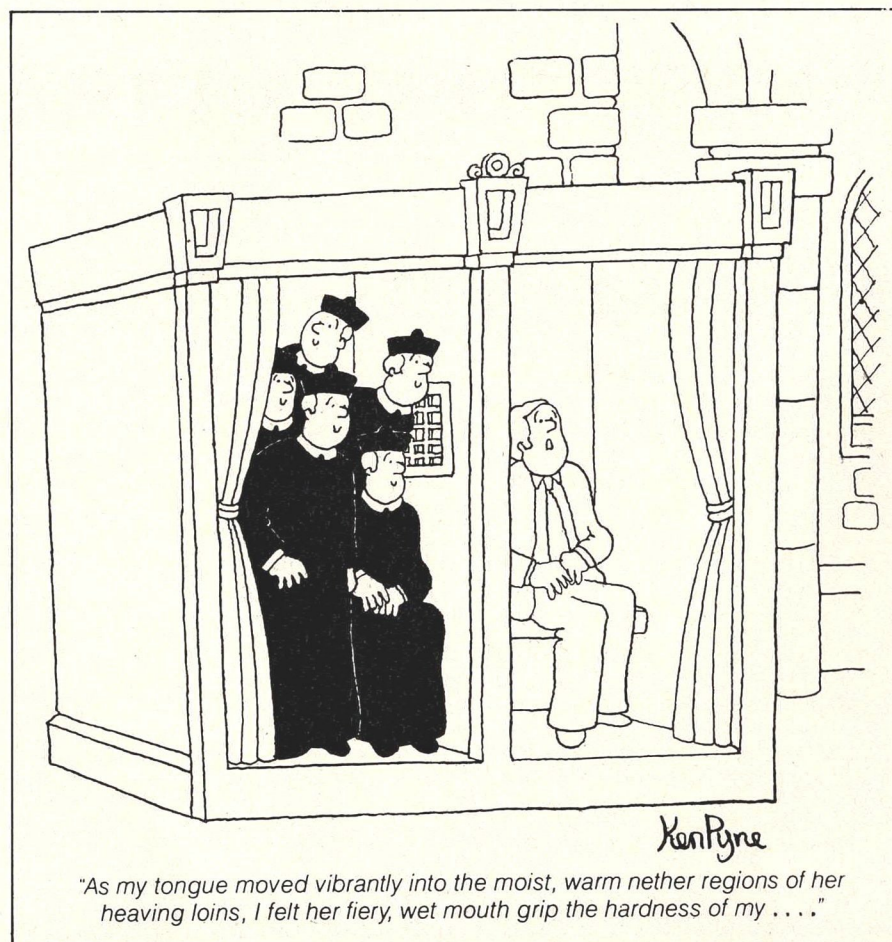
Oldest registered distillery in the U.S.

Summer and winter, it gushes from a natural cave on the grounds of America's oldest registered distillery. And because it is completely iron-free, it is ideal for making whiskey. Our special water is one

good reason Jack Daniel's Tennessee Whiskey has won gold medals at whiskey-tasting expositions in London, St. Louis, Liège, Ghent and Brussels. We hope you'll judge it for yourself sometime soon.



If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A.



Ken Ryne

"As my tongue moved vibrantly into the moist, warm nether regions of her heaving loins, I felt her fiery, wet mouth grip the hardness of my . . ."

completely undressed on the bed, our tongues entwined in a kiss.

While cupping my breast in his large strong hands, he moved his lips to my neck and ear and kissed me over and over again. I could hear his breathing quicken and grow deeper and knew he was satisfied with the offer he had chosen to accept. With his lips still teasing my neck, I could resist no longer. I had to see what this beautiful hunk of man had kept hidden from me for so long. Reaching down his body, I gently took this mystery in my hands, and much to my delight, I was amazed at its hardness and size. No wonder he had always had a hard time keeping that bulge tucked in his jeans. I estimated it to be seven inches.

Slowly he pulled away, teasing me with that seductive tongue of his, which he used so well over my breasts and down on my black patch of fur.

While giving me the tongue-lashing of my life, he found my magic button and massaged it gently. My clit was erect and eager for his touch. Fingering my hot wet pussy, he sat back watching me and I reached the greatest orgasm I have ever experienced as far as masturbation goes.

I positioned myself in a manner to take his harness in my hot, awaiting mouth, but yet in a way that he got full view of my already twice-satisfied snatch.

Slowly I licked my way up and down his

inner thighs, teasing his balls and cock tremendously. They almost seemed to scream at me to take them in my mouth. I've always believed that the slower your actions the better the feeling, so that's just what I did.

This wasn't the first blowjob I had given, but it was the first time I had not withdrawn from a guy shooting his load in my mouth. Unbelievably enough, I swallowed every drop and couldn't believe the wild, masculine, yet mild taste it had. I loved it. Licking my lips and relishing the taste of every drop of his hot come, I could hardly keep my mind off what was to happen next.

I had to feel his hard, throbbing cock between my thighs. He must have read my mind, because there were no words spoken until he spread my legs open and lay between them with nothing between us but his manhood.

I remember telling him I wanted him deeper and deeper inside me, and then I reached the orgasm of my life. Reaching down, I milked the bottom of his cock with my hand while still moving with him. I wanted to rid him of every drop of love juice his body concealed. When our bodies stopped convulsing and we regained our normal breathing, he rewarded me with a long, loving kiss and then asked why I hadn't propositioned him months ago. — *Name and address withheld.*

The last hello

I recently had an experience I would like to share with the *Penthouse* readers. I'm an 18-year-old male and have become well known for my sexual endeavors. Several of my friends kid me sometimes by calling me "stud". My story began several months ago, when I started going out with Nina. Her family was about to leave for a trip to Europe. They would be gone for two months. Naturally, we were taking every available opportunity to enjoy some of the most fantastic sex we have ever had. Our last night together Nina got her car and picked me up for what I thought would be a quiet, mellow evening for us to say our good-byes. Boy! Was I in for a surprise. It quickly became evident that we were not heading for any of our usual hangouts as Nina began taking us into a secluded dark neighborhood. When I realised what she had in mind, I asked innocently, "Where are you taking me?" She just smiled at me and licked her already moist lips. Soon we were on a dark road and had moved into the backseat.

Once in the back, we wasted no time getting started. We both got out of our clothes, and Nina immediately went down on me. With her lips she playfully tickled my navel and then began teasing my penis with her darting tongue.

After what seemed like hours of this, she finally reached up and took my prick in her mouth. Slowly she began to take more and more of my nine inches, lubricating me with her saliva. I began to feel the first twinges of impending orgasm. Soon I was exploding into her mouth and down her throat.

Nina then had me sit facing the back of the car and leaning on the backs of the front seats. Next she backed her soaking pussy up to my mouth, and I began eating her out for all I was worth. In moments she was moaning and pulling on my now stiffening cock, which was directly below her. A few moments later Nina felt she could take no more and pulled her hot box away from my experienced tongue. Sliding her dripping pussy down my sweaty chest, she sat down on my now rock-hard cock and began pumping away like there was no tomorrow. In only a matter of minutes we both erupted in massive orgasms that seemed to last forever.

I pushed an Electric Light Orchestra tape in and started for home. As I drove, Nina again began to give me one of her great blowjobs... while I was driving! My thoughts drifted from the road to the slurping beauty in my lap. As I took one particularly sharp curve, I sideswiped another car travelling in the opposite direction. We decided that we were both at fault and each would pay for his own damage. Nina and I hustled home after what had become a very eventful last night together. — *Name and address withheld.* ☐



"Of course it's not like your mother used to make... you didn't tickle your mother's arse while she was trying to cook!"

A Champion Body and Sole.



The body: cool comfortable canvas that breathes. Specially shaped and padded to cushion your foot as you play.

The sole: Adrian Quist's exclusive herringbone pattern sole that grips harder the harder you play. No one can beat these Volley features.

Leo Burnett 4.2460

That's why Volleys are Australia's biggest selling tennis shoes with more than seven million pairs sold to sporting Aussies everywhere.

Three winning styles, International, Player (for ladies) and O.C. Play like a champion yourself - in Dunlop Volleys.

The only tennis shoe approved by the L.T.A.A. and the A.T.P.A.

DUNLOP
volley
Australia's champion tennis shoe.

Some business class fares are more businesslike than others.

Airline	Class	One-way Fare to London		
		SYDNEY/MELBOURNE	BRISBANE	PERTH
British Airways	Club	\$1121	\$1121	\$1066
Lufthansa	Business	\$1505	No flight.	No flight.
Singapore Airlines	Executive Zone	\$1505	No flight.	\$1391
Pan Am	Clipper	\$1557	No flight.	No flight.
Qantas	Business	\$1806	\$1778	\$1670

FARES APPLICABLE AS OF NOVEMBER 1, 1980



British Airways Club.

A better way to go about your business.

As you can see there are now several ways to travel in comfort. But one will leave you more comfortably off than the rest. British Airways new Club. Discrete seating in a separate cabin area (with an empty seat next to you whenever possible), a choice of hot meals, free drinks, free inflight entertainment, free eyeshade and free slipperettes, all for a one-way excursion fare to London.

BAA69 FCB

Australia's fertility clinics regard your wild oats as a liquid asset.

SAVING SEED

BY PHIL ABRAHAM

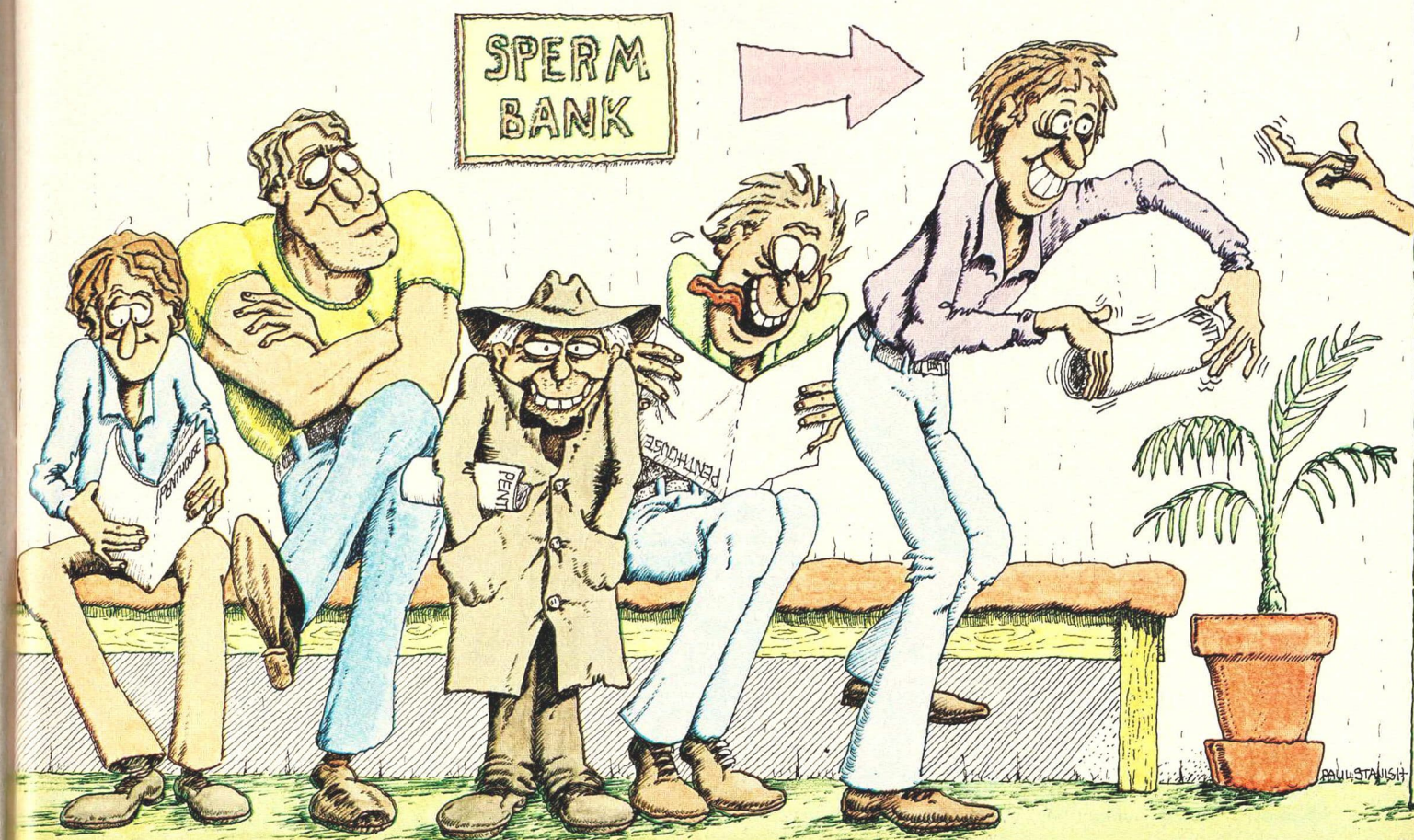
Donating a part of your body — blood, sperm or an organ — to medical science is usually considered a selfless act: a social duty or a personal sacrifice to help someone who desperately needs replacement parts or topping up. Similar motivations may be ascribed to the majority of donors at Sydney's Royal Prince Alfred Hospital's fertility clinic. Scientific officer Toddy Bailey who supervises the sperm collecting operations, says she's usually able to sort out the weirdos who want to donate for the wrong reasons. And she reassures the often embarrassed males who offer their services that, like other donors of human parts and fluids, they are helping to remedy a medical problem — male infertility.

Doctors at Royal Prince Alfred estimate that more than 1000 Australian children have been conceived with sperm from anonymous donors at the growing number of fertility clinics around the country.

The clinics provide an increasingly common option for couples with fertility problems. When the possibility of natural conception has been ruled out, couples desperate for a child are now considering artificial insemination with sperm from an anonymous donor. Often they don't have any other choice.

Adoption is a difficult process these days. The recent increase in the number of single Australian mothers who are now able to support children which they would previously have given up for adoption

Illustration by Paul Stanish



Why professionals have so much time for Sony.

Sony Betamax SL-C7

Never before has a domestic video-tape recorder so suited the busy professional at home. Apart from its widely-recognised reliability, and its mind-boggling inventory of features, the Sony Betamax puts "time" on your side.

Time Saver No. 1.

Picture Search

Imagine you want to find one particular scene or segment on a 3¼ hour recorded tape.

With an ordinary video-tape recorder, you'll waste a whole lot of time with the old-fashioned hit and miss guessing game. With Sony's unique Picture Search, at a touch of a button, you can actually see the picture moving past on the screen at eleven times normal speed! Touch another button, and it'll do the same in reverse - also at eleven times normal speed. And if you think that's impressive, consider the fact that you don't have to stop the Sony Betamax between functions. You can go from Fast Forward to Normal speed or Reverse or whatever, just at the touch of a button.



Time Saver No. 2.

Triple Speed

How often have you had to sit impatiently through a long drawn out programme (golf and cricket for example), anxious to get on with other things, or anxious to find the spicy bits?

Sony Betamax allows you to watch a programme like this at three times normal speed. It really does work - it is possible to follow the action at a considerably increased speed.

Time Saver No. 3.

Automatic Timer

Sony Betamax has a unique 14-day, 4-event, fully programmable timer. What this means, is that you

can programme the machine to record automatically, take two weeks' holiday and still catch your favourite shows. The Betamax's automatic timer also allows you to plan your viewing time - rather than being a slave to programming schedules.

(We should point out at this stage, that recording of TV programmes, other than some live programmes, may infringe copyright unless permitted by the copyright owner.)

Other "Time Shift" Capabilities

As well as Picture Search (11 times normal speed in Forward or Reverse), Triple Speed and Normal Speed, the



Sony Betamax can be operated at a Variable Speed Slow Motion, Frame by Frame (either manually or automatically), and Freeze Frame.

Remote Control

Every Sony Betamax SL-C7 has a wireless infra-red remote control as standard equipment. This control duplicates 12 of the machine's main functions (including Record), and allows you to retain complete control from a distance.

Sony's Superior Picture

There are many reasons why Sony video equipment has an unparalleled reputation for superb picture quality.

Unfortunately there is nothing we can say, no evidence we can provide, that will convince you of something you can only see through your own eyes.

However, we would like to invite you to see the Sony Betamax for yourself. In action. Up close. Compare it with

anything else on the market. Only then will you begin to understand what we mean by "Sony Picture Quality".

The U-Loading System

Sony is the world leader in the field of tape loading and transport systems. Virtually all the systems in use today (including the opposition's) were invented by Sony.

The system used by Sony Betamax is the U-loading system, which is the same



system that has proved itself time and time again in Sony's professional U-Matic recorders.

In practical terms, this U-loading treats the tape more gently (that means longer tape life - important!).

The fundamental difference between the competing Beta and VHS system, lies in the area of tape loading and transport. However, as Sony invented the tape loading and transport for both systems, who would be better qualified to judge which system is superior?

Sony chose the Beta system.

Now do you see why professionals have so much time for Sony?



"In professional video-tape production, we're depending more and more on Sony equipment.

Sony cameras in television stations and production houses. Sony one inch professional recording equipment (becoming increasingly more popular in commercial production).

Sony equipment in the editing suites. Sony sound-recording equipment. In fact, Sony

technology is so highly regarded within this industry, that virtually every television station, production house and advertising agency in this country has standardised on the one portable video-tape system - the U-Matic, developed by Sony. But that's what I work with.

In my home, there's only one machine I'd use: the new Sony Betamax SL-C7. The most sophisticated domestic video-tape recorder I've ever come across."

Alan Doble, Executive Producer,
Managing Director Video House.



Sony Betamax SL-C7

The Betamax SL-C7 can only be operated with TV receivers having a UHF Tuner.

SONY®

means there are very few children available. So there is a long wait for couples who wish to adopt a child.

There is now at least one clinic offering artificial insemination from anonymous donors (AID) in every major capital city. The Royal Prince Alfred service was one of the first. It has been operating for three years.

The clinics tend to keep a low profile, and there is an understandable reticence on the part of both donors and recipients to discuss their involvement because talk inevitably concerns those two taboo subjects, infertility and masturbation.

Male infertility remains a mysterious subject. Research in this area is backward compared to equivalent study of female reproduction. Statistics show that at least one in ten married couples have trouble conceiving children. Until recently it was common practice to blame the woman and fail to take the man into account. Researchers now agree that about a third of these situations are a result of the male's inability to reproduce.

Endocrinologist Doctor David Handlesman says temporary infertility can be caused by a variety of factors including viral illnesses, a varicose condition in the scrotum, severe work stress or even a very heavy drinking binge. Sperm counts vary from day to day and a number of tests are completed before a proper assessment of an individual's fertility is made.

A quick check under a microscope gives the doctor an indication of a patient's sperm quality which is dependent on density and the rate of movement. Dead sperm don't swim.

Infertility is an unpleasant fact to discover, particularly when you're in otherwise perfect health. Doctor Handlesman says men's reaction to the news ranges from extreme relief to bitter depression. But he describes most men's response to being told they are unable to sire offspring as the classic bereavement reaction. In most male minds fertility is associated with masculinity. Some men who are virile lovers happen to have a low sperm count. When they're told they often react with disbelief, anger and finally resolution.

If a husband is found to be infertile while his wife is capable of having a child and they are both agreeable to using healthy sperm from an unknown donor, then the clinic can give that man an opportunity to be a father. The hospital's methods ensure that no-one other than the couple involved knows that someone else's sperm was artificially inseminated. Sympathy and anonymity are the key words. The RPA clinic has a waiting period of up to six months for the 30 women on its lists awaiting suitable sperm. Although some services insist on marriage, the Sydney hospital's prerequisite is proof of a stable relationship.

Naturally, one of the first questions the couple want to know is what will their artificially inseminated offspring look like. What does the swarthy husband do when his wife brings home a blonde blue-eyed baby and the neighbors start cracking jokes about it looking like the milkman?

This situation is unlikely to occur. Clinics go to great lengths to match the physical characteristic of the donor with the husband, while being equally careful to ensure the donor's identity is unknown. The sperm donor's height, weight, eye and hair color, complexion and build are all noted when he first agrees to enter the program.

A common problem in Australian clinics is finding donors who can be matched with ethnic minority recipients. Most sperm bank donors are students who hear about the clinic on campus and agree to help out. The majority are Caucasian. Distinctive strains like Lebanese, Indian and Chinese are often in short supply in the cryostorage freezers used to preserve the stuff. In fact, most clinics are always on the lookout for prospective donors; they're sometimes hard to come by. Which is one reason the RPA service offers \$10 a time travelling expenses for the six donations. It's a cash incentive.

It's easy to understand why the hospitals have trouble finding suitable males. Donating sperm somehow lacks the good samaritan image that surrounds the blood donor or the bloke who gives his spare kidney to a dying man. Jerking off into a plastic jar is not a noble act even though, as staff at the clinic stress, by doing so you will be giving a man who is unable to become a father a chance which he would otherwise never have.

Extensive tests are carried out on prospective donors before their sperm is used. After the initial weeding out by Mrs Bailey they have to go through the hospital's outpatient system for a variety of medical examinations. Basically, what they want to know about you is whether you are carrying any diseases like hepatitis or venereal infections and to check out the quality of your sperm.

Blood samples tell them about your hormone levels and diseases and a series of questions about your puberty, shaving and sex habits help to establish your sexual capacity. But the only way to check the quality of the lead in your pencil is to look at it and to do that they need a sample.

Now this is not the time or place for bad jokes. The staff at the clinics have been subjected to enough snide remarks about wank banks and other jibes. However, the fact remains that this is a job where you'll need a hand. Unfortunately it has to be your own. If you want to know why, they're quick to tell you. No other method will do. Coitus interruptus is unsatisfactory because female secretions

Sony Betamax Retailers

N.S.W. METROPOLITAN

Bankstown David Jones 7093222
Birkenhead Point Audiocom 813132
Blacktown Myer 6210022 **Bondi Junction** David Jones 3870244, **Grace Bros** 3870222 **Broadway** Grace Bros 20946 **Brookvale** David Jones 930111 **Brookvale/Warringah Mall** Grace Bros 9389111 **Cabramatta** Bing Lee 7244932 **Campbelltown** David Jones 259000 **Carlingford** Myer 8719111 **Chatswood** Chatswood Colour TV 4112090, **Grace Bros** 4120111 **Dee Why** Masterstone 9825749 **Eastwood** Audiocom 832726 **Fairfield** Bing Lee 7277000 **Homebush West** Eurovision 7641555 **Hornsby** Grace Bros 4769111 **Lindfield/Forestville** J. C. Linacre 4511902 **Liverpool** Grace Bros 6000011 **Miranda** Grace Bros 5260111, **Myer** 5240432 **Mosman** Berneys Radio 9693830 **Mt. Drutt** Grace Bros 6250366 **Northbridge** Video Programmes 9581977 **North Rocks** Audiocom 8723829 **Parramatta** Bing Lee 6334011, **David Jones** 6350377 **Penrith** Myer 214331 **Rosebery** Commodore TV 6997722 **Roselands** Grace Bros 7501111 **Sydney** David Jones, **Market Street** 20664 **Sydney** David Jones, **George Street** 20664 **Sydney Dynasty** Video 2125075, **Myer**, **Cnr George & Market** 2389111 **Sydney** **Sydney Hi Fi** 291082 **Woollahra** **Woollahra Electronics** 3871647

N.S.W. COUNTRY

Bathurst Myer 312133 **Canberra** Kent Hi Fi 822874, **Canberra Professional Equip** 805576, **Myer** 512522 **Cessnock** Grace Bros 901144 **Cowra** Myer 421566 **Dubbo** Myer 824011 **Gilgandra** Myer 472055 **Gosford** Myer 242555

Grenfell Myer 431611 **Newcastle** **Grace Bros** 24732, **John Perry** **Edmund Moir** 614991 (Area Distributor). **Orange** Myer 621455 **Tamworth** Myer 663691 **Tweed Heads** Myer 532811 **Wagga Wagga** Myer 231611 **Wollongong** Bing Lee 293011 **M&S Engineering** 715777 (Area Distributor).

VICTORIA METROPOLITAN

Cheltenham Myer "Southland" 930111 **Chadstone** Myer 5690211 **Dandenong** Myer 7910211 **Doncaster** Myer 8403311 **East Malvern** Pal TV. 2113333 **Frankston** Myer 7830111 **Hamilton** Moon Electrics 5723244 **Knoxfield** Myer "Knox City" 2215111 **Maribyrnong** Myer "High Point West" 3183333 **Melbourne** Myer 959055, **Stereo Hi Fi Centre** Bourke Street 8786583, **Video Recorder Centre** 633086 **Natsound** 678158 **North Balwyn** E & S Trading 8578091 **Preston East** Myer "Northland" 4782211 **Richmond** Buyrite 424353 **Ringwood** Clive Savage 8701533, **Myer "Eastland"** 7838966

VICTORIAN COUNTRY

Ballarat Myer 311555 **Bendigo** Myer 434911 **Geelong** Myer 5290471

QUEENSLAND

Fortitude Valley Myer 520221 **Indooroopilly** Myer 3785111 **Mitchelton** Myer 557077

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

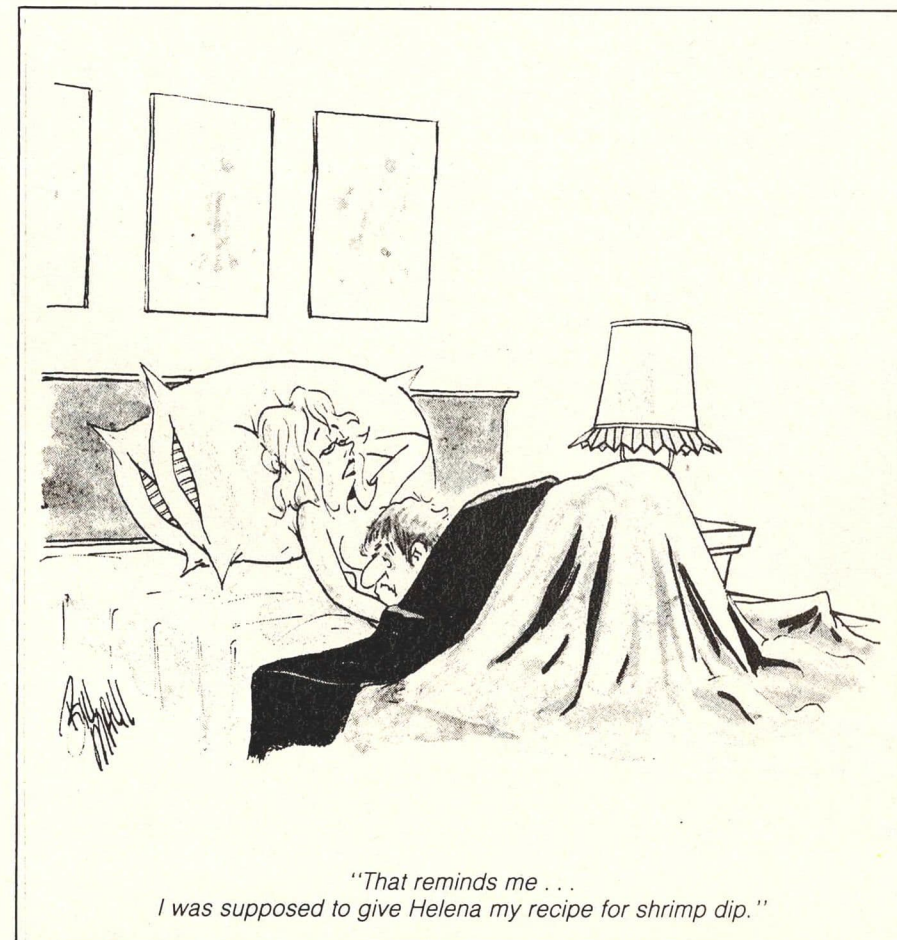
Adelaide David Jones, **Rundle Street** 20321, **Focus Video** 2123000, **Grenfell Hi Fi** 515017, **Myer Emporium** 870123, **Video World** 2235342 **Campbelltown** **Spartan Electricals** 3373331 **Glenelg** **Jim Ryan Sound** 2951564 **Norwood** **Ern Smiths** 3328000 **Salisbury East** **Jones Photographics** 2583892 **Woodville** **Astra Housewares** 2682411

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

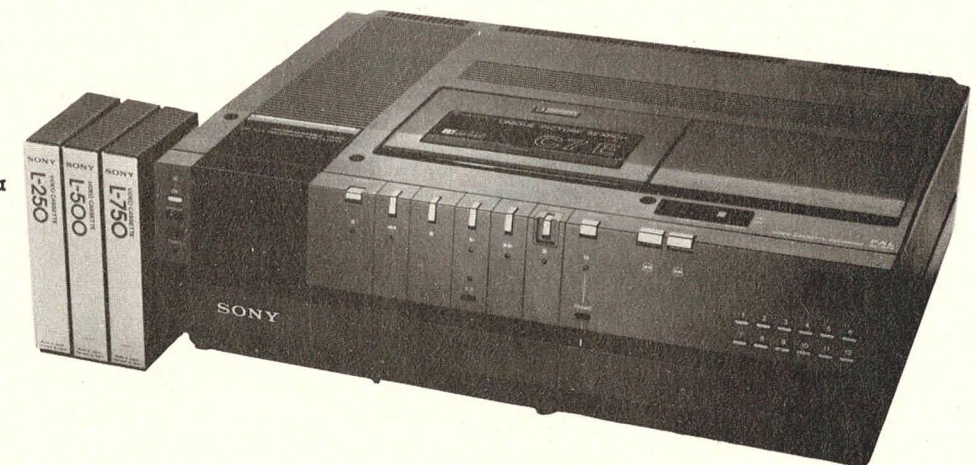
Fremantle Myer 3355455 **Karrinyup** Myer 7460011 **Perth** Myer 246 Murray Street 3210151 **East Perth** Videolink 3283022

TASMANIA

Launceston Myer 22074, **Dawsons Agencies** 443078 (Area Distributor). **Hobart** Myer 342888



"That reminds me . . .
I was supposed to give Helena my recipe for shrimp dip."



SON 0019

SONY®

could contaminate the specimen. Condoms won't do because the rubber can immobilise the sperm cells and lubricants are also not accepted because they too can be fatal to sperm.

In my quest to achieve anonymous fatherhood I approached the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital: 50 sprawling acres of medical facilities — the biggest hospital complex in the southern hemisphere, to offer my donation. Mrs Bailey briefs likely donors on arrival at the fertility clinic, explaining the procedure in a no-nonsense fashion. She was particularly careful to point out the care staff take to involve the recipient's husband in the program. It is easy to understand the man feeling like an outsider in a process which doesn't really involve him at this stage, so he is welcome to attend interviews and the artificial insemination process.

After explaining how the donation will help the childless couple she handed over consent forms in which the donor agrees never to seek the identity of any child born as a result of his offering. A lengthy trip to the outpatients department took care of the medical checks and then it was back to the fertility clinic to produce a test sample.

To be frank, as I made my way back to Mrs Bailey, I was getting worried about the next step. What if I couldn't get it up? I didn't want to be a failure on my first time.

The alien hospital environment and lack of stimulation looked like making this a difficult task.

But I shouldn't have worried. Mrs Bailey ushered me into a small room with a bed, chair, chest of drawers and other furniture. A basket full of plastic specimen jars sat on the top of the drawers. Mrs Bailey winced slightly, and averted her eyes as she said disdainfully "The literature is in the second drawer," then shut the door behind me.

Literature? Yes, the second drawer was full of men's magazines. And someone in there obviously had good taste because there was an *Australian Penthouse* on top. It was great to see that medical science was giving approval and recognition to the therapeutic value of this genre. It's an area of appeal which is usually avoided by the authorities, although the odd comedian has occasionally broached the subject.

The *Australian Penthouse* was dated November 1980. I turned to the centre spread. It was the delightful Joni Flynn. She made everything easy and Mrs Bailey had her sample within minutes.

Providing my sperm is of good quality; that is, with about 80 million cells per millilitre of fluid, adequate movement and a minimum of atypical cells, they'll want another half dozen donations so the woman can be impregnated six times. I'll never know that woman's identity, nor

that of her child, but good luck to him anyway.

Unfortunately he might need it, because like every other AID kid in the country he will be living under false pretences. The legal issues involved in artificial insemination with an anonymous donor are clouded at present, but could create huge legal problems. One RPA doctor described the legal implications as "quite frightening".

In his paper titled *AID And The Law* (Artificial Insemination by Donor Ed. C. Wood Monash University) The Hon. Mr Justice Asche says the legal problems are so far reaching and complicated that only new legislation can clarify the issues. State attorney generals have announced their intention to bring forward legislation to make an AID child born to a wife with the consent of her husband legitimate. This is expected to alleviate many of the problems currently associated with the child's status.

But under present laws, there is no provision to distinguish the AID child from the illegitimate one. This can leave the child severely disadvantaged in issues involving divorce, maintenance and succession. What is known in legal circles as "the presumption of legitimacy" covers the AID child, who is considered to be the child of the husband until it is proved otherwise.

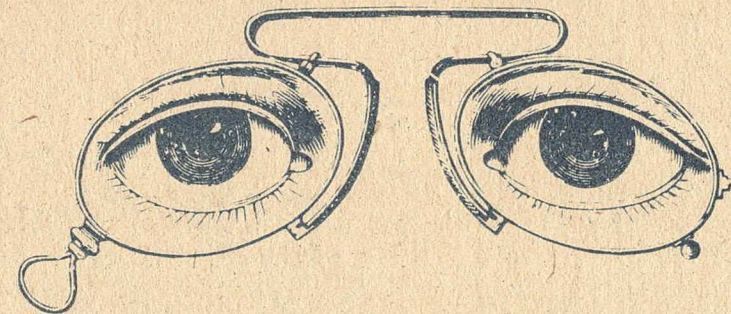
This presumption still leaves the AID child in an uncertain position. If a couple keep the child's origins secret and present him as the lawful child of their marriage he retains that status for legal purposes.

But big problems can occur if the secret of the child's "illegitimate" origins are revealed as they could be during domestic arguments or the breakdown of a marriage.

Under current legislation the husband of a woman with an AID child could be charged with perjury if he signs a birth registry form as the father of the child. Changes in this area of legislation have been recommended.

There are even a few legal risks for the donor. It is not beyond possibility that a mother could claim maintenance from the biological father of her child if she found his identity. Theoretically, the donor's child could sue him for support or a share of his estate. The situation is obviously a complicated one.

I guess I didn't know what I was getting into when I volunteered to be a sperm donor. It turns out that there's a chance a child resulting from this artificial union could turn around and blame me for producing him. I'm confused. Meanwhile my girlfriend is pissed-off because I have to abstain from intercourse for three days before making each donation, and all I've got to look forward to is six more encounters with Joni Flynn and her friends in the second drawer. 



VIEW FROM THE TOP

CHILD SUBSTITUTES

BY EMILY PRAGER

Recently, a spate of nasty and depressive articles has appeared in the nation's magazines exhorting people in their thirties to produce children right away or watch their ageing sex glands shrivel faster than escapees from Shangri-la. The biological clocks are winding down, we are warned. Preppies, hippies, and the poor are the only ones still giving birth. It's a crisis in our time.

And me with my silly career and my virginal uterus and my spare bedroom. Well, I have only 10 or 15 minutes before the sum of my achievements as a woman becomes a meaningless, surreal void. I am taking up space needed by the incubators; I know that. But before the word *childless* burns itself like magic into the palms of my hands, I hope no one minds if I say a few words in praise of child substitutes.

WHAT IS A CHILD SUBSTITUTE? A child substitute is any living thing not of the genus *Homo* that requires care and feeding, is devoted to you, but cannot talk back or get toxic-shock syndrome. Child substitutes usually occur in urban areas and belong to career-oriented singles or couples who keep them safe in apartments and monopolise their time with heart-to-heart chats and frequent snuggles. They lead charmed and happy lives, and they never have to work for a living, unlike those who have to support them.

If it knocks down your knickknacks or chews on your books when you're out all night, then you've probably got one. If it bites your latest lover, then for sure you've got one. I've got three and I'm proud of it. Three darling kitties: Basil (age 12), Max (age 11), and four-month-old Siamese kitten named Clea, after Dr Stange's girl friend in the comic.

Time magazine estimates that it costs about \$250,000 to bring up a child to its full maturity. I estimate that it costs about \$5000 (cat food, vet bills, catnip mice, cat sitters, etc.) to bring three cats to old age, and I can be sure they won't be raped and murdered in the rest room of the local park. Which seems like a better deal to you?

INFANCY. Perhaps the best thing about having a child

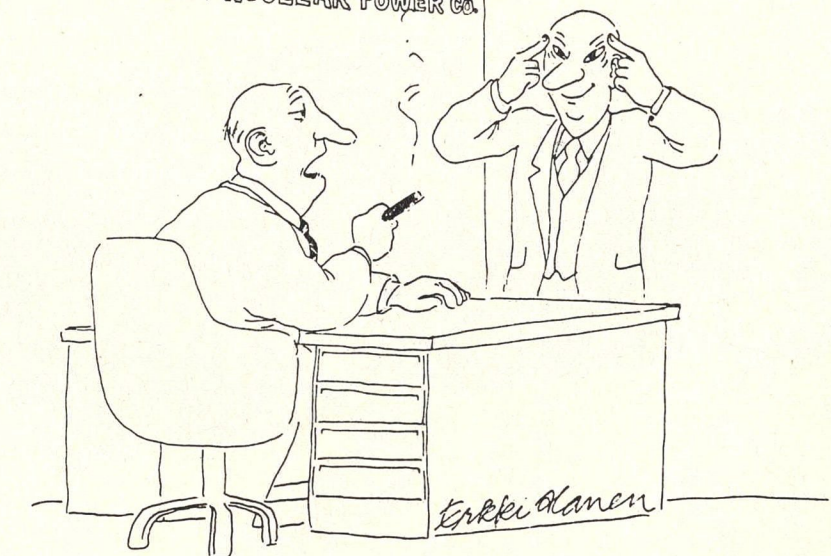
substitute is that nobody — no human, that is — has to go through a birth. No ghastly labor, no amniocentesis, no costly hospital bills, no caesarean section if something goes wrong, no stretch marks, no varicose veins, no episiotomy, and — your single friends will appreciate this — no tedious discussions of natural childbirth. How many singles wish Lamaze had never been born? Okay. Of those, how many would rather die than be seen with somebody breast-feeding in public? Okay. Of those, how many would rather wake up to a chirpy kitten or piddling puppy than a crib death? That's what I thought.

CHILDHOOD. Toilet Training Time: Average puppy, two months; average kitten, up to one week; average human, three years. Must be under Parental Supervision: Average puppy, six to eight weeks; average kitten, six to eight weeks; average human, five years. Cats, dogs, fish, birds, and plants are not capable of playing with matches. You have to have gaslight for them to start a fire. They sleep anywhere they get tired. They never ask embarrassing questions or say the darndest things. They never need spring coats or Easter shoes. No measles, mumps, chicken pox, or polio. They don't care about television, toy stores, or strangers with candy. They don't want their

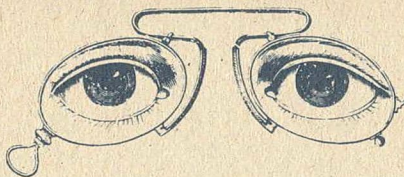
own rooms, long for a two-parent living situation, or blame you for anything except staying out all night and not feeding them on time. They don't feel screwed up by incest. Bruises don't show through their fur. And they're neither prettier than you nor uglier. If you don't get along with them for some reason, you simply give them away, to someone in the country. God, wouldn't life be easier if you could do that with children? Did I mention sexual mutilation on the roof of your high rise at the hands of a local delivery boy? No? Well, it rarely happens to puppies and kittens and virtually never to fish, birds, and plants.

ADOLESCENCE AND ADULTHOOD. Puberty and young adulthood are so often trying times for human parents. But

NORTHEAST NUCLEAR POWER Co.



"Cut the clowning Harry, how bad is it?"



for parents of child substitutes, who never leave the apartment except on a leash or meet anyone not invited there, it's really a breeze. Child substitutes don't get acne or need braces. They don't date interracial unless you fix them up, or get pregnant in a backseat at the drive-in until after you've kicked them out of the house. They don't keep diaries, turn sullen, or continually demand money. They won't smoke marijuana, cut classes, or develop drinking problems. They don't indulge in suicide attempts or coat-hanger abortions. Can't get arrested for mugging the elderly or statutory rape. Won't be slapped with paternity suits, die in basic training, or work summers for John Wayne Gayce. Don't join communes, become Moonies, or sue you in court for their college tuition. And they definitely will never shave off their fur and put on Hare Krishna outfits. So don't worry.

They almost never get paralysed in sports accidents or shot in drug-related incidents. They don't get divorced and dump their kids with you. And it's quite improbable that any of them would write a best-selling account of your cruelty as a parent. Cats and dogs will act kind of nutty during heat. Cats love to get stoned on catnip and race around the apartment at 80 mph, and of course dogs will worry a copy of the *Doggie News* to death if you give them a chance. Fish and plants are very studious. And as for birds, well, you can never get them to say what you want them to.

OLD AGE. But undoubtedly the most rewarding period of a child substitute's life with you is old age. How many human parents get to see their own children fall apart from time? Some, but very few. How comforting it is to see your own child's body go slack with age, just as yours has done, to see lines and wrinkles develop on his face, to watch him realise

that what's happened to you will soon be happening to him — it's just a matter of years. No arrogance of youth with child substitutes, no. They get old while you're still young enough to enjoy it. They don't forget to call you on your birthday or prefer to spend Christmas with friends. They don't promise photos they never send or try to sneak looks at your will. They can't put you in a nursing home or stick you in a rest home on the Gold Coast. And best of all, you pull the plug on them instead of the other way around.

When you really think about it seriously, there is little or no reason why an intelligent, creative person over 30 in the prime of life, making money and having a nice apartment, would want to go anywhere near a child, much less be responsible for one for life. It's grief. It's agony. Every parent says so. It's rewarding because it looks like a combo of you and your husband/boyfriend, but that hardly warrants the danger. But you can have child substitutes, when you're in your thirties, with no problems at all. There's no danger of mongoloidism or autism, of continual miscarriages or needless multiple births. You won't get a prolapse uterus or be on your back for nine months straight. There's no worry about Tay-Sachs, sickle-



Donna Turner from a Pet to a nun.

cell anaemia, or bleeder's disease. You can take acid all through their gestation period without mishap. And you never fret lest there was a mix-up in the nursery and you got the wrong one.

SCENES



PET PLAYS NUN

One talent Pet of the Month, September '80 Donna Turner has plenty of, is versatility. Eighteen year old Donna flew to Canada to visit her father after posing for *Australian Penthouse* and when she arrived she stepped straight into a film role — as a nun!

When we heard from her, Donna was learning her lines for a television pilot titled *Change of Grace*. She won the part with some help from top Canadian television actor Ral Ferri. In the series Ferri is cast as a down and

out character who starts drinking too much after his wife leaves him. Donna plays a convent escapee who catches a ride with Ferri.

Donna's *Australian Penthouse* feature was titled Girl on the Move and that's an accurate description. Although she was born in Australia, Donna spent eight years in Canada and it looks as if she'll be there for some time, consolidating her acting career.

She already has two more films lined up after she's finished this one, and it's difficult to imagine her being bothered by them. If she can play a nun she could tackle any role, because you'll have to agree that Donna looks as much like a nun as Malcolm Fraser.

COMPUTER LOVE

Computer dating has never been quite the same since Jane Fonda was raped by a computer. If anyone has a phobia about sex-crazed circuitry after that, they'll be pleased to know we're now one step further along from dating: computer dalliance.

The ubiquitous "Electronic Dick", Dick Smith, has imported a program tape suitable for his System 80 and the TRS-80 home computers which introduces what might be called a whole new ball game.

Named Interlude, the Syn-tonic program defines 106 different sexual encounters, from just a kiss and a cuddle to light bondage and S & M.

Once your machine has been programmed with the tape, you will be confronted by a series of questions for you, your partner or both, to determine what sort of mood everyone is in and how far you want things to go.

The responses to these questions decide which of the "interludes" the computer will suggest for you, and you then turn to the relevant set of instructions in the handbook. If that doesn't

turn you on, you can reject up to six times to get different options before having to reprogram the computer.

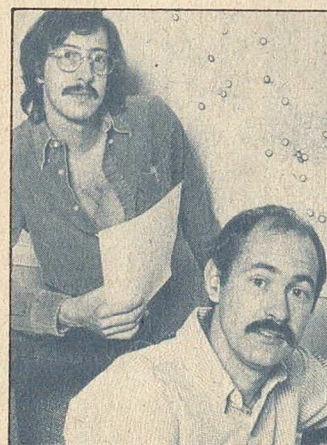
Not all the interludes are in the manual. Some are surprises which flash up their instructions on the screen, and everyone at Dick Smith's is busy trying to find the hidden number 99 — since according to the handbook, "when you hit this interlude, your love life may never again be the same". The mind boggles.

Some people may find taking intimate orders from a computer repugnant, but as long as you don't take it all too seriously, it's good fun. The handbook is suitably explicit and easy enough to comply with — and no, interlude 69 is not what you might think.

A DAY IN THE LIFE

What has brought together in Australia the combined talents of 100 top photojournalists from all over the world and even has PM Malcolm Fraser polishing his tele lens?

Answer: an extraordinary project called *A Day In The Life Of Australia*, the brainchild of American photographer Rick Smolan. Aided by an uncommon gift of charm and determination and, he suggests, naivety, his partner Andy Park, and a coterie of underpaid, overworked devo-



Smolan and Park

tees Smolan has masterminded a unique event which is both a documentation and a celebration of The Lucky Country.

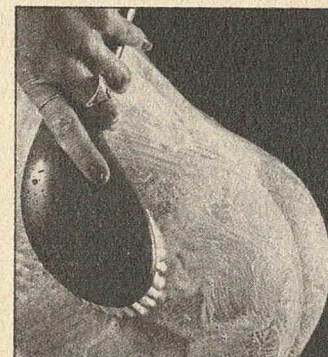
It goes something like this: on March 6, one hundred specially chosen photographers — approximately 70 from overseas and 30 from Australia — who have been dispersed across the continent, will have 24 hours to shoot aspects of Australian life in the location to which they have been assigned. The result of their joint creative efforts will be a 288 page full color book which will offer visual insights into many aspects of Australian urban and outback life from the very ordinary to the most unusual.

Finance for the project has come from various government and private sources which have shared in Smolan's enthusiasm for Australia and the project and put their money where their mouth is.

Thirty-year-old Rick Smolan first came to Australia in 1976. Since then he has covered much of this country and south east Asia as a contract photographer for the *Time Life* group. He was recognised internationally for his *National Geographic* scoop of Robyn Davidson's remarkable journey by camel across the western deserts.

Specialist co-ordinators and photo-editors have been flown in from the US to work alongside locals. They include David Cohen, the managing editor of Contact, one of the world's leading photo agencies; Story Shem, ex-President Carter's White House press officer, and Arnold Drapkin, picture editor of *Time* magazine.

The visiting photographers represent 20 different nationalities and are the top men and women in their field, many of them with international awards to their names. The Prime Minister, a capable amateur shutterbug, will take part in the 24 hour shoot. — Rennie Ellis.



BODY GAMES

If you feel that life is rubbing you up the wrong way at the moment, give yourself a rub down. There are now quite a few body rubbers and scrubbers on the market, many of which are claimed to have slimming and/or therapeutic effects, but the makers of the Body Brush say their product is just for fun and pleasure.

The brush has soft bristles and a contoured grip with a rope strap. It comes in a range of bold colors and sells for \$9.99.

GEARING UP

It's a big month for car buffs. Apart from the 47th Melbourne Motor Show, this week sees the advent of the Gardner-Grice John Player Special team, wearing the black and gold livery made famous by the JPS Lotus Formula One championship winning cars.

In some ways it's not much of a departure from last year's Craven Mild team, when Grice raced the BMW 318 Turbo in the Sports Sedan series. All Amatil has done is swap the Craven Mild colors, which Grice has used for almost seven years, for the JPS insignia to coincide with the Australian launch of John Player cigarettes.

But in some very important ways, the new team sparks up the sluggish motor racing scene. As well as the 318, the JPS team will include a BMW 635. The Amaroo Park people in

NSW have already lifted their 3 litre touring car category to 3.5 litre so the 635 will be competitive — which has drawn predictable howls from 3 litre runners who say the BMW should be competing with the Commodores and Falcons.

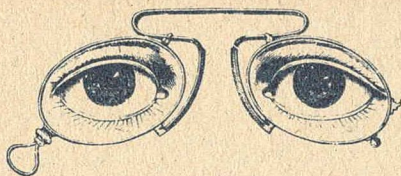
They could well be right, because the 635 will run pistons to take the compression ratio to 10.5:1, will rev to 8000rpm and push more than 300hp through its five-speed gearbox. No one can say until the car competes, but at the very least it marks a significant new level of interest by a major sponsor and a major car importer.

BMW have also supplied components to help Gardner sort out the 318 Turboc, which had problems last year when many modifications had to be made to let the US-built cars run under our rules. These changes caused handling and power troubles, but Gardner reckons they've "rubbed a couple of Boy Scouts together" and worked things out.

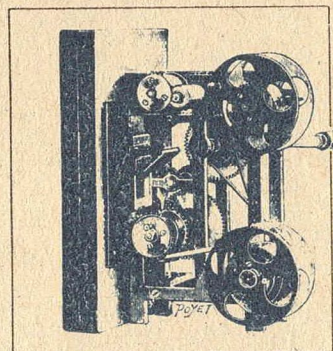
The organisers of this year's Melbourne Motor Show have also got things pretty well worked out. The usual range of new models is beefed up by the unusual presence of new machinery from Rolls-Royce, Mercedes Benz and Cadillac, as well as some interesting cars more within the average reach.

They include the Ford Laser (finally), a 2 litre Fiat 131 Mirafiori, a diesel-engined Gemini, Toyota's surprising new Cressida, the 1981 Volvo models and automatic versions of the Mitsubishi Colt and Saab Turbo, both very highly respected cars.

And in the ultra-special class, we have the Monte Carlo rally-winning Renault 5 Turbo, the four-wheel drive Audi Quattro, one of the latest creations to flow from the Bertone studio, the Lamborghini Bravo, and the amazing 300km/h Aston Martin Bulldog. How amazing is the Bulldog? Find out by turning to our special feature on Page 126.



FILMS



AN EXTRAORDINARY FILM

They're an ordinary family, the Jarretts. They sit around their dining room table and talk about the food, the local car mechanic, about school. Everything is said with a smile and mother, father and son are more than pleasant to one another. They're an average, middle-class family which has prospered and enjoys the benefits of such a life style — a big house, the cars and status within the community.

But it is not long before we realise that the ordinary Jarretts have a problem, a problem which threatens to destroy the foundation of their familial domestication. Traditional family values seem to be their guidepost, but even they are crumbling. And if the problem the Jarretts are facing may at first appear to be extreme, it is only one minute facet of the trials and tribulations which assault family life in the movies every day.

Adolescent son Conrad (Timothy Hutton) is trying desperately to gain some control over his life after a recent suicide attempt, and subsequent stay in a psychiatric hospital, triggered by the death of his older brother in a boating accident. Mother and father sidestep the problem of just how to deal with Conrad and his obvious distress.

The tensions build rapidly:

mother, father and son cannot talk to one another. Genuine affection is a feeling neither knows how to express. Go beyond the daily pleasantries of "How did things go today at school... the office... home" and "What's for dinner?" and this family group is at a loss for honest, person-to-person conversation.

The father, Calvin Jarrett (played by Donald Sutherland), is a character whose false bravado and cheer mask his deep-seated anxiety. The mother Beth (Mary Tyler Moore) is pretty, well-groomed and cheerful to excess. But it too is false cheer: cheer which disguises her fear at what the neighbors might think. She cannot accept the responsibilities that parenthood entails. Perfection is the only motivation in her life, everything must be neat and tidy and in its place. And life, and families are not like that. They cannot be simply dusted and placed on show. "What do people have in common with mothers? They're only surface people... 'Clean your room', 'Brush your teeth', blah blah blah" screams Conrad at a crucial point in the film. It

sums up his situation and his relationship with his mother perfectly.

The guilt felt by Conrad is the basis of his depression and uncontrollable moods. He miserably re-enacts his daily routine of school, the swimming team, dates with pretty girls; but it is mere mimicry of his life before the accident.

It is at his father's suggestion that Conrad agrees to see psychiatrist Berger (Judd Hirsch). The psychiatric rap sessions may seem overly detailed, but in retrospect we see the subtle manner in which they were integrated into *Ordinary People* to dramatise the tension of the situations.

Ordinary People contains some fully explored character developments which provide genuine understanding of the real people involved. It is people and, more specifically families, that this excellent film is concerned with.

Directed by Robert Redford, *Ordinary People* is a sensitive exercise. Mary Tyler Moore, smiling queen of the American sitcoms, goes behind the mask of those all-American women

she has satirised in the past, and exposes the cold emptiness of their lives. Donald Sutherland is successful in his role as the moving force behind the family's survival. Tim Hutton, son of the late Jim Hutton, handles the indecisions, the depressions and rages of normal and not so normal adolescence with a frightening reality and force.

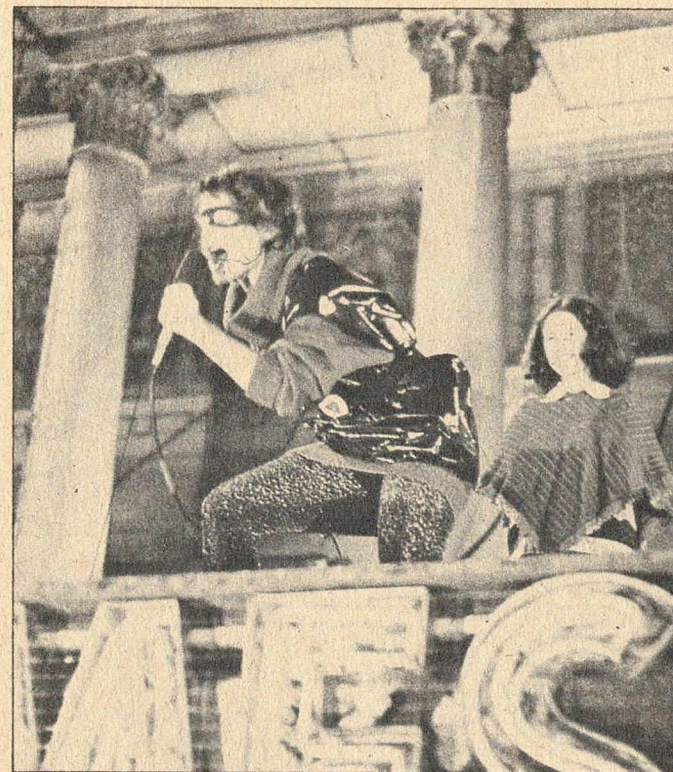
The musical score, an adaptation of some classics, is nicely handled by academy-award winner Marvin Hamlisch. The sets, designed by art directors Phillip Bennett and J. Michael Riva are true to the spirit of the film, with the one possible exception of psychiatrist Berger's downtown office... seedy and well-used are words that come easily to mind. There are very few long shots from director of photography John Bailey's camera, but many medium shots give the film some perspective, close-ups of the principals dominate.

Tour de force is a cliché line that springs to mind and one which I hesitate to use. But it is an easily justified accolade for this extraordinary film.

Robert Stigwood's production *Times Square* is not for everyone. After watching it one wonders just what audience Stigwood was trying to attract with this pseudo-punk movie that hits a high in crude language and in presenting a synthetic atmosphere throughout its long 111 minutes.

It's a film full of confrontations that pit the young against the old... read that as parents, police and any and all authority figures. It's not a new idea, but one which director Allan Moyle seems to believe is a surefire winner if he makes the lead characters as unappealing to the mass audience as possible.

Jacob Brackman's script pits two youngsters against the world. Street-wise urchin Nicky Marotta (energetic newcomer Robin Johnson who the press



Pamela Pearl and Nicky Marotta in Times Square.

release would have us believe is indeed a streetwise urchin plucked from the very footsteps of her high school in a tough neighborhood in Brooklyn to star in this epic), takes under her dirty wing the innocent but oh so sensitive and smart Pamela Pearl (Trini Alvarado), daughter of a New York city commissioner. Theirs is a saga of two runaways on the loose in Times Square, sleaze capital of the world. And for added drama and a plot twist of "significant" importance, paint in Commissioner Pearl as head of the Times Square Re-development Program. Subtle this film is not.

Of course, Nicky and Pammy get into all sorts of silly (read that as rebellious with a capital R) shenanigans which include shoplifting bread and peanut butter (cute!), a high speed ride in an ambulance... stolen naturally, and working in a topless bar — with tops! Next add a cynical radio DJ, the

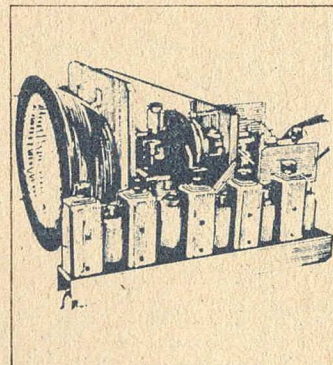
smooth-talking Johnny La Guardia (Tim Curry from the long-running cult classic, *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*), perched in his studio high above 42nd Street. He becomes their confidant and broadcasts their adventures.

It is he who is responsible for the duo being called the Sleaz Sisters. And that's all this film leaves you with, a sleazy feeling. Lines like "I hate you" followed by heavy sighs do not a dramatic motion picture make.

Nor do words like spic, nigger, faggot, and just about any and every four-letter word you can think of add anything of note to an already distasteful film.

An implausible, upbeat ending which has Nicky singing on top of a Times Square movie house marquee, leading an ecstatic crowd of imitators to the throne of punk queen, shouting "Nicky, Nicky, go for it" only made one want to go for the door marked "exit". — Alex Anthony.

TV



YAWNS AT DAWN

For those who make a dubious living writing about television in newspapers and magazines, the most eagerly awaited event of the year was the new Seven Network comedy series, *Daily at Dawn*.

At last thought the critics savagely eyeing their Olivettis, here is a series we know something about. It is after all based on the workings of a newspaper. Right in our own cesspool, so to speak. Some critics, notorious for their decadence, even made the supreme sacrifice and stayed sober to watch the premiere episode.

Which was their first mistake. The second was allowing themselves to believe in the bullshit from the publicity hacks that *Daily at Dawn* was a comedy.

As for being based on a newspaper office... well, I've worked in some weird newsrooms in my time, have stoically pecked away on my typewriter while surrounded by drunken editors, lecherous social writers, unrepentant show business freeloaders, degenerate racing writers, bitter sub-editors, hostile police roundsman and thieving copyboys.

I've filled some of those categories myself. But no matter how freakish and twisted were the journalists, they all worked hard, sometimes exceptionally hard, putting in hours that would

scare the hell out of, say, a public servant or a television publicity hack.

Jesus, I'm not trying to put journalists on a pedestal; I'm merely pointing out the unreality of *Daily at Dawn*.

From what I could see, the journalists employed in the television newspaper did little more than shout brutal insults at each other which, in Australia, is mistaken for comedy. Nothing else: not even the croquet results.

Maybe that was predictable because *Daily at Dawn* is written by Gary Reilly and Tony Sattler, the men responsible for *Kingswood Country*.

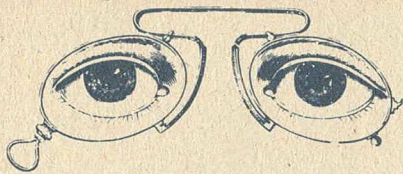
Kingswood Country, you may recall, featured a mush-brained bore called Ted Bullpit who screamed racist, sexist and other not especially amusing crudities at everyone within earshot. Reilly and Sattler have done nothing more than transfer their quaint version of Australian humor from Bullpit's lounge room to a newspaper's newsroom.

The characters are all one-dimensional, pieces of vinyl-covered plastic that open their mouths and make ugly sounds.

They've even got a poofster in the series, for Chrissake. Naturally, he is of the simpering type, much given to flapping his wrists and going into hysterics.

The citizens who frequent Sydney's homosexual haunts along Oxford Street, and who neither simper or flap, could be excused for marching on Channel Seven and stringing Reilly and Sattler up by the balls. The homosexual, who comes in the guise of a social-show business reporter, is played by Terry Bader, who should know better.

Paul Chubb fills the role of a slobbish sports writer called Russell Ducke, Henri Szeps is cast as a bullying news editor, Theo Stephens is... to hell with it, I'm not naming any more of the actors. I don't want to embarrass them. — Neal Akerman.



SOUNDS



MERCHANTS OF BAD TASTE

The Blues Brothers — Belushi and Akroyd — are merchants of bad taste. Over recent months, in various guises, the pair have produced some of the most pointless and tasteless pieces of music and film ever to leave the shores of the great USA.

Their work is totally devoid of social relevance and artistic merit. However, it does have one redeeming feature: The Blues Brothers product is invariably very, very funny.

That incredible exercise in indulgence, The Blues Brothers movie, was basically a string of bad jokes and car chases held together by musical sequences featuring some of America's best known soul and blues per-



Akroyd and Belushi — The Blues Brothers

formers as well as the Blues Brothers band.

In the movie the Blues Brothers, Jake and Elwood (Belushi and Akroyd) get their old rhythm and blues band together for a couple of shows. Their new album *Made in America* (Atlantic) sounds like a live recording of a Blues Brothers performance — a soul, rhythm and blues and blues review featuring some of the greatest hits from soul's heyday in the early Sixties and played by the Blues Brothers latest line-up of talent.

The album opens with a blast from the horn section and an announcement: "Good evening everyone and welcome to the USA ... we are congregated here tonight to celebrate one of the most treasured wellsprings of contemporary music ..." and then launches into a series of soul and R and B numbers interspersed with crazy raves from Jake and Elwood.

Despite their less than serious approach the Brothers Blue obviously have a genuine appreciation of the genre, and they bring off songs like Do You Love Me (now that I can dance) with the carelessly exuberant feeling in which they were created.

They launch into side two with an extended version of Booker T and the MG's classic Green Onions, which is broken by a monologue in which the

brothers proclaim the brilliance of the tune ... "Germany has its Beethovens and its Brahms, and here in America we have our Booker T and the MG's". It's reactionary bullshit — the Blues Brothers usual stance.

If it wasn't for the pair's sense of humor, this album would be nothing more than a passable revival of some passable songs. But the album's live feel and the brothers antics make it more than that. The Blues Brothers will always be worth a listen — as long as they keep singing with their tongue in their cheek.

There's one ingredient the Melbourne music scene has possessed for the last decade that Sydney has missed: *Ross Wilson*. Apart from the occasional sortie he's stayed down south, so Sydneysiders have been denied large doses of one of the country's classiest rock and roll acts.

Contractual hassles, line-up changes and production work kept Wilson out of the charts for a while, but his band Mondo Rock was back in there recently with *State of the Heart*. Of course, the last time around for Wilson was with Daddy Cool, in the early Seventies.

But Daddy Cool are more than just a memory in 1981. Their new album *The Missing Masters* (Wizard) features previously uncollected Daddy Cool tracks, including the B sides of most of their singles. There's also a version of Boogie Man, the band's last single, released in 1975 and said to be worth up to \$20 as a collector's item.

The album's live tracks include Eagle Rock, recorded at the Much More Ballroom in '72 as well as Good Golly Miss Molly and You Never Can Tell from their last concert at The Dallas Brooks Hall in 1975.

The *Missing Masters* doesn't show Daddy Cool at their best. B sides become secondary tracks for a reason — they're not as good as the A and if the rest of

the material remained unreleased for the best part of a decade, there was probably a good reason for that too. Also many of these songs suffer now in the light of current production and recording techniques.

Of course, dedicated Daddy Coolers will say "So what?" and they'd be right, because this is still a valid assembly of local rock and roll, a unique collection of foot tappin', finger snappin' tunes from the maestro of Aussie rock.

Rick Derringer was the early Seventies guitar hero whose partnership with Johnny Winter resulted in a couple of that decade's most powerful rock and roll albums. Tracks like *Rock and Roll Hoochie Coo* off their first recording, combining Winter's traditional approach with Derringer's searing guitar solos, had an energy quota that guaranteed gold record status.

Derringer went on to produce and play with Edgar Winter's *White Trash* with great success, but was unable to sustain his popularity and record sales through the remainder of the decade.

Ten years later he's returned to the formula that first took him to the top. On his latest release *Face To Face* (CBS) Derringer has gone back to no-bullshit rock and roll. This time around he's put together a basic four piece band and produced eight more of the gutsy tunes that made his reputation.

It's a likeable album. Derringer's songs manage to be raw without being raucous and his angry guitar solos are played with little pretension and lots of power, even if the style is a little dated.

Seven of the tracks are originals. The last is a cover of the Neil Young classic *Out of the Blue* in which he sings "Hey, hey, my, my, rock and roll will never die ..." and it won't: not while people like Rick Derringer keep playing it. — *Phil Abraham*.



Michael Franks

Lou Muzaks the Blues could be an alternative title for *Lou Rawls'* new album, *Shades of Blue* (TSOP). And pale shades they are. Once through this bunch of tuxedo-coated interpretations of the darker side of life, I got the feeling that all those years working Vegas have made his voice get out of touch with its roots.

Rawls could once get his teeth into classics such as I'd Rather Drink Muddy Water, Stormy Monday, etc, but here, with one or two exceptions, he misses. The opening track, Did You Ever Love A Woman, sounds more like Caesar's Palace than the south side of Chicago. Willie Dixon's Hoochie Coochie Man is a challenge for most blues singers, but Rawls really buries it. You've Lost That Loving Feeling just about comes off, but this is mainly due to the inspired backing vocals of Cissy Houston.

Even the likes of Hank Crawford, Shirley Scott, David New-



Lou Rawls

man and other fine players can't save this album from mediocrity.

Michael Franks with Crossfire — Live (WEA) is one of the best live sets this country has produced. Recorded during Franks' tour of Australia and New Zealand last year, the album features eight of his most popular songs, such as Don't Be Blue, Monkey See — Monkey Do and Popsicle Toes.

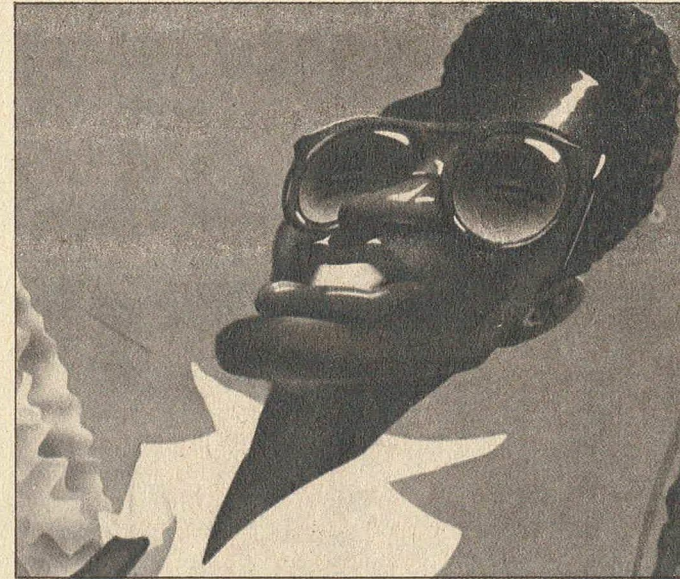
Crossfire, without doubt our foremost fusion group, are a perfect backdrop for Franks' smooth delivery. Credit must also go to engineer Martin Bengé for the excellent sound quality. — *Carol Ashdown*.

If we can have funk music, soft/rock and jazz/rock fusion, then I suppose we can have soft jazz/funk, which is as good a description as any for the music on *Winelight* (Elektra 6E-305), the new solo album by the black American saxophonist *Grover Washington Jr.*

The concept behind the album is clear: to provide an agreeable context for Washington's cool but highly modern sound on alto, soprano and tenor saxophones. This is achieved by using tunes with lovely harmonic changes, gentle funk/rock feels, scrupulous percussion, and warm electronic sounds from electric piano and synthesizers.

Grover Washington has a relatively light, breathy sound on his saxophones, somewhat unlike the hard-bop approach which is fashionable in today's orthodox jazz. His sound is not unlike that of Stan Getz, still widely regarded as the doyen of the cool tradition.

The musicians accompanying Washington are about the best in the New York session business: Ralph MacDonald (percussion) also co-producer of the album, Steve Gadd (drums), Eric Gale (guitar), Paul Griffin (electric piano), Richard Tee (electric piano) and others. It is just not possible for musicians



Ramsey Lewis — *Routes is on the wrong track*.

of their ability to play a bad note.

The remarkable thing about this music is that it is representative of the kind of multi-purpose music that is now coming out of American studios. On cassette deck, it serves as perfectly relaxing music while driving; with the volume down on a house stereo system, it is excellent background music for a dinner party where one prefers music that is inoffensive; later on, with the volume up, the music is funky enough for dancing. (Do people still dance at home?)

Needless to say, the sound on *Winelight* is superb. Indeed, the Aphex Aural Exciter — which sounds like a sex aid — was used in the mixing of the album.

So, this is not an album for the kind of jazz purist who is seen rooting around the second-hand stores for obscure John Coltrane sessions. Rather, this LP will be enjoyed most by those who like the saxophone, and want to hear jazz that is pleasant, melodic, and not too heavy.

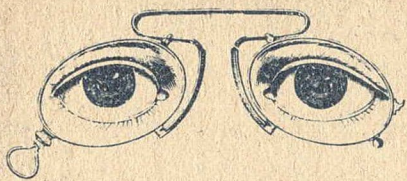
The American pianist *Ramsey Lewis* was one of the first "cross-over" artists when his instrumental hits in the mid-1960s, *The In Crowd* and *Hang On*

Sloopy brought him a mass audience. He was regarded, not as a jazz great, but as a highly talented keyboardist who was able to come up with a hit sound.

His latest LP *Routes* (CBS SBP 237492) does not have, as far as I can see, a hit sound. Nor does it have a great deal for the jazz connoisseur, who will want to hear more than the cursory licks executed by Lewis on this album.

Side one is arranged and produced by Larry Dunn, and Side two by Allen R. Toussaint. The pianist whom CBS describes as "undeniably a genius" is in there somewhere playing his parts, but his piano sound, both electric and acoustic, is unquestionably overwhelmed by the heavy arrangements.

Routes, therefore sounds very much like American jazz/rock muzak in its classic form. Of course, the beat is there, and if you want a good funk music disc without much personality, you might buy this one. On the other hand, you might be better advised to try genuine rock music. It is an old truism that rock 'n' roll bands play much better rock music than jazz musicians. — *Eric Myers*.



WORDS



WOUNDED PRIDE

If you sit down to add up what Australians know about the American Indian since the palefaces won their west, you're likely to come up with a big, fat zero.

Of course, it's a little uncomfortable to contemplate the fate of one native people in the light of how we've treated our own. A reasonably informed Australian might know about Wounded Knee and the taking over of Alcatraz, and even the use of Indian dialects (Cherokee, I think) during world War II to fox German codebreakers.

But generally, the mind's picture of the present-day Indian is one of a beaten people, a race in disarray (at least as far as social muscle is concerned) and few in number.

It comes as something of a surprise, then, to read Russell Whitecloud's book *Goddess* (Lionheart, \$16.50), because if Mr Whitecloud is to be believed — and there's no reason to doubt him — the US authorities fear the resurgence of Indian unity and "consciousness" to such a degree they will go to extraordinary lengths to prevent it.

The book mainly concerns Whitecloud's trial, or rather three trials, on a false charge of incest.

But the real story is the eagerness with which a variety of

judicial officials and others in high office seized on an over-disciplined, adolescent girl's vindictiveness and used it as a means to their pathologically-prejudiced end — to show, once and for all, that any attempt by the most minor of America's minorities to challenge their system would not escape dreadful punishment.

Whitecloud, of Navajo origins, had had the temerity to form the "International Alliance for the Advancement of America's Indians", which was to unite all the Indian peoples in North, Central and South America — between 50 and 100 million people. This grandiose gesture of the Sixties received exactly the same lash-back treatment as the anti-war and civil rights groups, with the difference that being numerically inferior and therefore having far less political clout meant the Indians were much easier to crush.

Eventually it became the more modest, but better organised American Indian Movement, which pulled off the Indians' most visible coups. Whitecloud himself helped organise, and took part in, the Alcatraz takeover.

This activism earned Whitecloud, or his alter ego in the book, Paul Mitchel, the distinction of being one of the very few men in the US to be jailed for bigamy, and on a very shaky charge at that.

Whitecloud went on to become the only Folsom prisoner up to then to have a conviction overturned while acting on his own behalf. Eventually a letter from the daughter admitted she had lied, and yet another trial found Whitecloud not guilty of the same charge.

The authorities certainly get three out of three for effort and, unfortunately, three out of three for success. The stigma of the incest charge alone was enough to force Whitecloud out of the US.

I'll have to leave the reader to

judge the validity of Whitecloud's claims of assassination attempts by the FBI and CIA. — *John Hampshire.*

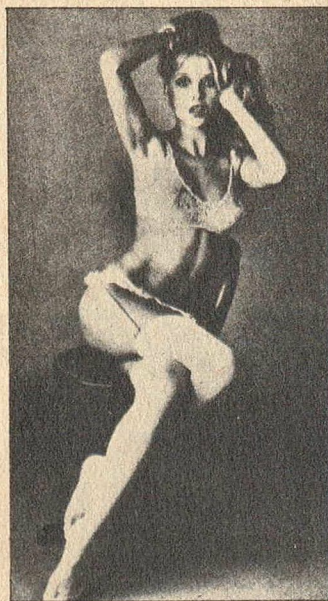
I suppose it would be boorish to suggest the reason why so many popular history books are written by hacks is that academics can't write for nuts. Professor Manning Clark, for example, is never mentioned without his interminable History of Australia being described as "magnificent". But he hasn't written for me: ponderous and pretentious is closer to the mark.

Anyway, *Captain Bligh and Mr Christian* (Cassell, \$18.95) was written by a hack; a hack of similar stature in Grub Street as M. Clark in Academe. Richard Hough has revised his 1972 edition after retracing Bligh's earlier voyage in the South Seas with Captain Cook. Hough travelled with the Duke of Edinburgh.

The Duke would probably love it. Lots of topgallants, starboard quarters and damn your eyes's; lots of superficial observations of the sort that start "had he but known what was to come"; and a rather long and detailed recreation of the mutiny on the *Bounty*, with full conversations recorded, as if every participant took notes the instant it was over.

Which indeed is half true, for if you think media overkill is a product of the 20th Century, you're wrong. The story of Bligh and his mutinous friend, Fletcher Christian, has been written about for almost two centuries. I bet you there won't be many books about the Tehran hostages two centuries hence.

The story is a good one: Bligh, a brilliant sailor, a mercurial leader, but still a mystery despite Hough's attempts; and Christian, the darling of everyone from the men below decks to the myrmidons of Hollywood — except author Hough, to whom Christian is a spoiled brat. Hough doesn't let



Chastity in Focus (*Quartet*, \$39.95) covers the gamut of the soft and frilly underthings by Janet Reger with which some women like to cover strategic bits of themselves. It is a curious book full of lovely shots you won't find in store catalogues, but you'd have to be a devoted underwear freak or a designer to pay that much for it.

the story make the judgements, and his trite comments add nothing to our understanding.

For Hough, the ex-fighter pilot turned maritime historian the seeds of the mutiny germinated in the five months the *Bounty* lay at anchor in Tahiti, basking in the sun, the sails rotting and the men rooting. She became a slack ship and Bligh was to blame.

The later degeneration of the society the mutineers founded in the South Seas, and still later their conversion to Christianity, indicates their need for authority, which Bligh gave in dribs and drabs, and which was beyond the grasp of Christian.

It's a great story, told by Mr Hough in a fair to middling manner. — *P.D. Jack.*



WHO SAID
'MEN SMOKE
DRUM'?

The natural satisfaction of full flavoured, imported Drum. It's the most enjoyed ready-rubbed cigarette tobacco in Australia.





For the former child star
and Queen of Pop the last five years
have been a constant struggle with
heroin and heartbreak.

DEBBIE BYRNE'S HARD ROAD

BY PHIL JARRATT

At 17 the Queen of Pop learned the truth, that love was meant for beauty queens and high school girls with clear-skinned smiles. In the matter of emotional security Debbie Byrne, child star and now teen idol, was very much aware that payment due exceeds accounts received . . . at 17.

At 18 she was on the top of the pop charts with an adequate remake of Vicki Carr's *He's a Rebel* and on the bottle with a vengeance. She was also dabbling in smack . . . H, horse, skag, brown rocks, whatever pathetic label the cognoscenti was using at the time. She was the biggest star in Australia and some nights she'd go to a pub or club and drink like a fish and whiff up a cap in the Ladies and end up in some seedy flat with a hypodermic syringe decorating her arm. Her career quickly moved, as they say in the trade, into a state of limbo and the yellow press and



Kaftans and bare feet have gone by the board. Photographer Walter Glover captured the spirit of the new Debbie Byrne in elegant creations by Jill Fitzsimon of Paddington.

the television magazines thereafter made veiled and often spiteful references to Debbie's "health problems".

At 23 Debbie Byrne is a handsome woman, frail, effervescent and street-smart in a way you can sense immediately. She is the star of a hugely successful television series, she is recording an album of songs she actually likes, she is in demand, she is a mother, she is in love. She also smokes a hell of a lot and her eyes dart around nervously.

She is speaking frankly for the first time about her heroin experience and she has been advised not to. Between us on the coffee table there are three packs of Winfield 25s and a tape recorder. She takes a smoke out and waves it in the air before lighting. "A lot of people said deny it, deny it whatever you do," she says. Pause, strike, flame, deep toke. "But I'd feel stupid denying it because it's true. I was doing heroin. I was doing a lot of things that weren't very good for me. If I was still doing it I'd deny it but I'm not. In fact I feel quite proud that it's no longer a problem."

The reporter's instinct is to pry further while the more compassionate side of his nature wants to move along quickly from this mutually embarrassing confessional. The reporters instinct wins but the lid is well and truly off anyway.

"The whole thing was pretty tacky, you know. It got very ugly. When I look back on it now I see a different person, some one I can't even relate to. I wanted to be outrageous and if that meant getting drunk and swallowing a lot of pills then I'd do that. If it meant snorting a little heroin then I'd do that too. But heroin just gets a hold of you and pretty soon I was doing all



the things people do with it. My career started to slide but it was one of those situations where I could see exactly what was happening but I didn't care enough to stop it. That's the kind of stupid little shit I'd become."

By her own admission Debbie Byrne was a rotten kid, a hyperactive little ball of vitriol whose mother sought relief twice weekly in the form of two hour ballet lessons. Mrs Byrne was thus able to pound her head on the concrete in bliss-

ful solitude while the rowdy one pirouetted clumsily in a corner of a council hall and took years off the expected life span of her teachers. Asked to describe herself as a child the words which immediately spring to Debbie's mind are "obnoxious", "uncontrollable", "rotten" and "lousy". She is probably overstating her awfulness somewhat, but her mother did in time regard the problem as serious enough to seek medical advice. The good doctor suggested an energy-intensive



diversion, and ballet it was. And ballet was okay for a while too, but what really charged young Deb's battery, what really sent her into manic fits of girlish giggles, was every Saturday when her father, an engineer by profession but a man of many parts, would load up the family wagon with guitar, amp and several dutiful daughters, and drive to the outer suburbs of Melbourne or the near countryside in search of a pub in which to perform. The act fell somewhere in the

middle of the road between the families Trapp and Partridge. Dad played guitar, sang and did the patter while Linda, Cheryl Ros, Sandra, Peter and Debbie contributed harmonies on such classics as Ging Gang Gooly Gooly. It wasn't all that polished but it had a good beat and you could drink to it and, as true vaudevillians know, people always were suckers for kids acts.

Debbie started playing the pubs when she was nine years old, a little tomboy in

dungarees. Right from the start her parents realised she had talent but neither was inclined to push her in the manner of doting show parents. Mrs Byrne especially felt that premature fame could become a problem. However, when a production company began casting for a new version of the television variety series *Swallows' Juniors*, mother and daughter were in the queue. Debbie sang *Down By The Riverside* and brought the house down, as it were. Quicker than you could say Shirley Temple she was out of her jeans and into ringlets and pretty party frock. *Brian and the Juniors* was a kind of a hit despite the overwhelming niceness of its host, and Debbie Byrne was on her way.

For all its saccharine appeal to the blue rinse set, *Brian and the Juniors* was doomed. It had had a great run — something like 14 years — and there was a new generation of mothers who'd experienced seminal rock and roll and the backseats of FJ Holdens. They could do without the ringlets but, of course, they wanted to see the kids perform. This substantial shift in maternal mores was catered for in the form of a new show called *Young Talent Time* to be hosted by one-time pop singer Johnny Young. Not surprisingly the recently-sacked cast of B and the Js soon found themselves back on the payroll, which, at the time, meant a salary of something around \$25 a week. Well, they didn't want to spoil a bunch of nice kids, did they?

For Debbie this was the Big Break. She was just 13 and a Northcott dolly, which is to say she affected a suburban version of the Melbourne sharpie look. She wore her hair short on top with strands that fell down her back. Ringlets were well and truly history. When she auditioned she belted out a song off Joe Cocker's *Mad Dogs And Englishmen* album and shook her little sharpie head into a frenzy. The producers felt this was all very nice but a bit Northcott if you know what we mean, and never mind, we'll clean you up and get you a nice dress.

So Debbie was terminally nice for an hour a week in the company of other nice kids like Jamie Redfern, a toothy little battler who looked like a scale model of Rocky Gattelari and often wore a tuxedo. The *Young Talent Time* kids rehearsed every night after school. They fell behind in their lessons and became introverted and eventually despised. Debbie and Jamie copped it worst because they were undisputedly the stars. Debbie recalls: "I hated going to school at times, particularly when I'd done something cute on the show, like dressing up as an ostrich or a flower. Come Monday I'd just know I was gonna get it. They all watched just so they could stick it to me on Mondays. I loved myself, I was a bitch, you know what kids can be like. And on top of all that I was so unattractive at school. They couldn't

understand it. I looked like a tent on sticks in my gym uniform and here I was on TV. I was forever being reminded of exactly how figureless I was."

She may have looked like a tent on sticks but Debbie was the star of the show. Jamie Redfern had impish good looks and mums wanted to cuddle him, but Debbie Byrne had charisma, a gutsy voice and a rivetting on-camera personality. She had, as they say in show business, "star" written all over her. She laughed off the ribbing at school and became totally embroiled in rehearsals, taping and the inevitable social nepotism of the cast.

She recalls: "I was okay at school but at 15 I just had to leave. I was an outcast. I was growing up with producers, directors and performers. I couldn't go to school and tell them what I'd done at the weekend because I might have flown to Perth for a show or something. There was

"I did some crazy self-destructive things. I got to the point where I'd do things for acceptance."

a difference between me and them, you know, and it was a very difficult age. So I left school and instead of only getting half my salary for *Young Talent Time* I got all of it — \$75 a week."

Debbie helped out in her mother's kindergarten by day when she could, but as the pressures of pop stardom grew, "when she could" became less frequent. She had receptions to attend and an image to uphold, but at the same time the hyperactive kid was turning into a teenage rebel. She was into wearing kaftans and no shoes and belting out raunchy-rock songs from the far reaches of her diaphragm. The producers of YTT wanted her to sit on a swing and sing *Puppet On A String*. Rebellion was inevitable and when it came it came hard and heavy.

Debbie recorded *He's A Rebel*, which went to number one all over the country and formalised what her legion of fans already knew — that Debbie Byrne had grown out of *Young Talent Time*. Her appeal was still very much in the middle of the road but she had an identity of her own. She was named Queen of Pop and

won a Logie award as Best Teenage Personality. Then she turned 18. The best known minor in Australia had reached the age of having a drink. Says Debbie: "I'd been playing a role since I was 11 and I wanted to be me so badly I went overboard with it, went right over the top. I was supposed to be sweet and innocent so I did everything that wasn't sweet and innocent. I'd get very drunk in pubs and be quite tasteless. I suppose everyone goes through that kind of thing but not everyone is being watched all the time. And I was really hurting myself, no one else was getting hurt, just me."

"I did some crazy, self-destructive things. It got to the point where I'd do things for acceptance. Like, I'd walk into a pub and people would point me out and wonder what I was doing there. So I'd show them what I was doing there — I'd get pissed so they'd think I was just like them. But I wasn't like them — I was much worse."

It was in the Melbourne rock pubs that Debbie was introduced to heroin, a casual affair that developed into a serious relationship. Around the same time she moved out of home and into a flat with a boyfriend, a guy she'd known at school who was working as a roadie for a band.

A month after they set up house Debbie realised she had a heroin habit. She had a physical collapse, the first of her "health problems". She says: "When we started living together I was a pain in the neck. Completely crazy. I was overworked and over-everything and I was so dependent on him that we really blew it."

In fact the couple later married but even that dramatic step couldn't save the marriage. Dave's career was going on the road with Debbie and every couple of months Debbie would freak out, need more drugs and take out the frustration on her husband. She says: "It was a terrible thing to do to another person. I'll never be like that to anyone again."

The heavy dope binges were taking their toll on Debbie's health and career but she had enough momentum going to take out the Queen of Pop and another Logie in 1976. Then another disaster struck. In the curious way these things have of panning out it was a disaster from which some good later flowed, but at the time it rocked Debbie with a kind of emotional pain she'd never before experienced. She discovered her mother, the quiet strength of the Byrne family, was dying of cancer.

"Mum knew about my habit," says Debbie, "She didn't know the intensity of it but she knew I was using heroin and the wonderful thing was that I could talk to her about it, which really helped me. Then suddenly there she was dying and I'd burdened her with my problem. I knew I couldn't let her have that worry any more."



What to have with Chinese.

Barossa Valley
Kaiser Stuhl
Gold Medal Rosé

Mrs Byrne was in considerable pain but she continued to refuse the relief of morphine until the very end, the irony of which decision was not lost on Debbie. She says: "Mum's reasoning was that, well, if I start using it now by the time it gets really bad I'm going to need a whole lot more. You know, that entirely logical approach to a thing like death. She was brave but it wasn't so much bravery. It was just that she felt so strongly about it she didn't want to be doped. She wanted to die well. It helped me to make a decision."

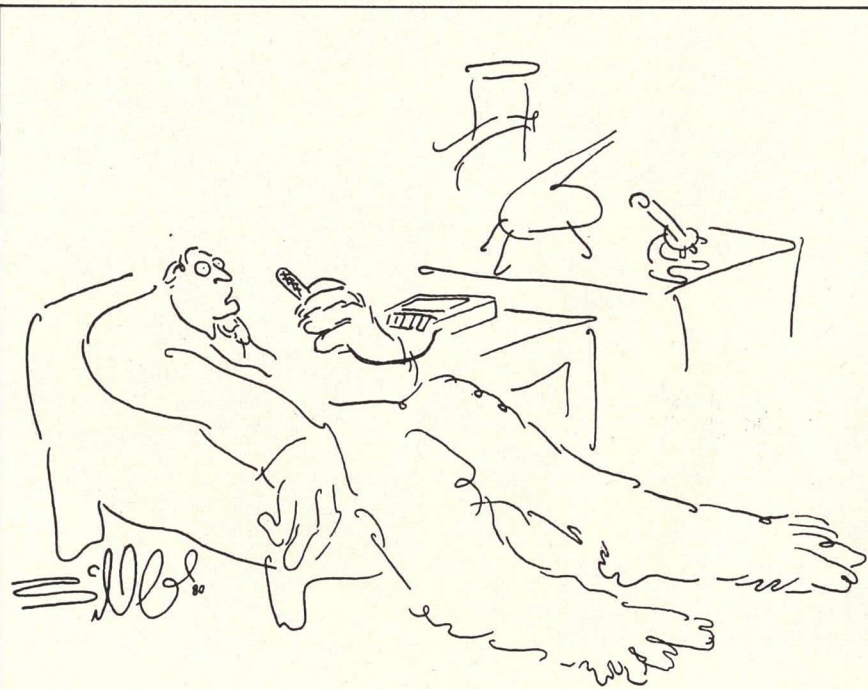
During the last stages of the Me Decade Debbie got off heroin and had a baby. Aja, a beautiful, healthy girl, didn't arrive a moment too soon. Says Debbie: "Dave and I weren't being very good for each other at that time. It was a very self-indulgent period of my life. Having Aja made all the difference to me, although it was too late to really help the marriage. Dave and I were growing apart, we had different goals, and having Aja really cemented our differences. I changed a lot while I was pregnant, became more laidback, less inclined to go out and rage all the time. And the changes have lasted. I went through a bad period when Aja was eight months old but it passed very quickly. Basically I had a new understanding of myself."

She also had a new career to build. Months off the road and out of the studio,

and an unspoken understanding in the business that Debbie was prone to certain occupational hazards, had combined to kick the whole thing back into neutral. She needed to pull a rabbit out of the hat, to prove she was firing and clean. So she moved to Sydney, away from her circle of friends and started the rebuilding. Club gigs, a little jazz-oriented stuff with some pretty trippy musos, a flat in the inner city that was little more than four walls, a marriage that was dead but wouldn't lie down ... and head-first, feet-up, heart racing, back into the junk again.

"It was ridiculous," Debbie recalls. "Absolutely ridiculous. I'd been off it for nearly two years and then in four months I became more dependent on heroin than I'd ever been before. I let everything slide and then suddenly I just stopped and looked at what I was doing to myself. It was frightening enough to turn me around again and I've been clean ever since."

"It's been hard, really hard, but I've had a lot of good friends here in Sydney, and that's what you need. It's like being an alcoholic. There are certain things you don't do any more, certain places you don't go and certain people you don't see. I mean if you're an alcoholic you're not going to sit down with a bottle of grog in front of you and look at it all night. With heroin it's the same thing. If I know it's going to be around I won't go."



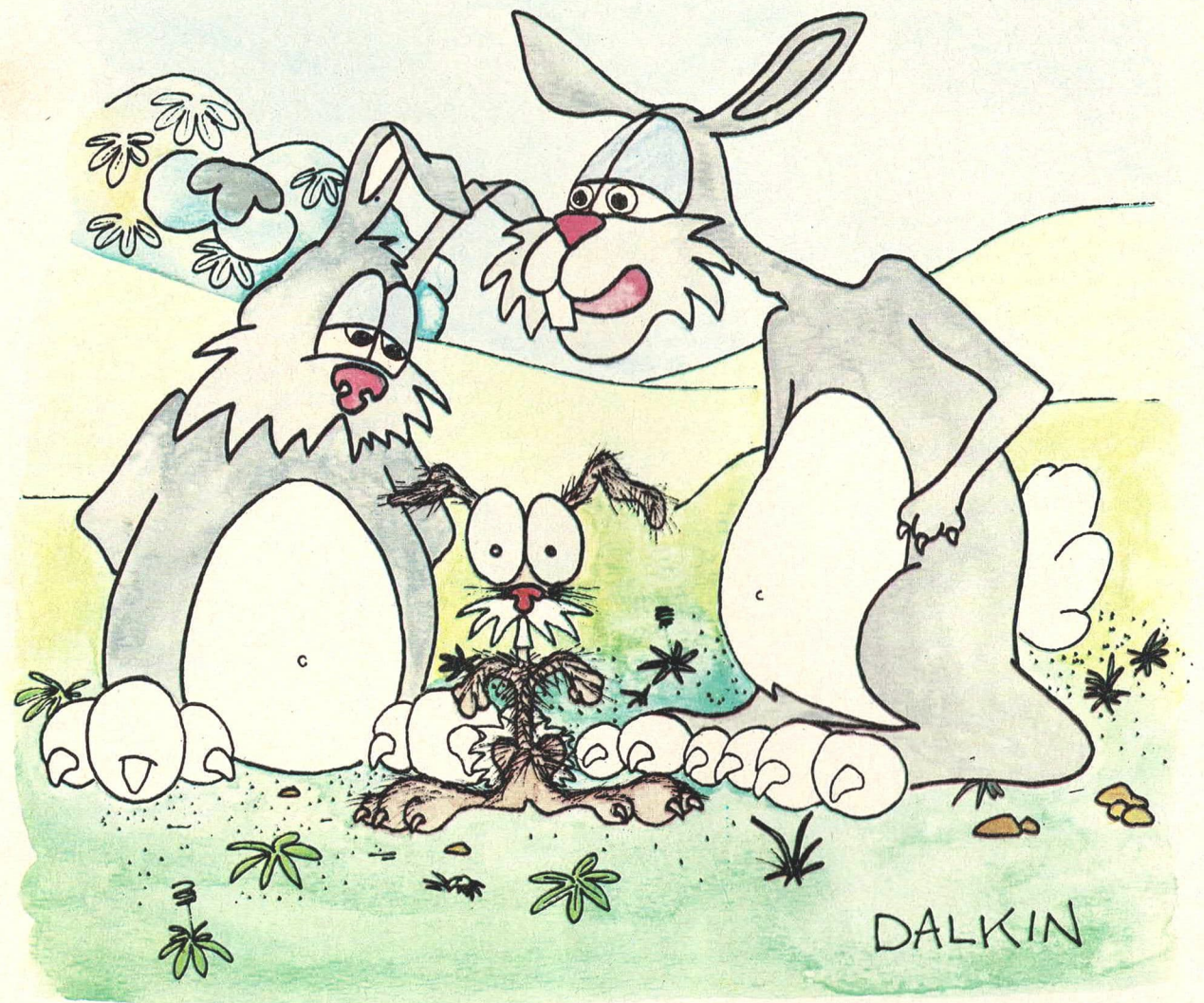
"Soon it will all be over; the beast will gain total control of my mind and body. I ask — no, I beg of you — you who may someday come upon this recording, unearth my notes, the complete record of my experiments, the work of a lifetime, and continue this quest for the perfect 'dry martini'."

While she was riding the fine line between the cure and the urge, hanging out in her flat with her baby wondering what to do next, ABC producer Ric Birch phoned and asked if she'd be available to do a variety show. Birch knew the quality of her work from her appearances on the *TV Follies* series. Desperate for a ticket back into the Big League, Debbie instantly agreed, little realising that what Birch had in mind for her was a starring role in an extremely ambitious seven-part variety spectacular which would haul in ratings never dreamed of in the ABC's corridors of power. The show was to feature two of the talents of the Seventies — Debbie Byrne and John Farnham — in slick and sophisticated new roles. There would be 85 musicians and Birch called in a big team of choreographers to work out productions which would really test the dancing talent Debbie had hinted at in *Young Talent Time*.

Above all else *Farnham and Byrne* meant hard work, and hard work was what Debbie needed more than anything. Four days spent rehearsing just one production number, 14 hours a day the rule rather than the exception. Debbie's health, which had taken a pounding for quite a few years, suffered again. She was constantly exhausted and rundown but she was feeling positive about her work and about her future. Then, in the middle of production, her mother finally and mercifully died. Debbie flew to Melbourne to be with her family but she was back on the job inside three days. She threw herself into her work when she returned to Sydney.

The series was a critical and popular success, the surprise smash of 1980. At the time of writing (early February) it has been nominated for several Logie awards, Debbie Byrne as Best Variety Performer among them. With only eight performances for the year Debbie has also been nominated for a Mo award for her club act. In short, everything has changed. *Farnham and Byrne* has swung the pendulum. Debbie Byrne has paid her dues and earned the respect of her profession with a series of gutsy and classy performances at a time when she could have so easily toppled the other way ... into self pity and self indulgence. Says Debbie: "The series changed a lot of things, not the least of which was the way people handle me. For example, reporters used to ask me what my favorite drink was. I'd say milk, of course, and the interviews would be over. Now they want to know about me and my music."

Footnote: In February Debbie and manager Brian De Courcy signed a deal with EMI and she was back in a recording studio for the first time in five years. De Courcy described her first single, *The Next Time*, a Vanda and Young composition, as the best thing Debbie had ever done. ○✚



"You're right. It has been a lean year."

The forces of organised religion are on the march to political power.

ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

BY DAVID HIRST

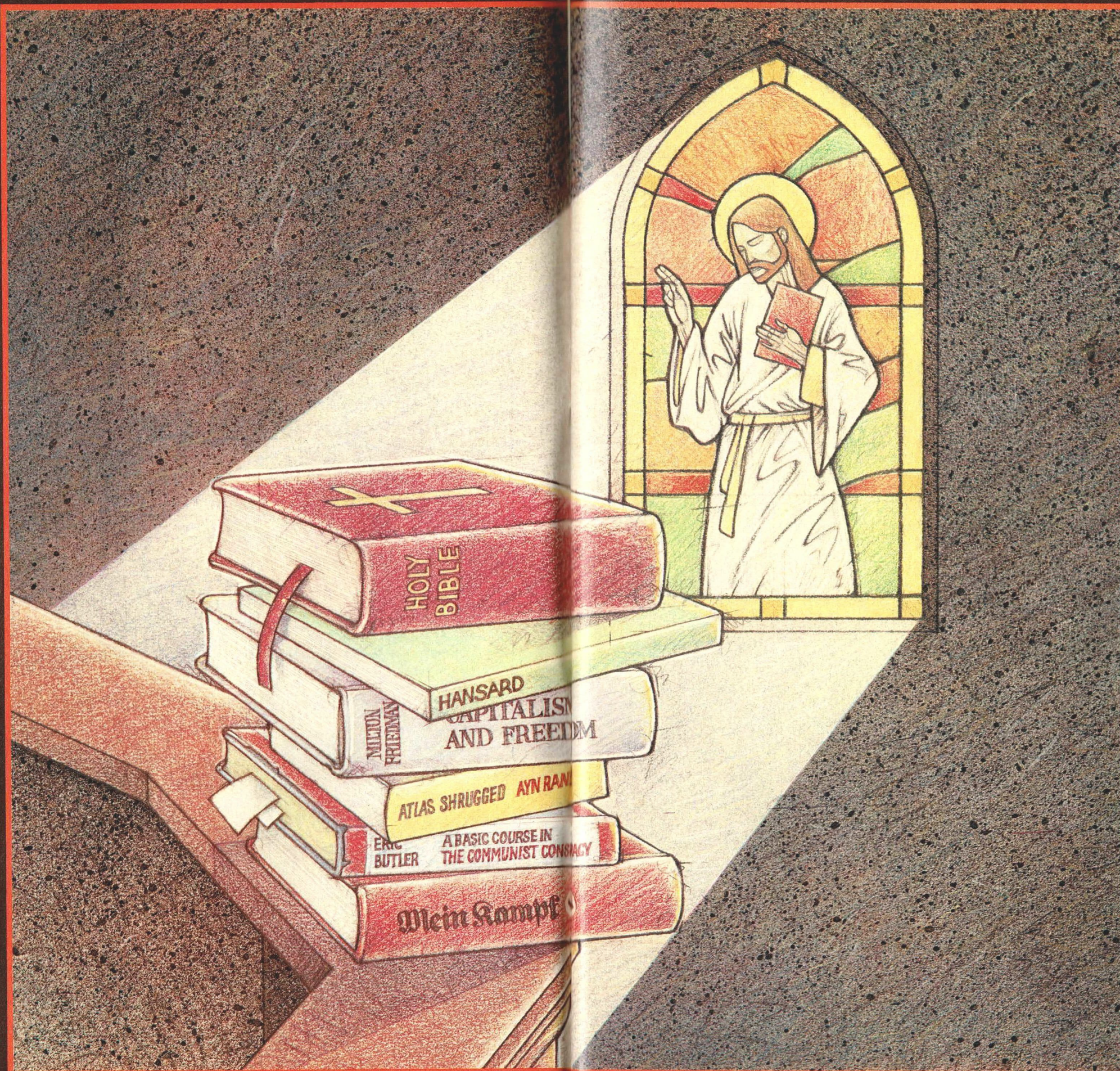
Australia's Bible Belt is not so much a belt as a brassiere-corset keeping a tight rein on the country out around the black stump. It runs from the Deep North through Australia's rural rump to the southern corner of Western Australia. Its centres are in provincial towns like Ballarat, Rockhampton, Portland and Albany, and from towns such as these Australia's religious right draws its strength.

At its fundamentalist extreme in the bush the religious right links closely with the religious reactionary movement of the cities: in particular the Right to Life Movement and the Festival of Light, both of which are growing in membership and political influence at an alarming rate.

As yet the Religious Right has no discernible national leader or organisation. As one parishioner in Victoria's Western Districts told me, the movement will "be delivered a leader, in the Lord's time".

The rural supporters come from such denominations as the Church of England, the Baptists, the unreconstructed Presbyterians and the Lutherans. These are people who know much of the earth and little of the world. They have seen their savings devoured by inflation, and their government corrupted by hu-

Illustration by Chris Payne



manists; the banks have squeezed them dry and the big pastoralists and city doctors are taking over the land around them. Their children are instructed by socialistic "liberated" school-teachers in matters which are decidedly of the flesh and, in their opinion not fit even for adult discussion. No wonder when the kids grow up they are enticed away to the Sodom and Gomorrah of the cities. Even the churches, preaching that God will punish the wicked on the great judgement day, are being infiltrated by homosexual communists — the day of judgement seems a long time coming.

Ordinary country folk see the cities as Satanic places, full of parasites who take their produce and tax their profits and give nothing back. Sociologists explain this fear of urban life thus: rural life is primordial, warm and bonding, and contrasts with the diverse and impersonal structures of city society. Modern communication networks link the bush with city-events, but out of the barrage of messages what sort of order can be determined? Often people create simple conspiracy theories to explain a multitude of events. An example of the conspiracy approach, rural model, is the League of Rights' attitude to the Jews, that most cosmopolitan of groups who man the universities and manipulate the banks, communists and Western governments so as to impose an International Tyranny.

City people who feel the loss of a binding community join the Right to Lifers or the Festival of Light and dream of rebuilding their shattered nuclear families.

In both the city and the bush the cry is for a return to family values. As the Permissive Society is seen as the destroyer of the close family unit, the attacks are therefore on permissiveness, and all it encompasses — sex education, homosexuality and abortion.

The New Right organisations are swelling with parents who lament

the passing of the family and, incapable themselves of passing on suitable culture to their children blame the school teachers and left-wing intellectuals for the Decay of Youth.

The moral issues which helped sweep Ronald Reagan to power in the US and led to the defeat of many of the liberals in Congress are now becoming the issues which can make or break a member of government in Australia. In researching this article two things were always apparent: the delight of the Christian right in its new-found power, and the despair of the progressive Liberal and Labor politicians, and of women's groups, at the right's emerging influence.

It has long been assumed that the political right is centred in Queensland, and there is no doubt that it is in the north that religious right-wing organisations wield the most power. The campaign by the right against sex education (and vaguely humanist courses as well) in the schools succeeded in having many thousands of dollars of educational materials removed from the classrooms. The books have not yet been burned, but they are kept "in a safe place", away from the public.

But it is not in Queensland that the activities of the right can be the most disruptive, for such actions are often considered normal for that State. Right wing activity in Queensland is stronger than in any other State but its electoral impact is less important. There is no need to take on the Government. The activists can content themselves with campaigns against "small l" Liberals like Rosemary Kyburz.

It was during the 1980 Federal elections, and particularly in Victoria, that the Religious Right emerged as a significant political force capable of scaring Members of Parliament into changing their views.

In New South Wales the Festival of Light's team polled 4.4 percent of the Senate vote, putting it just behind the Australian Democrats (6.9 percent) as Australia's fifth most popular political grouping.

The defeat of the Victorian Liberal Member for Macmillan, Barry Simon, is seen by many as the harbinger of what's to come. Simon was targeted by the right when he moved a disembowelling amendment to the Lusher motion on abortion. The Lusher motion would have stopped Federal funding for abortions. Simon, his party, and the Right, all see the campaign against him — one of the dirtiest for years — as being the cause of his defeat.

The League of Rights was ecstatic when the seat was won for Labor, on DLP preferences, by Barry Cunningham, an Irish Catholic potato grower with the disarming habit of popping out a false tooth

and swivelling it around his mouth when in contemplation.

League of Rights supremo Eric Butler, writing in the League's monthly *Intelligence Survey* enthused: "What happened to Barry Simon might well be a political slogan with a powerful message."

The Liberals are not keen to comment on the Simon campaign, nor on the power of the rural right wing, mainly because they have only just realised the strength of the movement and are still working out how to handle it.

But it is a movement which Victorian Liberals readily concede could cost them their three-seat majority in the next State elections.

In attributing the loss of Macmillan to the Right to Life-League of Rights-DLP campaign, a spokesman for the Liberal

Party said the movement was "a dangerous trend".

"It is frightening," he said, "that a very small group can affect the overall Government. We have yet to properly recognise the tremendous influence these groups can have. They are selecting their targets very carefully and this is not a traditional political tactic. We haven't had to fight this sort of thing before and will have to learn how to handle it."

Barry Simon, now principal private secretary to Industrial Relations Minister Andrew Peacock, is understandably bitter. His office was smeared with huge graffiti saying things like CHILD MURDERER, and his family received threatening phone calls. Apart from comments like "What a pity you weren't sucked from your mother's womb", most of the abuse

CHRISTIANS FOR REAGAN

BY L.J. DAVIS

It was probably a caveman who worked out that the two most profitable, long-term industries were government and religion, and there have been many men since who have attempted to amalgamate the two for even better earnings. Since the advent of Iran's Ayatollah Khoumeni the outlook for religious government is the rosiest it has been since the warrior Popes of the Middle Ages. And, of course, such prospects have not been overlooked in the United States.

By August last year the Presidential campaign was off and running, with all three leading candidates "born again" Christians showing the American people they were holier than the other fellows. But in Dallas that August were a group of people better qualified to judge who indeed was holier than whom: more than 8000 fundamentalist Protestant ministers gathered for what the organising body, the Religious Roundtable, called a National Affairs Briefing.

Ronald Reagan told the meeting he was in favor of teaching the Biblical story of Creation (we all descended from Adam and Eve, in case you haven't heard it) as a counterbalance to the thebries of the wild-eyed Darwin; and the Roundtable's vice-president launched a blistering attack on the late Medieval idea of separation of church and state.

But the ex-president of the Southern Baptist Convention, Rev Bailey Smith, best enunciated the feelings of the clean upstanding bring-a-plate-supper-goers at the Roundtable.

Brandishing a copy of that day's *Dallas Times Herald*, he noted a local gay-rights activist had expressed reservations about the evangelist's vicious attacks on homosexuality. Rev Smith didn't think it right "when a perverser can pass judgement on a preacher... The evil, wicked world has no right to pass judgement on a man of God!"

After waiting for five thousand cheering listeners to resume their seats the man of God reminded them that "no one can pray unless he prays in the name of Jesus Christ".

"If a Catholic, a Protestant, and a Jew are praying," he said, "the Jew isn't getting through."

"God Almighty does not hear the prayer of a Jew, for how in the world can God hear the prayer of a man who says Jesus Christ is not the true Messiah? It's blasphemous. Christianity isn't a religion; it is the truth!"

After highlighting a number of enemies — humanists, Episcopalians, perhaps even the Constitution of the United States itself — Rev Smith gave his hopes for the future, which could be summarised thus:

1. The supremacy of preachers, but only Christian ones, and not all of those.
2. The supremacy of Christ, but only that Christ known to those aforementioned preachers.
3. Second-class citizen status for the Jews.
4. The conversion of everyone else, except humanists and Episcopalians, to whom bad things will happen.
5. The godly conquer the ungodly and bring about God's kingdom in the form of a theocratic dictatorship.

received by Mrs Simon was, according to her husband, similar to material used in the Right to Life campaign.

As a result of his experience in the campaign Simon is now a determined opponent of the Right to Life Movement and other similar hard-line conservative groups which he says present a definite danger to democracy.

Simon says he fears for the future of liberalism while "the narrow, bigoted approaches of these groups can hoodwink sufficient voters to distort the electoral process."

"These groups distort conscience or personal views of politicians for their own negative ends," he said.

One of the more sinister aspects of the revival of the right is the impetus it has given Australia's oldest and best organ-

ised neo-fascist group, the League of Rights.

Growing out of the social credit ("funny money") movement of the 1930's, the League was founded by Eric Butler in 1946. It publishes a large number of weekly and monthly bulletins and pamphlets featuring anti-semitic and anti-communist ravings with a smattering of natural health organic farming and ecological notes.

The League is heavily into conspiracy theories, international Jewish financiers, the Trilateral Commission, Fraser is not a conservative and that sort of stuff. Its appeal has always been strong among the farming and fundamentalist Christian people in rural Queensland and Victoria. Well organised, it is in an ideal position to capitalise on the Christian revival and right wing backlash.

Much of the League's work is done through umbrella groups it either sets up or infiltrates. Two well-known organisations the League is said to control are the Voters Policy Association, and the Electors Association, of which there are more than 400 branches. Other fronts are the Christian Institute for Individual Freedom, Ladies in Line Against Communism (the LILAC League), the Institute for Economic Democracy, the Australian Heritage Society, and the Conservative Speakers Club. There are also links with groups in Britain, Canada, New Zealand and the United States.

The League has a secret-cell system of membership, and the links to the new Christian groups are still something of a mystery.

The Christian Alternative, which stood a candidate for the Senate in Victoria in

opposition. He gave the fundamentalist preachers — for the first time — a political organisation, Christian Voice; and this gave the New Right access to the pulpits. Weyrich also helped Rev Jerry Falwell, of the biggest Baptist church in the US, to establish the Moral Majority, which was one of the main campaigners against the pinko liberal Congressmen. The Moral Majority succeeded in helping bring about the first (right wing) Republican Senate for 26 years.

The Rev Falwell, besides being manipulated by Weyrich, is a writer, although not too good a speller. His book *Listen America*, has such glories as *core* for *corps*, *mere* for *mirror*, and *trollers* for *trawlers*. The book begins with the assertion that the American Government is divinely ordained, and then God himself confides in the reader. God, it appears, does not approve of sex, rock music, or trial by jury; He prefers churches to the state as welfare provider; and while Falwell piously reminds believers of their duty to love homosexuals, he makes it clear that God wants them killed.

Falwell believes that the election of godly men will bring about the revival of the happy home: women will return, men will be placed once again at the helm, and the kids won't be allowed to do a damned thing.

"One reporter recently asked me," Falwell writes, "if this would not lead to a kind of censorship or Christian Nazism."

"My reply was that we cannot allow an immoral minority of our population to intimidate us on moral issues."

The Spanish Inquisition used to profess to love its victims.

Christian Voice and Moral Majority, with their television pulpits, gave Weyrich and his New Right old hands a million foot soldiers and access to the

gullible masses when they least expect to be robbed — on Sunday mornings. In September 1979 Weyrich got it all together. A meeting of the heads of various arch conservative pressure groups was called. Represented were the Black Silent Majority, Anita Bryant's anti-gay crusade, Catholics for Political Action, the anti-abortionists, Billy Graham's National Association of Evangelicals, and various other fringe ratbag groups including the American Security Council, a private group of industrialists and retired soldiers who trust in neither God nor the Secretary of Defence to keep the communist hordes at bay. The upshot of this meeting was the Religious Roundtable.

The Roundtable was a brilliant and unprecedented move, and its effects were immediate. Rev Falwell suddenly became interested in economics, and so, presumably, did God. Anti-bussing and abortion groups began soliciting funds for each other, and for the political organisations of Weyrich and Dolan. Christian Voice compiled a rating system of the votes of the nation's legislators, with special emphasis on homosexuality, abortion and pornography. In Alaska the Moral Majority took over the Republican Party, and in the November elections dozens of liberals lost their positions — from Senators down to sheriffs — thanks to the votes and campaigns of the holy-rollers.

With Reagan as President and many Congressmen who owe their seats to the right, the men in the cheap suits with the Bible in the back pocket now form one of the most potent pressure groups in the land. And although Ronald Reagan is yet to declare a holy war against the enemies of Christ he's certainly not going out of his way to ignore them. 1984 may turn out to be worse than George Orwell feared.

1980, had its election handbill — "THEY WANT YOUR MONEY, THEY WANT YOUR FAMILY, AND THEY WANT YOU" — published by the League's propaganda arm, Heritage Publications. Candidate Bill Petering is known around Horsham, one of the capitals of the rural right, as an activist in the campaign against sex education in the area.

Another recently formed group generating enormous publicity and popularity around the country is the Concerned Parents Association, which has extended the good fight of Queensland's Rona Joyner against "human relations courses" to Victoria.

The ironically titled CPA is said to have extensive overlapping membership with the League of Rights.

In August 1980 the Victorian Education Department rationalised its sex education courses under the euphemism "human relations course", which brought an almost hysterical response from the CPA and related organisations in the western and northern districts of the State.

The campaign, supported by propaganda campaigns in local newspapers, has generated huge public meetings and

witch-hunts of politicians, teachers and others concerned about sex education.

Melbourne's Social Biology Resource Centre, and, in particular, its head, Mrs Delys Sergeant, have been the main recipients of the attacks. The SBRC is federally funded and involved in research and education in the "human relations" field with informal ties with the Education Department. The "sex education scandal" centred on the alleged activities of the SBRC after a series of articles appeared in the *Geelong Advertiser* in July 1980.

The journalist responsible, Paul McLeod, later founded the CPA and is now its leader.

The *Advertiser* later apologised for the printed allegations made against Mrs Sergeant, who is suing McLeod on the grounds that he alleged she had, among other things: advocated, supported and encouraged sexual perversion, sexual deviation and incest in children, encouraged permissiveness and promiscuity in children, and encouraged subversion, abortion, criminal activity, corruption and anti-social behavior.

Mrs Sergeant's writ also claims McLeod maintained she was "degenerate, incompetent, subversive, immoral,

improper, unfit to hold her position" and that she should be sacked.

The article spent considerable energy attacking Mrs Sergeant and the SBRC, linking both to a broader, more sinister force.

Warming to his theme that sex education was part of the Great Conspiracy, McLeod wrote: "Some see the real object of these programs in political terms and point to the evidence of links between American sex educators and the Communist Party."

For supporting evidence McLeod quotes from a Communist document entitled "Rules for Revolution": one of the objectives is to "corrupt the young, get them away from education and interested in sex".

He then quotes an American general who claims that when interrogated by the Chinese during the Korean War they told him they expected to take over America by "destroying the moral character of young Americans".

Mrs Sergeant has also issued a writ against the publishers of a popular tract — *They Want Your Children* — circulating in the Victorian countryside which details extraordinary activities in schools.

Some of the more sensational allegations have come to the attention of such lofty journals as the *Toorak Times* and the *Melbourne Observer*.

Dr Alex Sharah informed readers of the *Toorak Times* in July 1980 that: "In a school near Bendigo, teacher Brown called on boys to come forward and try on a condom." Later in the article readers were told of a convent high school showing an internationally banned film featuring "a naked Miss Plumb going to the toilet as well as a man showing a taste for pornography by licking the pictures".

Patrick Tennison, writing in the *Sunday Observer* the same month alleged that a woman teacher had demonstrated sex with one of her teenage male pupils as part of a sex education course and that "male and female students had been encouraged to act out simulated sexual intercourse with each other to show other students how it is done".

Tennison said that to avoid any details of the unseemly incident appearing on record the teacher involved had been persuaded to quickly resign.

Tennison acknowledged the source for the story was Geelong journalist Paul McLeod.

What is worrying the Victorian Government and those seeking a serious debate on sex education is that these "put it around that he does it with pigs" tactics attract bold headlines while the denials and true explanations do not gain the same space.

Following the campaign the Victorian

Continued on page 156



SUZEÉ

• My most exciting sexual experience and love affairs are still ahead of me. •

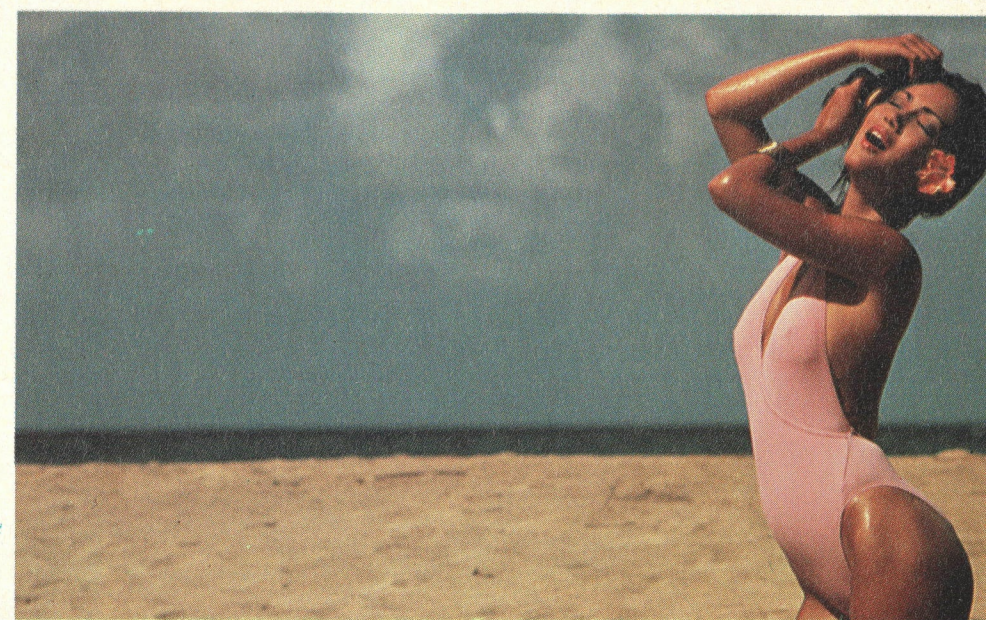




"Perhaps I'm somewhat inscrutable," says Suzee, our Oriental treasure of a girl, "but there's certainly no Great Wall of China around me. When I get the feeling that the man I'm with is understanding, sincere, and a good listener, whatever defences I do have come tumbling down around me."

IF YOU KNEW...

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAT HILL





Our 34-23-34 Pet is half Chinese, half French. "The pictures you see here," she says, "were shot on location in Hawaii, which seemed like a paradise on earth to me. It has a strange mix of Oriental, Continental and Western flavors to it — just like I do!" she observes. "Playing in the water, flirting with the camera, knowing how men would react, was incredibly erotic, but one-sided. After all, what can a camera do!"



"Like most Orientals, I have a very strong sense of tradition," Suzee says. At a dewy 18, our Pet is the first to admit that her most exciting sexual experiences and her most romantic love affairs are still ahead of her. "I do have a fantasy about making love to Burt Reynolds," she says with a giggle, "and I would like to do some acting as well as the modelling I do now. Perhaps I could someday co-star with Burt in *Smokey and the Geisha!*"







"I want to learn who I am and try to succeed in my career while remaining a normal person," admits our Pet. "As Lao-tse, the Chinese philosopher, once wrote, 'The softest thing in the universe overcomes the hardest thing in the universe.'"





The headlines have gone, but for the Afghani freedom fighters the Russian presence is no less a threat.

THE FORGOTTEN WAR



BY P. D. JACK

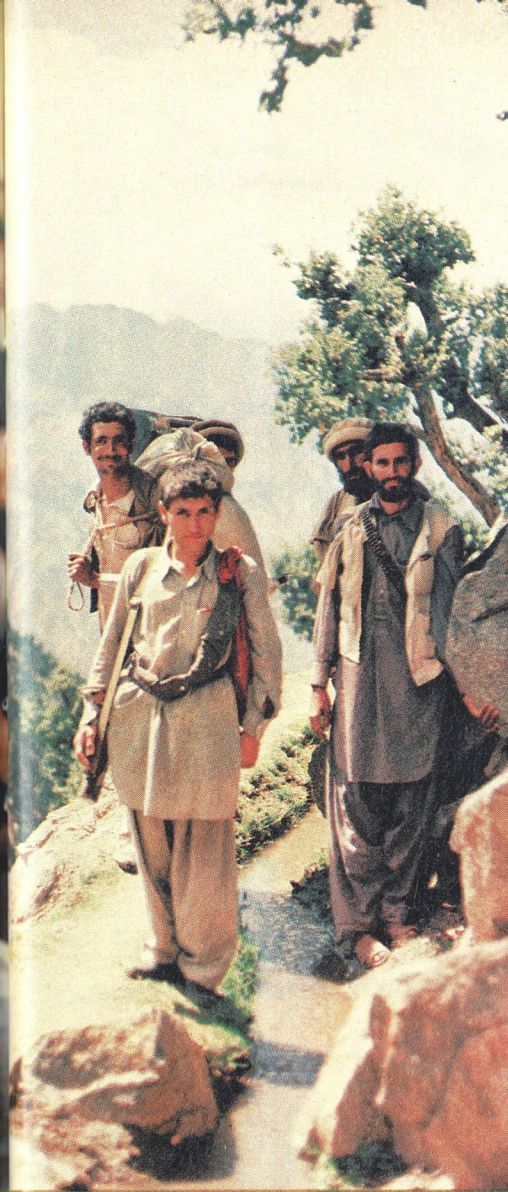
Whores and wars: they're the two oldest sports in the world. People have been killing each other on an organised basis since the ice age, and for every quaker who tsk-tsks there are two blokes who'll go: "Wow, did you see what Ug did to the Palaeolithics in the battle of the Mammoth River?"

The Romans understood war's box office value and they used to bung on mini-battles in the Coliseum. Football matches have the same appeal and World Series cricket was the logical degeneration. A grand final can be pretty exciting, but like putting a fast car into a skid on a mountain road, nothing beats the real thing. So when I suggested the real thing to my FM radio superiors — peace, love, brown rice and all — the awesome fascination of war overwhelmed their revulsion and they said "Go ahead".

I arrived in war-torn Afghanistan three months later and slightly poorer. In Delhi we had joked about the two and three-day guided tours the liberation fighters would put up for western journalists, and an American warned me I'd have to be fit. He'd done two years in the Marines but despite this had to be carried out — by an Australian no less. Ha! I thought, if a bloke can't walk around mountains for a couple of days he's not worth much.

I was wrong. For a start they don't walk, they run; and they don't often go around the mountains. Rather, they go straight over the top. With this in mind I accepted an invitation from the Afghan National Liberation Front to accompany a small party into Afghanistan.

Peshawar is a medieval frontier town in an area where tribal law prevails and where you can buy pretty well anything that is made or traded, especially guns. It's where the Afghan rebels have set up office. When I met the nephew of Sibghatulla Mujadadi, leader of the ANLF (which the others call the royalist party) I saw he was not your usual big stringy Mujahid but a well fed lad and probably a slow



walker. He wanted to take some pictures back to his friends in Saudi. With him in nominal command I felt sure we wouldn't be rushed too much, and we weren't. It was a shame he only lasted a day.

Coming over the ridge beyond Malakanda and seeing the Hindukush in front of you is like reaching the green water in a big surf and seeing another huge set breaking about two hundred metres further out. Except there were sometimes Russian helicopters buzzing by.

We went straight up the first hill and it started to get cold. The first bloke up was Tor Khan, a tall young man with a thin moustache, the type who'd ride off on a white steed with his lady swooning in his arms; sort of sultry and mysterious. I worked out his mystery. He was constantly smoking black hashish.

He and I held hands for a while as we walked up that hill, a perfectly natural thing to do in the circumstances, walking off to watch the 18th Century clash with the 20th. All these foreigners are very demonstrative with their affection.

When we reached the top it was dark, but I could see a fire blazing in the hut we were headed for. One of our party had picked up a lamb for dinner.

An hour later I was scared. They had told me in broken English that 80 Hulgis (their term for communists) were on their way down the next hill to the farm. In fact, they were expected in an hour. Great, we had 25 men and a fat Saudi kid as our leader. I trembled. But then this was what I'd come for — fighting against great odds. Perhaps it was my fate to die in this distant corner of the planet. But strike me pink, I wished these Afghans would get their defences ready instead of sitting around waiting for the lamb to roast.

There's a Moslem maxim that Pathans enforce with vengeance. Before every fight there's a conference. However, a chat over a cup of tea half an hour before a four-to-one attack was a bit much. But I shouldn't have worried; the 80 Hulgis turned out to be prisoners.

The walk down the other side of the mountain into Afghanistan was easy. The Saudi lad turned back taking all but three of the soldiers with him. I was left without anyone who could speak English — two blokes armed with .303s and a skinny clown wearing a bandolier and a Pakistan-made "Smith and Webley" (sic) .38. A dozen Kalashnikov automatic rifles went back to Pakistan with the sheik.

We'd just started down the first of a row of 13 mountains when the first gun-

ships flew over. The choppers are feared. As soon as you hear them you hide. I saw them a few times, but they were never close enough to be dangerous. Like tigers or sharks you never knew if they were going to attack. I was hiding in a cornfield once when I remembered what an open field looks like from the air.

The scenery was amazing. The mountains dominate, with stone huts at their edges, huge pine trees, courtyards for the superb long haired goats and threshing areas on the roofs for the corn. We followed an irrigation channel cut against the mountain wall as a stream dropped to a river far below us.

And there was your reporter, staring down the .303 barrel of the bloke in front trying to stop my tape recorder from overbalancing me into the 200-metre chasm on my left. You never knew what was going to appear around the next corner. It might be a bent, squinty old guy with two sugar bags and a knocked down bed or a two-metre metal trunk on his back, or maybe a girl with a ring in her nose and a bag of flour on her head, dressed in tiny flower print bloomers and black chador.

Incredible plants grew among the rocks; sweet perfumed grass, mint, all manner of culinary herbs and as much cannabis indica as maize, growing like weeds. Whenever we came to an inhabited hut we'd get a cup of sweet tea and goat's milk and perhaps a cornbread chapati. We robbed every orchard we passed. It was glorious. The sky was clear, the sun warm, and at night we slept under the stars.

Something strange happened to the moon that night. It cast a powerful glow across the sky in a huge semi-circle that baffled scientists in Pakistan according to reports I read later. One of the bearers, Mohammed Ashem, simply pointed to it, said "Allah" and continued listening to the tape recording of an attack on a Russian convoy made a couple of days earlier.

It was mid afternoon when we arrived at the sight of that ambush, after winching ourselves across an icy river and walking for what seemed like hundreds of kilometres.

The Afghans like fighting and they're good at it. They form feudal groups called *lashkars*, led by the landowner's best man. The men are big, strong and brave. They are also cunning and crack shots. They'll meet their foe face to face or have a shot at him from a kilometre's distance.

The party I joined had just wiped out six armoured cars and eight trucks. They mined the road with grenades and stolen mines and then loosed a deluge of fire from their various weapons upon the hapless Russian and Afghan Government soldiers. They'd fired their muskets, shotguns, .303s, Martini Henry breach loaders, .45s, .38s and Kalashnikovs from across the river and behind the

Clockwise left to right: my two personal guards through the tribal lands of north-west frontier, Pakistan (Tor Khan, at rear, was the hash-fiend); Malik Zarin, leader of the group that carried out the ambush; my guards and friends on the trail in Afghanistan; it gets bloody freezing at night; a few of the boys.



rocks near the road. They lost 11 of their own men and threw most of the enemy in the river. The trucks were burned and about two dozen bodies were piled up in the cornfields.

One corpse, in the remains of a Russian uniform, was propped up in a shell hole; the skin had been ripped off his chest and back. Another lay on his back, charred by the flames, with a little black stump reminding me that men get erections when they die. Next to him was another Russian with his brains spread on the dirt road.

We walked on into a small town, meeting various men on the way but never knowing who or what they were except that they were Afghans. The Russians had large camps along the road we followed in broad daylight. But the five of us — all armed except me — were able to stroll along unnoticed. The town was deserted, so after inspecting some of the larger homes which were built like fortresses, we headed, for home.

The next morning the Russians flew an attack on the ambush site we had visited. We watched from above as six gunships strafed and bombed. They looked like a couple of bees in the Botanical Gardens. If they killed more than a goat or two in their half-hour attack they were lucky. The Russians didn't even land. They knew that there were dozens of hardened men and boys watching them from the surrounding hills, each one willing and eager to kill a Russian with whatever weapon was available; guns, knives or bare hands. The Russians understand the threat and they don't like appearing outside the safety of their camps.

It's amazing what a bit of spirit can do. There was the Red Army, supported by the might of Russia and the rest of the Soviet world, cringing in army camps while a rag-tag mob of mountain pirates roam the roads and hills peeling grapes,

Clockwise left to right: crossing the river; another mob sets out from Malakanda Pass; where's daddy?, there's more than one million refugees in Pakistan, and as winter rolled in firewood became more precious; the rebels need the publicity, but they want guns more.

and polishing their stolen Kalashnikovs, supported only by themselves and perhaps a bit of money from Germany or America via the Pakistan Government.

In Moscow they talk about massive American and Chinese aid. One book said the Yanks had secret training camps where the Afghans were taught terrorism and raping and looting. The rape and loot class would be an interesting one. If there is any foreign military aid it's the best kept secret since Moses led the Jews out of Egypt.

What Moscow won't admit is that it's being done over in Afghanistan. Sure, they'll eventually win the plains after a lot of bloodshed. But they'll never win the mountains. The Russians will never wander those beautiful heights, smell the flowers or gorge on stewed goat fat and bread. They'll never know the incredible hospitality these murderous Pathans can bestow, the warmth of their wool-stuffed silk blankets or the rough stubble of a Pathan jaw muzzling yours in honest greeting.

The only greeting for the "Russ" is a bullet. In Paktia province the Pathans broke one of their main commandments; that any guest is safe, even if he's an enemy. The tribal elders invited two ministers and two generals down from Kabul for peace talks on the condition that they bring some money to sweeten the deal. They came, the Pathans fed them and then hanged them. Generals are their speciality. They had killed seven by the time I arrived 10 months after the war started. And they had another one trapped with a thousand of his troops while I was there.

Their success lies in their ability to hit and run. They can attack a convoy or small camp at dawn and be spread out all over the hills a couple of kilometres away before the gunships arrive. To do this you've got to be able to march all night over mountains, get close to soldiers who have the firepower of a modern army at their disposal, hit them effectively and then run back up those mountains.

It was something a chain-smoking Sydney boy could not handle. So, as Malik Sarin led his men down to Asmar where they would infiltrate the town and kill all night, I stumbled back up the track to Pakistan.

Life, I suppose, is just a process of discovering the things you can't do. I already knew that I'd never be wicket-keeper for Australia and now I know that I'll never be Lawrence of Afghanistan either. I hadn't even tried for one of the big waves. On the climb back from the ambush site I collapsed. Sixteen hours in a row was enough. I was exhausted. They sent me home a dejected man with a mind full of shattered dreams, a couple of blisters and a heart that wouldn't shift out of first gear. At the last mountain out I was beaten to the top by everyone, including

an eight-year-old girl carting 10 kilos of cornmeal and a bird in a cage.

The Afghans are fantastic people. I bumped into a blind man half way up the mountain, he was about 80 and he was going shopping with his son. In Peshawar I met a fine looking Pathan with one leg. He was over the two-metre mark; a young giant with a Gibraltar jaw. This big chip off the old Hindukush had trodden on a mine one night when he was out dropping grenades into Russian tanks and had his leg blown off. He and another wounded man carried each other out of Afghanistan to the hospital in Waziristan, a trip that took five days.

He's now one of more than a million Afghans hanging out in that part of the land held by Pakistan. They're crying out for guns to shoot down helicopters but getting only condensed milk and blankets. Get them going and you'll hear a few succinct opinions about the help they're getting from the rest of the world.

And what is the rest of the world doing about Afghanistan? I did meet one European on his way to fight the Russians. He was just a black belt, DSG9 German who liked killing.

So the Russians are bringing education, medicine and the rest of the 20th Century to a feudal society where the landlords still take 60 percent of the crop. The Afghans don't mind a bit of progress — as long as it suits them. When land reform failed they shouted, and when the dowry system was altered they started shooting. They don't mind the Russians giving advice and tractors, but they do mind being told what to do. The Afghans also have the quaint idea that they have a right to object to foreigners ordering them about.

Instead of whining, they fight, and the Afghans' reasons for fighting for their country are as legitimate as the Sandinista's or whatever other trendy revolution the bookshop left is pushing at the moment. But this is not a revolution or a defence against a revolution. It's a fight for a way of life and a place they love.

In the simplest terms, the Afghans are fighting for freedom. They're up against the big brotherhood of bureaucracy, and every boring civil servant and fat cat pen pusher who has a regulation in his pocket and a number on his heart.

Now I know there's a Commonwealth law against recruiting for foreign adventures. But, if you're a bloke who's looking for some pretty far-out hunting in some amazing scenery, if you can run 50 kilometres uphill in a day and don't mind mutton, goat meat and bread or a serious dearth of women (although the girls are beautiful), I know where you'll get a game. You'll get plenty of help capturing your very own Russian Kalashnikov machine gun, and you'll have the romantic advantage of having fought on the losing side. 

Life was never easy for
Mike Willesee's "foot-in-the-door" man.

TRIAL BY TELEVISION

BY HOWARD GIPPS

I first met Mike Willesee in the Green Room at Channel 7 in Melbourne. With its imposing board table, plush fittings and soft lighting, it was a daunting atmosphere for a relative newcomer to the media to confront one of its legends. Mike was sitting on one of the corner settees, going through some papers. He stood when I was ushered in by the receptionist and I was not disappointed with my first impressions of the man. He was tall and well-built, with a presence that would have been imposing on the stage at the Opera House. Curiously, a sort of patient benevolence was revealed in an otherwise neutral expression.

Over the years I've found that first impression was essentially correct. Willesee was a powerful person, physically and mentally. He knew the extent of his power and enjoyed exercising it. That's probably the impression Mike's audience had too. He had the image of a tough crusader who wouldn't compromise: a man who could intervene where industrial and consumer disputes were deadlocked and set matters right. When *Willesee at Seven* started Mike was billed in the network promotions as "A Good Man To Have On Your Side".

I made it on to Willesee's side through a journalist friend in Melbourne who organised an interview when I heard Mike was starting a new current affairs program. It was to be in direct competition with the show Mike started in the early Seventies on the Nine network, *A Current Affair*. The meeting was organised through Phil Davis, Mike's loyal producer, a former newspaper police roundsman and one-time press secretary to Sir Phillip Lynch.

At that stage my experience was limited but much to my surprise I got the job, and started as one of Mike's Melbourne reporters. That was in October 1976. Within a few years I had been indoctrinated into the Willesee system, made heaps of enemies and heaps of money. Within another two years I had plummeted back to the bottom of the

pile. That is the nature of media success. I still can't believe it could happen so fast, but I don't regret a moment: it was exhilarating.

The most exciting and demanding assignments we could get on *Willesee at Seven* were the "walk-ins". Our work in consumer affairs was probably the best known feature of the program, and all the reporters vied for a chance to do this type of exposé. As his longest surviving reporter I became well versed in this "foot in the door" approach. In most cases the story started when someone wrote or phoned to say they'd been fleeced by a schonk — a tradesman or dealer who had acted unethically. The classic examples were used car salesmen, kitchen renovators, pool installers and door-to-door sales firms.

The pattern of complaints was remarkably consistent. The victim would get a quote for the goods or services, and then find himself being talked into handing over a down-payment. From that point, anything could go wrong.

We always checked out these complaints thoroughly, because we knew there were just as many unscrupulous consumers around as there were schonks. But if we found the trader had acted immorally, could prove it in a court of law, and if the normal avenues of redress were not working, we would try to expose those specific rip-offs.

This act of walking in on a schonk and confronting him before millions of people, has been labelled "trial by television" by its critics. Mike argued in his supremely pragmatic way that if the consumer was losing money because of this unethical trader, and if the usual legal processes would probably fail or take a long time, then the public should be warned before others were fleeced.

Once it had been decided that we would walk-in, we interviewed the victim, establishing the details and timing of the event on film for the record. Then we would do a reconnaissance of the schonk's office, trying to find out

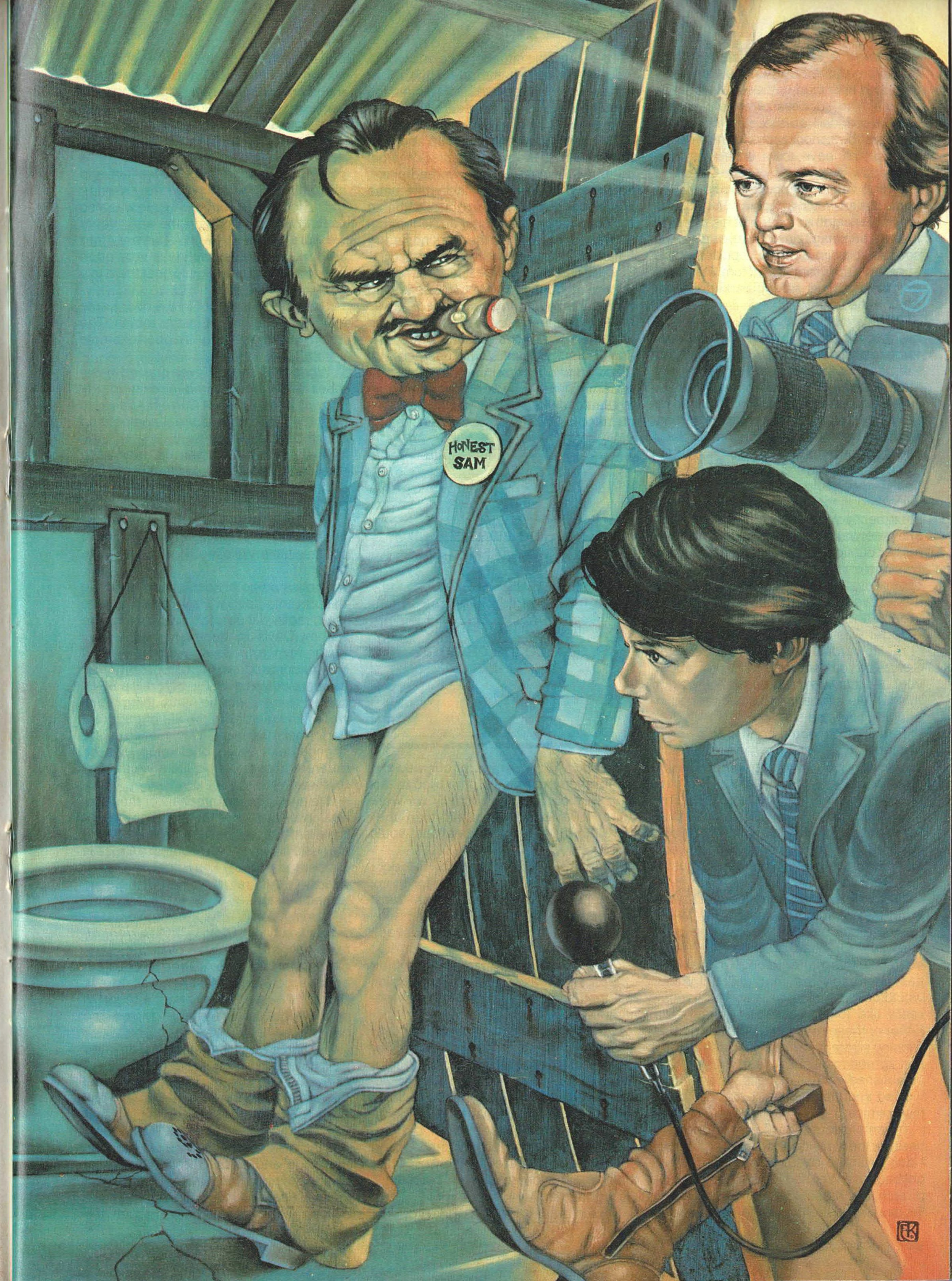


Illustration by Frantz Kantor

what times he was in, what car he drove, the layout of the building, the lighting inside, and how many other staff would be around. The success of a walk-in obviously depended on the element of surprise, as the schonk would simply not go to work, or leave town if he was forewarned.

Then, at the appointed time, the cameraman would attach a sun-gun (battery driven light) to the top of his camera, load a fresh magazine of film, and he, the sound recordist and the reporter would approach the front door from the least-detectable angle, having parked the car around the corner.

At the front door, all the gear would be checked, the light switched on, and the film and sound tape would roll. After that, anything could and frequently did, happen.

The reporter entered first, followed by the cameraman and the sound recorder, whose directional microphone followed every camera move.

We usually went straight to the receptionist who would be so surprised when we asked if the boss was in she would stammer "y-y-yes". Of course we already knew he was in because we'd identified his car outside or seen him enter. But this was one of the proprieties that had to be observed.

This weird procession would then approach the schonk's door, where the reporter was obliged to declare himself. "I'm Howard Gipps from *Willesee at Seven*, do you mind if we talk to you about your dealings with Mrs Bloggs?" If we got this far, we almost always succeeded in bringing back the story.

Personally, I would not like to be confronted by a camera crew and reporter in the doorway of my office asking abrupt questions about my business. The surprise element often worked. The common response, "Of course I don't mind talking about it," (because they realised hundreds of thousands of people were standing in their office doorway, not just a reporter).

From that point, they couldn't win. What they should have said was: "What do you mean by invading my privacy in this way?" Or, "As Mrs Bloggs has decided to take this matter to court, my lawyer has instructed me that any comment would be sub-judice, as much as I would really like to tell you what happened." Either of these replies was the basis for a winning strategy. But as soon as the person agreed to discuss the matter we had established his willingness to be interviewed and his consent to our being on his premises.

I won't discuss particular strategies here, as the walk-in will be used again and I don't want to destroy its effect for my colleagues. We had a methodical approach, and those who did frequent walk-ins developed techniques to cope with all

but one possible situation: the one where we were wrong. If that were the case, it was up to the courts to decide the penalty.

In those first few years of *Willesee At Seven* I would have notched up about 50 or 60 walk-ins that went to air. Some did not because even though we had proof, and knew we were morally justified, the dealer buckled at the prospect of being exposed before a national audience and paid up, or completed the work he hadn't finished.

In these cases we felt it was more prudent to forget the whole thing as justice for the victim had been achieved.

My strongest recollections from the walk-ins were the often amazing reactions from the dealers or tradesmen who faced up to our cameras.

Some, in the face of overwhelming evidence, denied even knowing the complainant, which didn't fool anyone, and

The classic
shot most viewers
will remember was
a pool builder
jumping a fence to
escape the camera.

immediately, in the eyes of our viewers, established their guilt. Some tried to talk their way out of it, but usually we were better briefed on the affair than they were, and a torrent of questions would sink them.

Incredibly, some bolted for the door (we had our own special term for them, "runners"). The classic shot most viewers will remember was a swimming pool builder jumping a fence to escape the camera.

Others forcibly ejected us from their offices, which also gave the impression they had something to hide. A few were capable of violence.

But the most amazing reaction I ever had was from a Melbourne used car salesman. He confessed! And he begged forgiveness, and promised to give the victim back his money on the spot. I was so flabbergasted by this that for a moment I could say nothing but, "What did you say?" We became so psyched up on these jobs, so prepared for flight or battle, that getting a confession was almost a disappointment.

If we'd done our homework properly,

the walk-in was the most satisfying assignment we could get, but we rarely acted without total knowledge of the case and its legal ramifications, and we always took legal advice before it went to air.

As well, there was a third safety device. Mike's own stringent set of rules governing the morality of the walk-in, and his gut instinct which was rarely wrong.

The foot in the door technique was also useful in other areas. In the early years we were competing with *A Current Affair* and a forceful approach was very often needed if we were going to beat them to a story.

Sometimes that foot in the door came close to being a foot in the mouth. The Sammy Davis Jnr story is a good example of that.

When *Willesee at Seven* started in October 1976, it featured a cast of unknowns. Meanwhile, *A Current Affair* was operating smoothly in direct competition as a top rating program.

They were better than us, their style was confident, their reporters more experienced and their format slicker and more professional.

But they lacked three things which we had: energy, the comic Paul Makin and of course, Mike Willesee. It was war from the start.

Tactics on both sides changed during the current affairs wars, but they sank to their most desperate level during the Sammy Davis Jnr debacle.

Sammy was in town: we both wanted him for our programs but *A Current Affair* had shrewdly tied him up before it had occurred to us to do the same thing. They were filming a day in the life of the great performer, travelling with him to every engagement, doing brief interviews on different aspects of his life style as they followed him.

We had to get an interview or their promotion of the story for that night would have stolen our viewers. We knew the star was staying at the Southern Cross in Melbourne and we knew that sooner or later he would return to his hotel. So we waited outside.

Sammy Davis' chauffeur-driven Mercedes finally pulled up with *A Current Affair*'s Leonard Lee in the back with Sammy and the film crew. They hopped out and we pounced. My brief was to ask Sammy if he was angry about a report in one of the less reputable Melbourne papers that he was gay.

We had already been refused an interview because of his agreement with *A Current Affair*, so all we could do was roll the camera, step in front of him and ask the question. We counted on the fact that as a great performer he wouldn't refuse. But the question upset him. He brushed me aside and swept through the hotel doors with his entourage and our opposition who were furiously filming the whole scene. We followed them through the

hotel lobby and into the lift. If you can imagine one upset superstar, two reporters, two cameramen, two sound recordists and a few heavies jammed into a lift while an impertinent young man (that's me) asks legitimate but brash questions about someone else's sex life, you can understand the absurdity of the situation.

The lift doors opened and the curious procession followed Sammy down the hall until we reached his door, which closed on everyone but me and my film crew. The interview was definitely over.

That night my six-minute interview with the great man, conducted on the run, went to air as lead story on *Willesee at Seven*. He expressed concern at the paper's accusations that he was gay, and stated that anyone who knew him would treat that paper with the contempt it deserved.

My interview also went to air on *A Current Affair* that night, with certain changes. It was a seven-and-a-half-minute lead story showing a rude reporter insulting the great man's integrity, implying that he was immoral and including several spicy voice pieces from my opponent pointing out that only a moron could ask the sort of questions I had.

That issue signalled a new phase in the battle between the two programs. The Nine network let us know they wouldn't give in without a fight.

The decisive strategy that made Willesee the winner and *A Current Affair* a loser was related to program content. Mike sensed that many viewers were tired of heavy politics and wanted a light-hearted program with a few hard stories. He produced the goods accordingly, while the opposition went the other way and concentrated on heavy pieces with more studio-based interviews. Their ratings slumped, despite several attempts to revive interest, and the show disappeared.

Mike's employees were elated, but he was more cautious. He realised the Nine network would do everything it could to regain control of that time slot, and they almost succeeded with *The Sullivans*.

But Mike even managed to banish this top Australian serial to a later time slot, just as he kept out *A Current Affair* and *Blankety Blanks*. I believe he will defeat *Sale of the Century*, too. Willesee has had his failures, but he always bounces back with something different.

Above all else, Willesee is a survivor. Nobody I know has such a talent for being right, and I have never met anyone with such overwhelming personal magnetism. But there is an enigmatic side to his personality.

I felt confused by his character from my first days at *Willesee at Seven*. He seemed shrewd, knowledgeable and ex-

perienced, all the necessary characteristics for a frontman and producer. But sometimes he seemed to be masking self-doubt; occasionally there were childish reactions behind the imposing facade. When confronted with a difficult or unexpected problem, you could see him retreating as the expression on his face changed. Then he would state his conclusions, or retire to his office, sometimes with Phil Davis, to ponder the problem.

That office was the inner sanctum. You never disturbed Mike in his office unless you had good news, he wanted to see you or there was an urgent program need to discuss. He wouldn't have liked to think he was unapproachable: it was part of the grand patriarchal scheme to be both father figure and boss, but the truth was that everyone but Phil held him in awe, and sometimes even feared him lest he pounce on some transgression and withdraw his approval. And that would mean that the offender could no longer bask in Mike's sun.

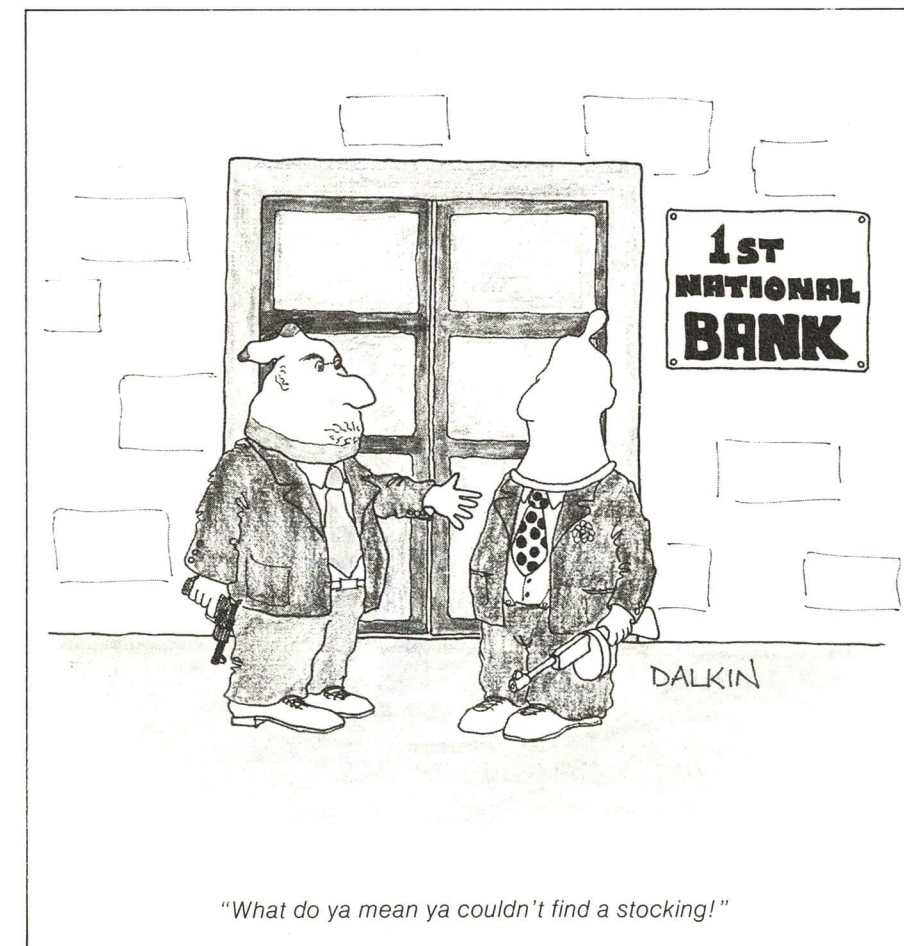
Anyone who has worked with the man knows there are some extraordinary forces at work around him. Presence is not a strong enough word to describe the magnetism he exudes. It may sound excessively dramatic, but anyone who works for Mike for any length of time feels that pervasive presence, even if he's in another city or on holiday overseas.

When those employees eventually become embittered and resentful (as so many do) the parting is all the more painful and traumatic.

I never got to know Mike very well personally. He was not the sort of man you could easily have a beer in the pub with, or invite home to dinner. For his part, he turned up at fewer than half the parties or barbecues his staff held, and when he did often stayed only a short time. He rarely invited anyone from Transmedia other than Phil Davis to visit, but as Phil shared some of Mike's strongest passions, horse racing and tennis, the two generally got on very well.

But there were times when even Phil's loyalty couldn't stop an argument. Then the two would disappear into Mike's office or Phil's glass-panelled office alongside, and the teeth and hair would fly. Phil's long association with Mike has taught him a few secrets we never gleaned about how to handle Mike. It also taught him almost limitless patience with what some journalists see as Mike's extreme belief in his own judgement.

I believe Mike discovered his own divinity at an early age. It happened in the days when he accompanied his father (a politician) on the hustings in Western Australia, and during his schooling under the Catholic brothers. His favorite anecdotes revolve around the disregard he and his schoolmates had for the



"What do ya mean ya couldn't find a stocking!"

However, I committed a fatal error. My wording of the first question I asked everyone was not exactly as Mike had dictated it over the phone. The result was that those street interviews were used that night, but I had to go out and do exactly the same thing the next morning, half an hour earlier.

nobody I have ever met could prove they were right and Mike was wrong, at least to Mike's satisfaction. Mike was the word, and the word was Mike. Black was black and white was white, there was no grey at all. For all of that I still have immense respect for the Willesee way of doing things. In terms of results it's a

He didn't try to stop some people from leaving and he drove others away with his apparent failure to care for the sensibilities of his employees. I put myself in the last category. For a while I was proud that I was the longest surviving reporter on a program where some jobs turned over four or five times in a four-year period. It was extremely satisfying to work up to 60 or 70 hours a week sometimes and not feel tired. I guess many of us lived off his energy. Willesee was an inspiration. ○ + 



Ruiya



Turkish Delight

"I'm a perfectionist," says Pet of the Month Ruya Evrim, "so, naturally, the finer things in life are what I'm after. But I'm also a bit of an adventurer, a challenge seeker and very curious." Ruya has satisfied some of that curiosity and desire to learn new things by doing a variety of work — from model to social worker to accountant — and that, she says, has kept her very busy in the eight years since she came to Sydney with her family from Turkey.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICO METTBACH





Shoes and lingerie, Raymond Castles; clothes, Cash Palace.

Our 22-year-old Pet keeps her superb 35-22-35 figure in shape with daily sessions at a gym, and then she studies astrology in her spare time. "I'm doing a three-year course on astrology because I'm quite fascinated by the subject, but I'm no fanatic. What does attract me to it is its relationship with mathematics — I love maths — and it does help me to know and understand people a little better."

"I'm a very sensual person," admits Ruya, "but I can turn my sexiness off and on at will. In the Middle East, you learn the ways and wiles of being a woman at an early age. Women in those countries may not be liberated in the Western sense, but they quietly run everything. Perhaps this background is why a man must chase me, woo me and not for just a week or two. If he finds me desirable on the first date, he'll find me 30 times as desirable on the 30th date."







"When I give myself physically or emotionally, I give my best," says our Pet, "and I expect to get the best in return. I may live day to day, but I want the best that day can offer." Ruya says she is not being conceited when she admits to loving herself, and explains: "Before you can expect others to love you, you have to love yourself."

○+■





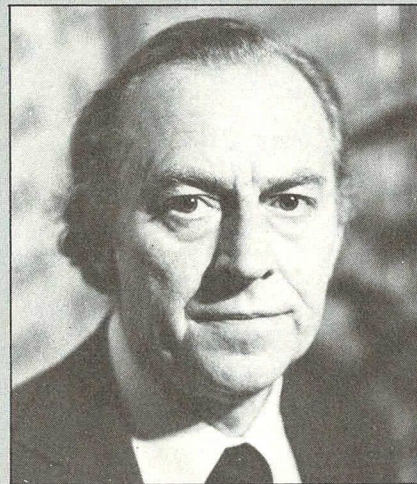
MISS RUYA EVRIM/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

Get into Beam.



ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



BY GEOFFREY SMITH

Dr Geoffrey Smith, a Melbourne dentist whose 25 years in the profession has taken in field research for the World Health Organisation and consultancy work for major international pharmaceutical companies is an authority on fluorides and aluminium. He was the author of our acclaimed critique of fluoride as a dental aid in July last year.

ALUMINIUM AND THE FLUORIDE THREAT

In the last two years there has been an unprecedented rush by the multi-national aluminium companies to build new smelters in Australia. If all the new proposals start producing, there will be a five-fold increase in aluminium production in Australia to over 1.25 million tonnes a year by 1985. This will mean another four or five thousand full-time jobs for those lucky enough to get the work, and greatly boosted export earnings.

However, each of those jobs will require an investment of about half a million dollars; and as yet none of the investors have mentioned building any labor-intensive manufacturing plants to fabricate any of the output locally.

Obviously, Australia presents the multi-nationals with good reasons to invest in capital-intensive aluminium smelters. What are they?

Australia is rich in the raw material, bauxite, and also rich in cheap power, the major cost of aluminium smelting. But there are other countries with the same advantages. Brazil has just as much bauxite, and Canada can offer even cheaper electricity than Australia.

But Canada has had enough of aluminium smelters, and so have many of the more environmentally aware nations. Court actions and damages claims have made Canadians aware of the poisonous nature of the emissions from smelters, and the resulting legislation against pollution has made expensive emission controls mandatory on any new plants being built in North America.

These emission control standards do not exist in Australia, and it is the comparative laxity of our pollution standards that makes Australia such a good proposition.

The most dangerous by-product of aluminium smelting is fluoride. The Alcan smelter at Kurri Kurri in NSW has for the past ten years poured out some 670 tonnes of fluoride a year, a level nine times higher than would be permitted in the United States. Alcoa's smelter at Point Henry in Victoria gets away with about four times the permitted US levels.

Commercial production of aluminium began in 1889, and just four years later the company was having to pay out damages to local farmers for injuries to stock and damage to livelihood. Since then the courts have been filled with farmers, many of whom initially welcomed the aluminium industry to their district, seeking damages for

deformed cattle, crop losses and even human illness. Many of these cases were won by the litigants, the courts apparently agreeing with the scientists who say fluoride emissions above permitted levels do cause considerable damage.

NSW's Hunter Valley is one big target for the aluminium industry, with an announced \$1500 million worth of new smelting capacity approved. About four and a half million tonnes of coal will be burned annually to provide power for the Hunter Valley smelters, and coal-burning also releases fluorides into the atmosphere.

The area supports a population of over a quarter of a million, and much of it has been cleared for livestock and crops. Its wine industry is one of Australia's largest, and most acclaimed. By 1985 the valley will be under threat from fluorides emitted from aluminium smelters, power stations, steelworks, brickworks and chemical works.

The Hunter Valley vinegrowers are now fighting for their future. In 1979 they learned for the first time of the damage the existing Kurri Kurri plant's fluorides were doing to their grapes. Now there are plans to expand that plant, and to build two more even bigger smelters. The growers have evidence that fluoride emissions have reduced grape yields — and even killed vines — in Spain, Greece, Bulgaria and the Rhone Valley. They see the end of the Hunter Valley as a wine producing area if the smelters go ahead as planned.

Alcoa's planned smelter at Portland in Victoria was opposed by five Victorian Government agencies, but the Government passed a special law to allow it to go ahead; but the law makes no mention of controlling fluoride emissions — these will be negotiated later.

As one opponent of the plant remarked: "In America the Environment Protection Agency lays down standards and asks companies to comply. In Victoria we work the other way. The Government sets not so stringent standards, and promises to act after environmental damage has been reported."

Japanese and American proposals for vastly expanded production of aluminium at Gladstone in Queensland, near the Great Barrier Reef, brings up more unanswered questions. Science knows fluoride emissions can damage sheep, cattle, crabs, oysters, frogs, trout, vineyards, fruit

One reason Australia is preferred by the international aluminium corporations is that we have less stringent air pollution laws, especially on fluoride emissions, than the US, Canada, Japan and Europe.

trees and pine trees — but does not know whether fluoride will damage mangroves and coral. We know the lethal dose for bees is four micrograms. That knowledge is the result of a fluoride emissions disaster that wiped out the bees in France's Rhone Valley. But what is the lethal dose for the venerable green turtle? Must we wait to find out the hard way?

Alcoa (Aluminium Company of America), Alcan (Aluminium Company of Canada), Kaiser Aluminium, Comalco (off-shoot of Rio-Tinto Zinc Ltd.), Pechiney of France, BHP, and Mitsui are all in the race to increase Australia's aluminium production. After little more than twelve months of negotiating, all applicants have been given the go-ahead. Yet there has been no new federal legislation aimed at controlling fluoride emissions; instead, the states have been allowed to compete with each other, offering cheaper electricity and "acceptable" licensing agreements with the local environmental protection authorities.

I am not opposed to "progress", not even to aluminium smelters. I am a scientist, like young Charles M. Hall, who discovered a way of making aluminium cheaply in 1886, a few months before Paul Herault, a Frenchman, did the same thing. I believe that if Hall and Herault were alive today they would be amongst the first to insist that all new aluminium smelters be fitted with the most effective anti-pollution devices available — and I can imagine both of them accepting the challenge to produce even more effective devices.

Modern society apparently needs aluminium. Then let it have aluminium. But it doesn't want, or need, fluoride pollution. The insidious manner in which new afflictions have appeared have often obscured the real cause of the problems, and for a long time deceived physicians and scientists. Now the literature spotlights the many health problems caused by man himself.

One reason Australia is preferred by the international corporations is that we have less stringent air pollution laws, especially on fluoride emissions, than the US, Canada, Japan, and Europe.

By what right can these international aluminium companies threaten the wines of the Hunter Valley or the green turtles of the Barrier Reef? And by what right do Government's allow this to happen? O+



D. BURKE '80

Darwin hasn't been the same since the Big Blow

TALES FROM THE TERRITORY

BY JIM BOWDITCH

A great many things changed in Darwin on Christmas Day, 1974. The changes began the moment Cyclone Tracy ripped into Australia's northernmost city, tearing it and the lives of many people apart. When Tracy cruised in to devastate Darwin, I like several thousand others had been at a Christmas party and was pretty much "off the air" when she huffed and puffed and blew Darwin down. I believe that because she came in the night and so many people were drunk, near drunk, or asleep, the death toll was low in comparison with

the staggering damage done to property and flora. Looking over the ruins of the gutted city after the murky daylight filtered through, an observer could have been excused for believing hundreds, even thousands had died. The number was 65 in the city and the harbor, with hundreds more injured, some seriously. But there were a few brighter moments despite the terror of those few hours. A married couple who had previously agreed to separate and then divorce, shared the shelter of their bath when Tracy

smashed into their home. When the violence of the great wind, which reached 250kmh passed on, they made love in this unlikely and most uncomfortable place, and they have lived happily together ever since.

Friends know not whether they occasionally repair to an empty bath or some other odd spot to keep their love-making fresh and different, if somewhat bruised about the knees and elbows.

But Tracy was in fact directly responsible for many divorces and permanent separations in a city that has always boasted a high marriage casualty rate.

Husbands stayed behind to guard the remains of their homes and help with the clean-up, many couples and families were apart for too long and outside relationships developed in the south and the north.

Tracy broke many marriages along with the heart of the city itself and, I maintain, the character of the place.

Perhaps Australia's least understood and often over-rated city, Darwin has long been blessed or cursed, with a variety of reputations. Some of them infuriate the growing number of middle-class suburbanites and the Territory's politicians who desperately want the north to be taken more seriously, and therefore be taken more seriously themselves.

In some quarters Darwin is best known as Australia's and possibly the world's

booziest city, and there are statistics to prove this claim. It also enjoys, quite wrongly in my view, the reputation of being a non-racist community.

It certainly has cosmopolitan community and more than its share of colorful characters, despite the fact that the cyclone of '74 changed Darwin into an even more sprawling city of more than 55,000, at least half of them new to the north. But it is an infinitely duller place than it was in the pre-cyclone era.

Darwin's major industry has long been the production, maintenance and care of a huge public service, most of whom live in a comfortable near-make-believe world which bears little resemblance to the realities of Australian life.

The population does share Australia's general political beliefs . . . it's very conservative and resistant to change.

When I first arrived in Darwin early in 1955, the capital of the Northern Territory still bore the heavy scars from the Japanese air raids of World War II.

The hulks of seven ships dotted the harbor and many buildings, including the *Darwin News*' building, the Bank of NSW and others had not been repaired.

In 1955, the city's population was around 11,000 and Darwin still had a genuine frontier town atmosphere.

The place was friendly but tough, with plenty of fistfights and hard drinking, habits that haven't changed.

The population was colorful and close-knit; closeknit because the people felt alienated from the rest of Australia and held a strong dislike for the degree of control over their lives and futures held by the bureaucrats and politicians in Canberra 2000 miles away.

Darwin did not appear to be going anywhere, not that anyone at the time particularly wanted it too, apart from the hard-core businessmen.

Even the development of the Rum Jungle uranium mine, found by veteran prospector Jack White who was paid \$50,000 reward for the multi-million dollar deposit, made little difference to the growth of Darwin.

The company and contractors worked the show from the small township of Batchelor, shipped in their supplies from WA, and the township 100 kilometres south of Darwin was a separate entity.

But Darwin did grow. The growth was largely due to the expansion of the bureaucracy and the fast growing Greek community, mainly from the Kolymnos Islands which some people claim have been all but emptied by migrations to Darwin.

During these years gambling, prostitution and kindred activities flourished. The betting shops and other forms of entertainment were monopolised and they existed through the usual forms of corruption among elements of the police force and among some public servants and officials at high levels.

But interest in the north was aroused with a growing awareness that great areas of the Territory were gigantic mining fields, rich in a variety of minerals: gold, tin, silver, lead, bauxite, tantalite, manganese, excellent iron ore and the most controversial of all, uranium.

This fact plus the overplayed tourist industry potential turned the knowing eyes and minds of money and power-seekers to the north.

But little of the real action took place in Darwin. Indeed some unkind person observed long ago that "Darwin's only imports are empty bureaucrats and full bottles of beer, her only exports, full public servants and empty beer bottles. The bureaucracy did proliferate as new departments were created and Parkinson's Law ran riot. It is this factor which will give the Territory of tomorrow its headaches.

But things cruised along well enough until Tracy. It's true that in the first couple of months of the cyclone's aftermath a camaraderie developed among those left behind. That great leveller Mother Nature knows no class distinction. Rich, middle-class and poor were all, for a short while, in the same boat and happy to accept Government handouts and money and goods freely given by Australians in all States.

But the rot set in. Many in the city had

taken the opportunity to exploit cyclone victims by looting ruined houses. And Darwin's "rip-off" era began in earnest as the Federal Government began to pour in the six hundred million dollars it had pledged to rebuild Darwin.

Southern carpetbaggers and many quick-quid merchants in the north moved in fast to grab chunks of the spoils and exploit the unusual situation that was Darwin in the aftermath of the cyclone. Nobody will ever know just how much bribery and back-stabbing went on in the distribution of contracts and associated works, but it would have been common.

Shortages of many goods were created by Tracy as well as damage to shops and warehouses most of which had been subjected to heavy looting anyway. As Darwin developed a new look, it also took on a brand new set of inflated price structures.

Shortages of accommodation have made Darwin a developer's and landlord's paradise . . . enormous rentals were and are being charged for very often below standard houses and flats and for business premises.

This situation has deteriorated in recent times as many people move north from the troubled economic climate in their home states. But they have also found crippling living costs and the highest unemployment rate in the country. Most families need at least two incomes to rise above subsistence living standards.

But if anyone bothered to give Tracy points for the benefits she brought Darwin, the cyclone would score nought out of ten. Despite my lack of enthusiasm for developments since the start of 1975, I share many memories of a fine collection of colorful characters. Let me introduce you to a few of the people I've met in more than 30 years of writing about the Centre and the North.

THE UKRAINIAN PIED PIPER

One of the more unfortunate judgments of many in our society, is that people who are "different" are also considered sinister, even menacing: that is, unless they are rich or among the better known entertainers. The concept of "different" is interpreted as "eccentric".

Let me introduce you to a person who fell into the first category, a man who was unwanted because he was different.

I met Feodore Cartchenko 30 years ago in Alice Springs and he was certainly different. Feodore was a very large Ukrainian, tall but so wide and thick through the body that from a distance he looked almost squat.

He had a close cropped head of hair, a heavy black beard and a voice that boomed from his massive chest. When he laughed crockery on shelves and the walls of fragile houses shook.

He also occasionally blew mournful notes through a goat horn and sometimes sang religious songs to people in hotel lounges or in the street if the mood moved him.

These differences might have been accepted by the people of Alice but he had another quality. Unlikely looking Pied Piper though he was, children followed him everywhere and he'd often sing to them or organise games at a children's playground near Anzac Hill.

Some citizens, mainly women, began to wonder about his interest in the young. What ulterior motives did he have? Would he molest a child? Was he safe to have around?

The tough local police sergeant at the time, John Fitzgerald, knew about the fears and decided to persuade Feodore to move on. Children told me some hours later that several policemen seized the big man, who offered no resistance and bundled him aboard the southbound train, the famous Ghan.

But south of Alice, Feodore jumped from the train with his small bag of belongings and began walking in the direction of Adelaide, some 1600 kilometres south.

So those who tossed him out of town had to lead a search party for days under the blazing Centralian sun.

Aboriginal trackers told officers that the Ukrainian would be dead or dying if

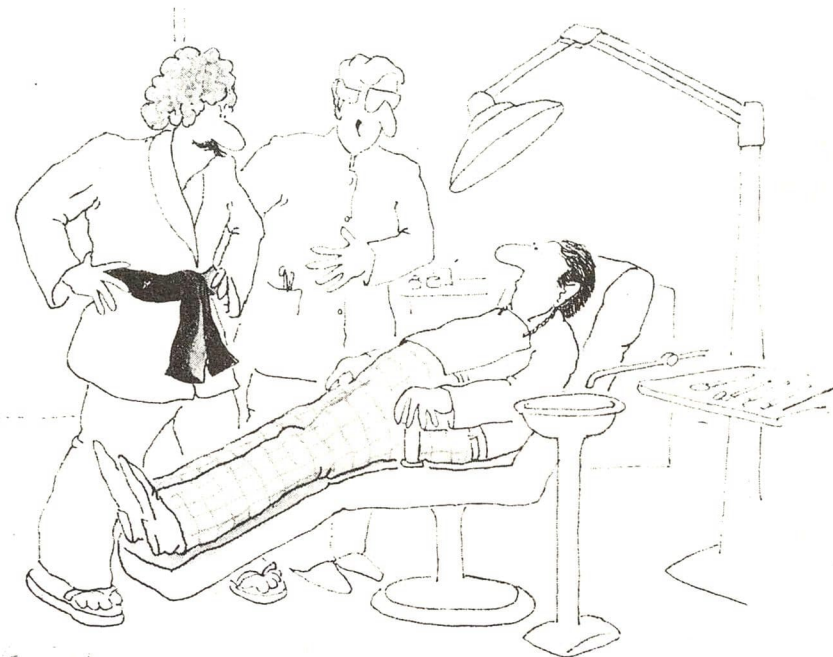
found because he had been eating paddy melons which did dreadful things to human stomachs.

But suddenly, way out in the sea of sandhills, the searchers heard the sound of the goat horn and then Feodore's voice booming across the desert. There he was, fit and well sitting atop a sandy hill singing his Song of David. There were no problems, he agreed to return to Alice where he was charged with being a mental defective.

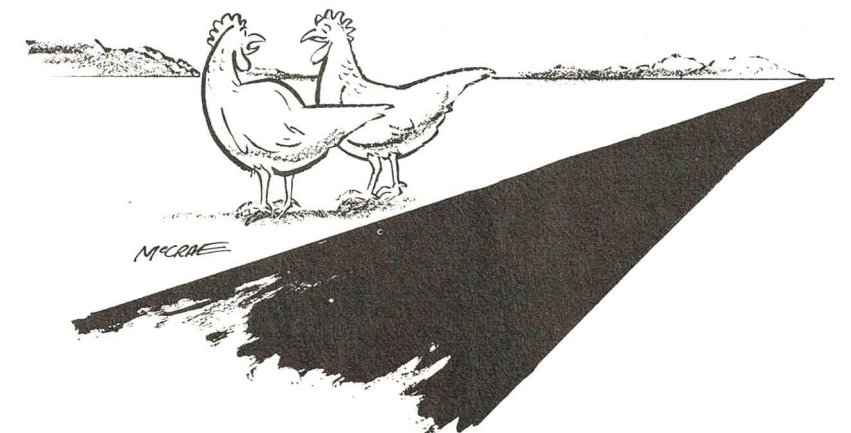
But a sympathetic businessman, builder Jim Richards, told the Court he was prepared to take full responsibility for Feodore Cartchenko, to accommodate and employ him. The two got along famously and the giant was said to be as useful as a front end loader, capable of moving great weights without complaint.

Jim Richards paid full award wages and a few months later Feodore was again able to board The Ghan, this time paying his own fare. He had decided there was little he could do for the people of Alice.

For some time I wondered what became of him. Then a year later a picture appeared in *Pix* magazine of Feodore sitting on a Hobart wharf singing to a group of watersiders . . . the Song of David no doubt. That was a long time ago and I've often wondered what our society did to, or with him eventually. Whenever I visit Alice Springs I conjure a picture of



"Dr Hirsch here is a black belt in root canals."



"All right, smart arse! Why did I cross the road?"

that huge bearded man playing the goat horn and singing as a pack of children followed him down the street.

LOVE IN THE DARK

Sex and racism make an ugly mixture. In the late 1950s when the RAAF lads and Bagot Settlement girls lived directly opposite each other, the results were inevitable.

Officers, of course, have different moral standards than the non-commissioned ranks. Proof of this was illustrated clearly during World War II in the Middle East and probably other theatres, where there were brothels for officers only while the lower orders who might be so inclined, had to line up at the other ranks' establishments.

It was a standing joke among the troops and the ladies involved that the same ladies serviced clients in the upper and lower order houses.

But back to Darwin. There was growing concern among the RAAF upper echelon about the meetings of RAAF youngsters and the Bagot lasses on RAAF land no less. A plan was devised to bait a trap and make an example of a couple of the randy RAAF boys.

Members of the civilian police force were involved, to verify that all was fair and above board. A Bagot girl was persuaded to play a part, no doubt thinking

the whole thing a bit of a joke. Her job was to wander along the track where the meetings were taking place. She was the lure.

The stage was set. RAAF and civilian officers concealed themselves in bushes and waited for the inevitable. But things were already beginning to go wrong. Some distance away a little Italian newcomer to Darwin was wandering towards the city, rather drunk and carrying a flagon of wine. The little fellow could hardly speak a word of English and had almost certainly been denied female company for some time.

The two central figures converged, the Italian in his happy alcoholic haze, and the girl. She flashed him a pearly white seductive smile, then using sign language, indicated she was available in exchange for the flagon. The offer proved irresistible to the newcomer, he plonked the flagon down at once and within seconds the couple were busy on the flat.

The trap was sprung; police charged to the scene of action and it was very much a case of coitus interruptus when the little fellow was hauled from his perch and told he was under arrest for cohabitating with an Aboriginal, a rather serious offence in those unenlightened days.

Police realised they had grabbed a civilian, furthermore a civilian who couldn't speak English and appeared entirely bemused about the whole business

apart from being embarrassed. The Italian was hauled off to the station, and seemed destined for some months in Fannie Bay Gaol.

But Darwin's own "Rumpold of the Old Bailey" barrister John Tiger Lyons got wind of what had happened and his sense of justice was outraged.

Tiger Lyons insisted on appearing for the Italian and in the old courthouse of timber and tin he painted a tear-jerking picture of the newcomer's lonely life, his lack of knowledge of the iniquitous, discriminatory sex law, and thundered against the deceit of all who took part in the trap which had backfired.

Lyons was enjoying his moment of drama. He opened a law book and showed that the Bagot girl had been used as an agent provocateur. "The Italian," roared Tiger, "was deliberately baited into committing the offence, lured into becoming a law breaker."

Well, the burly lawyer won hands down and the embarrassed RAAF and civilian police got a solid "pay" from the bench. Yes, it did stop the Bagot girls and RAAF lads getting together in that particular area. But love always finds a way even in Darwin.

DAPPER DONALD THE REMITTANCE MAN

A remittance man was an Englishman held in disgrace by his own family for one reason or another, who was paid to live in some other country, preferably a great distance away from the old dart.

These families were usually rather rich or well connected and the remittance man was generally unwanted because he drank too much or had been caught in compromising circumstances with the maid — worse still with the butler — or had committed some other dreadful social sin.

The only genuine remittance man I knew was the first live-in cleaner ever employed by Darwin's newspaper *The Northern Territory News*. He joined *The News* because he was absolutely right when he popped into my editorial office, a slim bespectacled figure with an incredible Oxford accent, and announced "you know old chap, you really do need a cleaner here, just look at the place!"

Nicknamed Dapper Donald because of his posh voice and neat, clean appearance despite a great propensity for drink, he joined and worked well.

He worked well, that is when he was available. Donald did spend a great deal of time in the courts on drink related charges and spent some short spells in Fannie Bay from time to time when fines and lectures from the bench seemed futile. Mr Duncan's exchanges with the magistrates became well known around the north. Typically, when one SM angrily brandished a fistfull of prior offence

sheets at the Englishman demanding an explanation, Dapper Donald observed "True your Honor, there are a few world trips among those."

His finest hour in the north came after he fell drunk from Darwin wharf and was taken out to sea on the outgoing tide at night. He was feared lost at sea, but some six hours later watersiders spotted his figure, naked except for his spectacles, drifting shorewards on the incoming tide.

The story of his escape from a watery grave was told at some length in southern newspapers and inspired an editorial writer of the *Adelaide News* to say of Dapper Donald Duncan: "Here is a man who should be an inspiration to the youth of Australia . . . alone in the sea he remained calm and collected for many hours and these qualities saved his life. Younger men could learn from this example of courage . . . etc etc etc."

Donald had this editorial pinned up in his quarters and sent copies home. But after a year or so with *The News*, we sent Donald on his first Australian holiday to Perth. It was to be his last. On the return voyage, a lady he had impressed at a port of call, offered to drive him around and take him on to the next port to reboard the ship. But somewhere along the way the car crashed over a bridge and Donald Duncan was killed instantly.

It fell to me to ring England and tell his family of the death and seek instructions on his burial. It had to be done quickly because the place of death was isolated, and very hot and there were no facilities for holding the dead. Donald's sister insisted on cremation and wanted his ashes to be flown to England.

I discussed the problem for days with the outback policeman at the scene, but there was no crematorium for a thousand miles and no time to waste.

The desperate policeman almost agreed to my plan to burn Donald's body in a huge log fire and send some ashes home, but he decided at the eleventh hour that this could lead to serious trouble for him and he buried the body in the little local cemetery.

So *The News's* first live-in cleaner and former remittance man, Dapper Donald Duncan, rests in outback West Australia.

A plaque to his memory is fixed to a wall of the Anglican church in England regularly attended by the family which hunted him from his homeland.

CHAMPAGNE AND SAND

There may be a number of Territorians of my vintage who will remember this story. Some may lay claim to being there and some versions will vary from my account. I don't care: mine is the correct one as far as my memory and recent research serves me.

Here is the story of the Desert Champagne Party. This would not have been

the largest champagne party ever staged in Australia, but it must surely have been one of the most unusual.

The venue was a lonely stretch of the sandy, rocky Stuart Highway section linking Alice Springs and Port Augusta. It was 1952 and the weather was very hot. It began soon after a mighty truck laden with champagne for a Darwin distributor of wines and other products broke down on the narrow track.

There was no other traffic either way for two days, by which time the driver and co-driver were out of water and just about out of their heads.

After trying radiator water, they broached a case of champagne.

The bubbly wine was near boiling point on top of the load but drinkable lower down and before they became too stoned the two buried some of the bottles and planted others in any bit of available shade.

Another day passed before a small convoy of cars travelling north reached the scene. But nobody was able to make much sense out of the two drinkers. They were also unable to fix the truck or shift it out of the way. So the travellers joined the party.

Survivors of that amazing session time there were some 30 cars and about 60 travellers present, including quite a few keen champagne buffs.

Most of the water being carried in the cars soon disappeared and food supplies were low or becoming inedible in the heat, so out came the guns and a few kangaroos and galahs were shot.

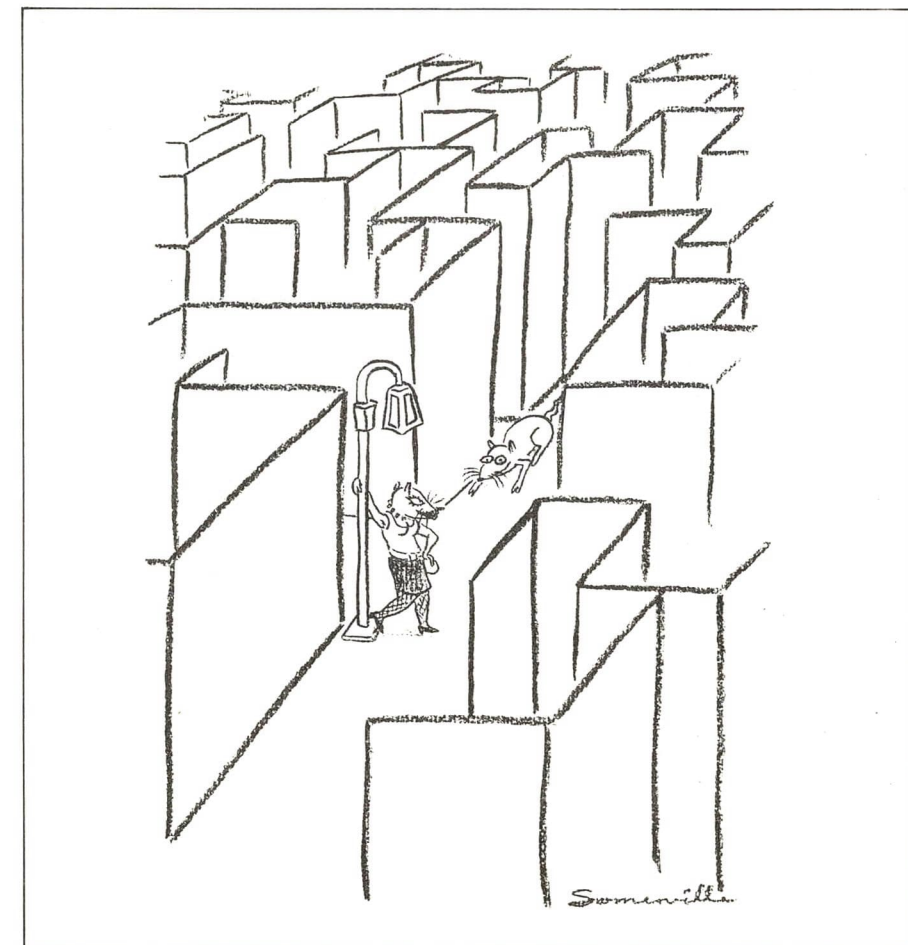
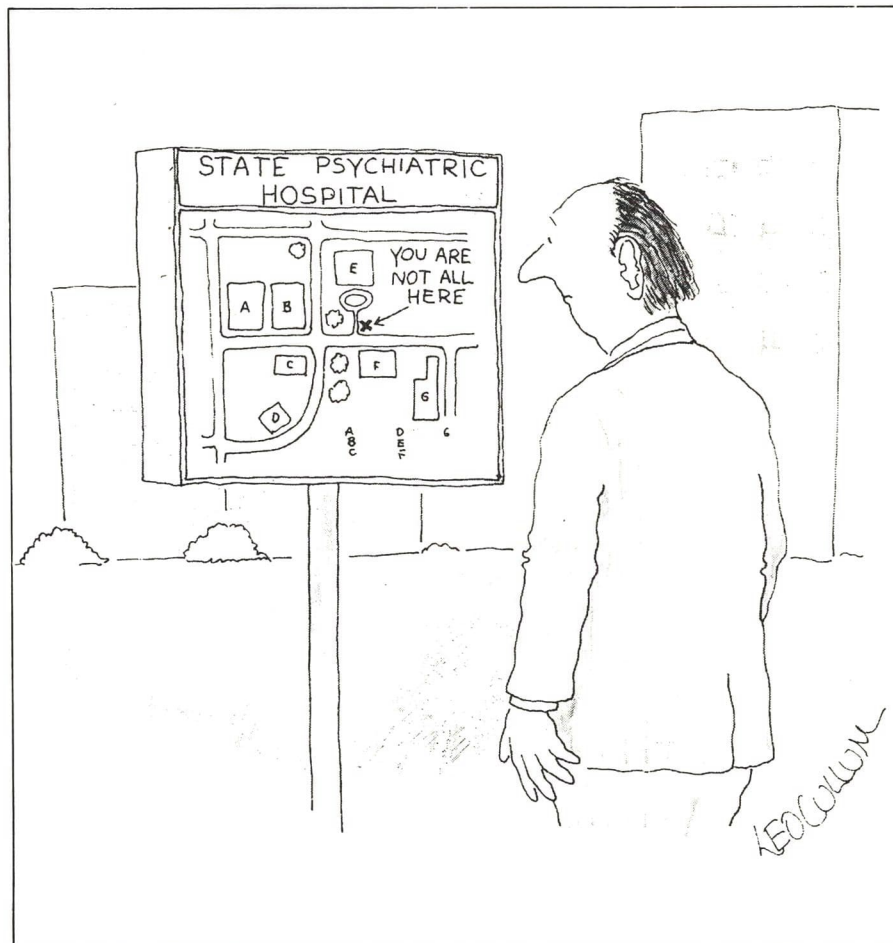
On the sixth day the desert drinkers started experimentation. Champagne was boiled and tea made with it. Some claimed later the tea was OK and galahs cooked in champagne, although a shade tough, were tastier than turkey.

There were a few fights as the party continued and several romances developed during the long champagne nights under the stars.

Word eventually got through to Alice Springs about the problems down the track and out came a rescue squad with a couple of good mechanics among them. They arrived in the nick of time because the load of champagne was almost gone.

The now empty truck was fixed. It wove its way northward to Alice while the dozens of cars with battered and dazed drivers wended their way north and south carrying with them the greatest collection of hangovers ever assembled in that part of the country.

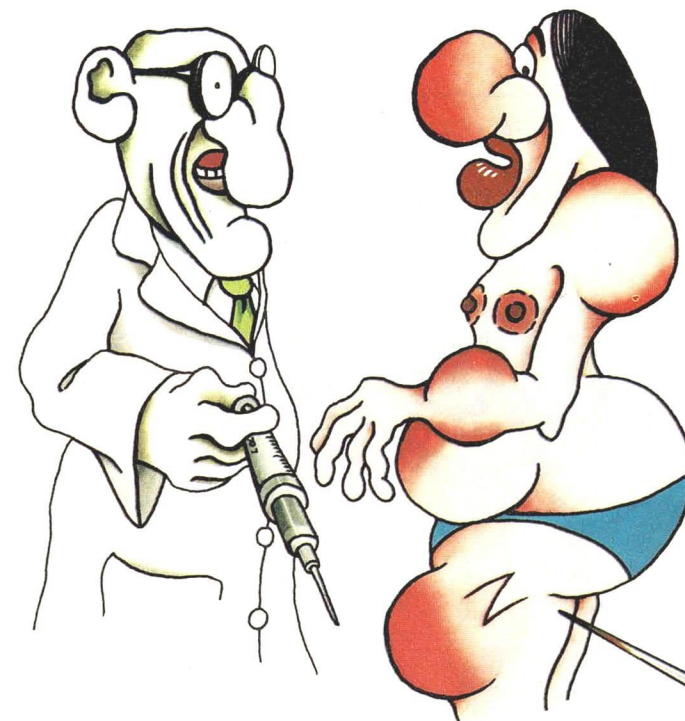
There is one survivor still living in Darwin, who claims that his hangover persists to this day, which is why he still needs the daily hair of the dog, not always champagne of course, but he must battle on to avoid dying the death of a thousand Bruts. ☉



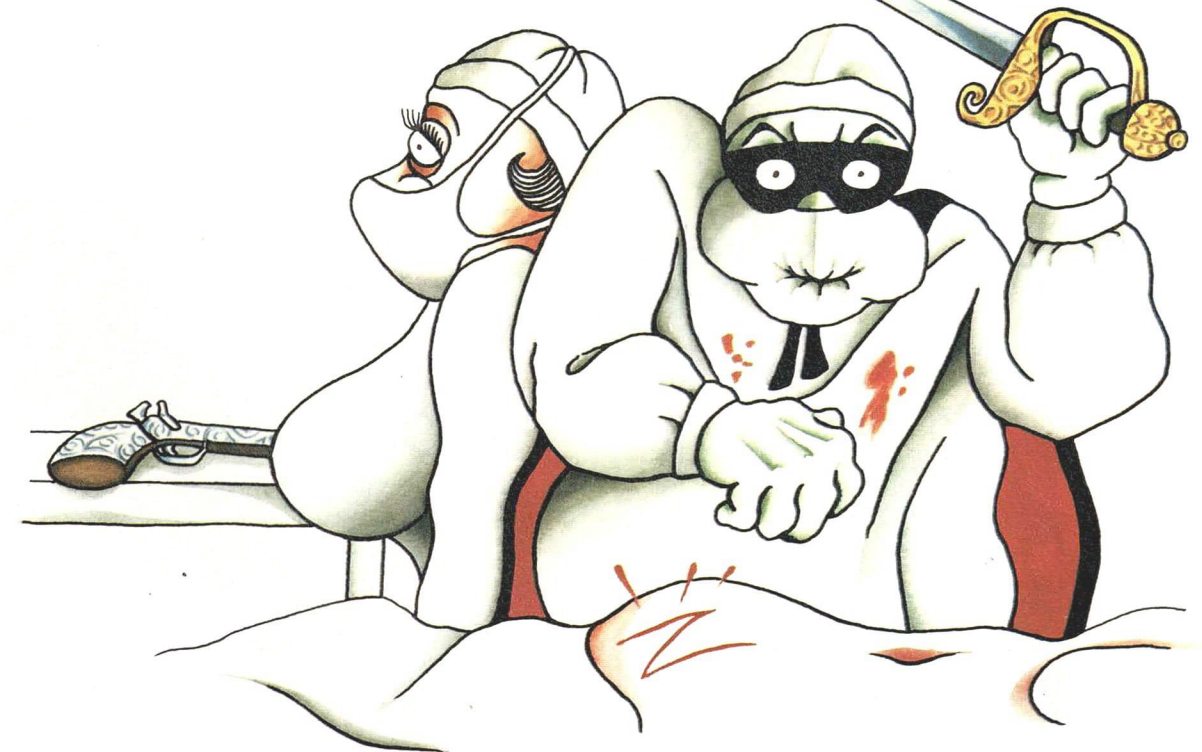
6 GOOD REASONS TO HAVE FAITH IN YOUR DOCTOR



Ottawa



"I'D LIKE MY SILICONE INJECTION IN THE RIGHT PLACE FOR A CHANGE!"



"SOME OF YOUR PATIENTS ARE COMPLAINING ABOUT THE SCAR YOU LEAVE, DOCTOR!"

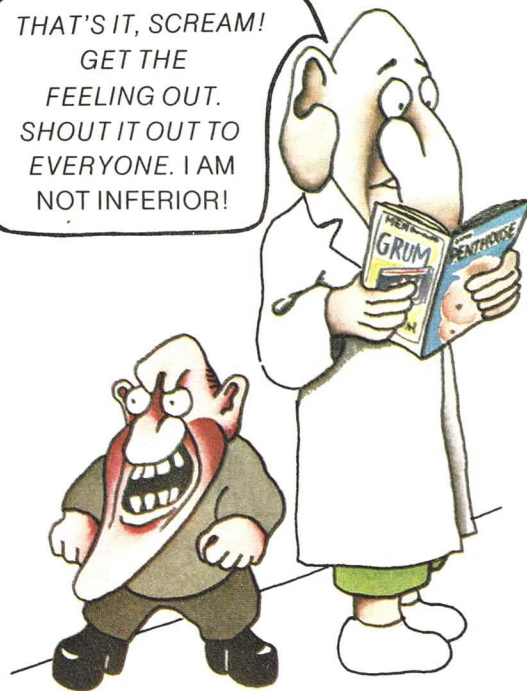
YOUR INFERIORITY COMPLEX IS DUE ENTIRELY TO YOUR RIDICULOUS SIZE. I'LL SEND YOU TO A VERY WELL RESPECTED HYPNOTHERAPIST!



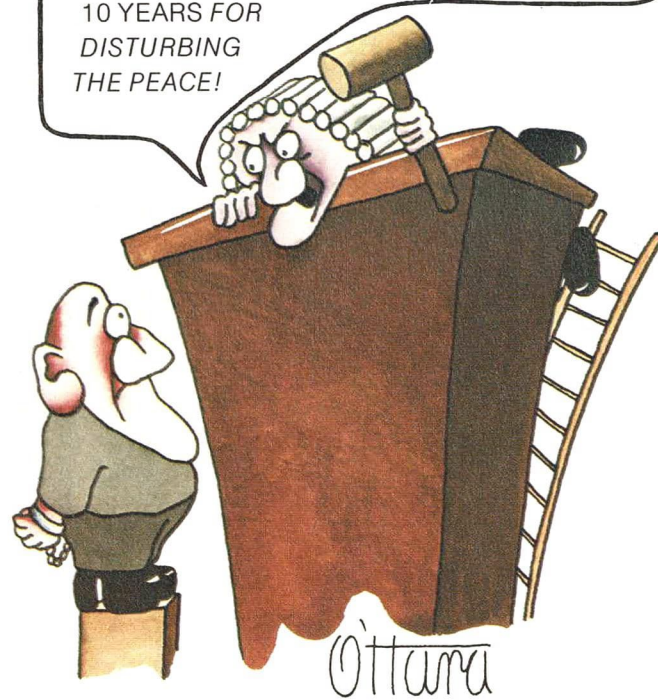
WHEN YOU AWAKE YOU WILL NO LONGER FEEL INFERIOR. I WILL SEND YOU TO A PRIMAL THERAPIST TO COMPLETE THE TREATMENT!



THAT'S IT, SCREAM! GET THE FEELING OUT. SHOUT IT OUT TO EVERYONE. I AM NOT INFERIOR!

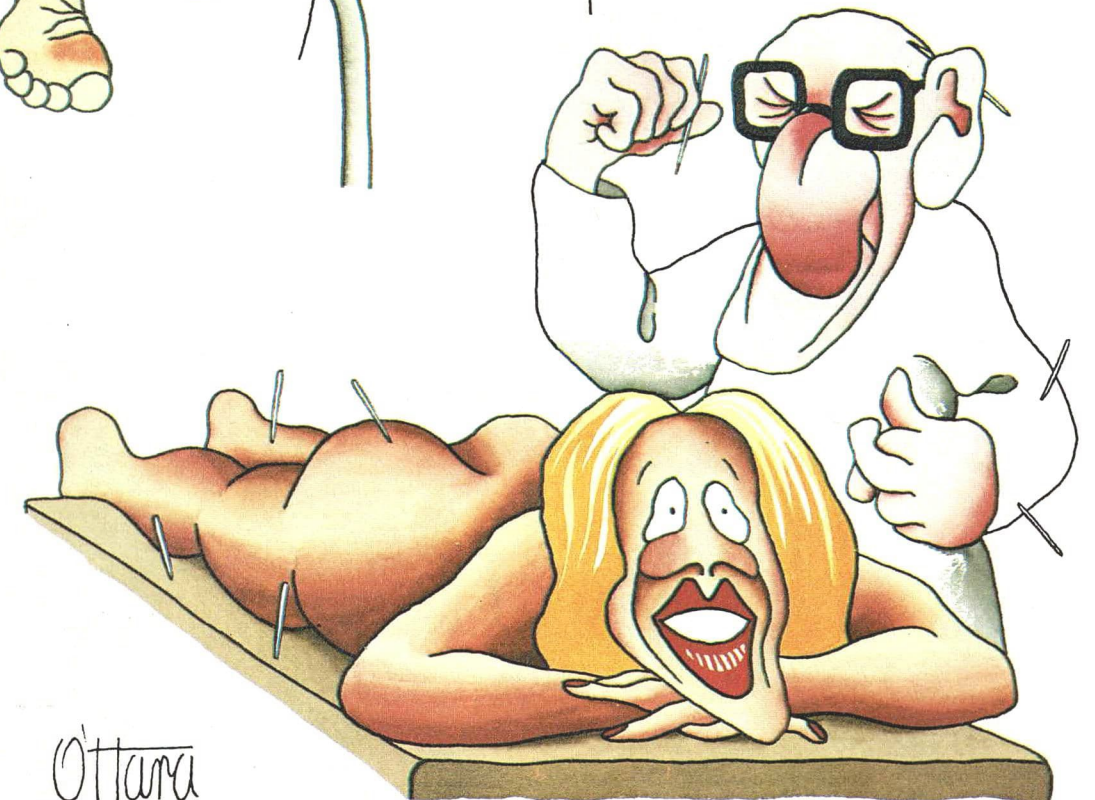
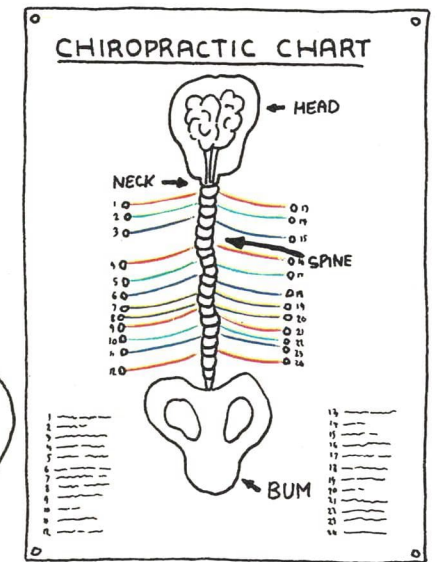


IT'S YOU SHORT-ARSED INFERIOR TYPES WHO ALWAYS MAKE THE MOST NOISE! 10 YEARS FOR DISTURBING THE PEACE!



Ottara

HMM, WELL 'ER THAT SHOULD TAKE YOUR MIND OFF YOUR MIGRAINES UNTIL YOUR NEXT ADJUSTMENT.



Ottara

"IT AMAZES ME HOW YOU KNOW EXACTLY WHERE TO PUT EVERY NEEDLE!"



The megabuck realities of the female tour are often overlooked in the euphoria of bare legs and hot afternoon sun.

It is four o'clock on a hot Sydney summer afternoon, and they have just broken out the iced beer in the press tent at the Women's Classic tennis tournament at White City. Someone is passing round a photograph of one of the competitors. She is frozen by the telephoto lens in a desperate lunge for a low forehand drive. So is the surprising vision of what looks like six inches of black Ho Chi Minh beard, escaping from the inside leg of her plainly inadequate pants. On the outside court behind the tent two of this season's crop of up-and-coming teenagers are occupied in a preliminary round. The 16-year-old is rather pretty until you notice as they change ends that she has a visible, if incipient moustache. The 17-year-old has the shoulders of a weight-lifter and pro-cyclist's thighs that seriously strain the men's flared shorts she affects.

The implications begin to be obvious. But the full impact of the secret paradox of the women's tennis circuit does not sink in immediately. There have always been joke pictures around on the tennis circuit, and ladies of imposing strength are just as familiar. Last year the picture was the shot of the girl whose left tit kept popping out of a borrowed dress at Wimbledon, and as for the other, I still remember flinching as a schoolboy at the awesome power of Louise Brough, thundering across the wooden practice courts at Queen's Club, London.

So the curious realities of today's tour do not register straight away. They are lost in the peach-skin sheen of young bare legs, and the euphoric scent of hot grass in the afternoon sun. And you wander around the courts marvelling at the force of the first serves delivered by the school-age competitors, and the ferocity of their forehand drives, feeling nothing more disturbing than a sort of lustful admiration for these lithe nymphets, the Atlantas of the advantage set. This of course is precisely the purpose of

THE TRUTH ABOUT WOMEN'S TENNIS

BY JOHN HALLOWS

Illustration by Tony Pyrzakowski

the circuit. This is what its sponsors intend: the illusion which is carefully maintained by the slick machinery of advance publicists, press liaison officers, and travelling media managers carrying computerised facts sheets for instant distribution. That purpose is dictated by the requirements of the people who pay for the whole grand circus. It is no accident that the international women's tennis circuit is controlled by supernational giants in the business of marketing to women — Avon and Colgate, the world's biggest combines in perfume and toiletries. The rise to affluence of women's professional tennis has less to do with Billie-Jean King's crusading efforts in the last decade than with business' recognition of the growing strength of the women's market in the same period.

For similar reasons the smaller events on the circuit are generally sponsored by organisations with a major interest in selling to women. The \$US 125,000 event in Sydney is run for the NSW Building Society — which backs the classic because the majority of its investors are, you've guessed, women.

Evonne Cawley has declined to appear at this tournament, a decision which may or may not be connected with the fact that the building society simultaneously declined to pay the \$20,000 which was asked for her services in making a TV commercial.

The image that the various sponsors want to maintain is a long way removed from involuntary glimpses of pubic manes and incipient moustaches. It is all about under-arm charm and graceful — albeit immensely athletic — feminine health.

And it is an image that survives the odd nagging doubt until the middle of the week, when you find yourself at the sponsor's cocktail party for the players, held in one of Sydney's more exclusive discotheques. Normally you need a member's badge to get into Rogues, where the food is held to be first class and the sunken dance floor in the twin-bar cellar is intimately small. On this occasion what is required is something even rarer: an entree to the hermetic world of topline women's tennis.

For a time it all seems normally jolly. The cellar is wall-to-wall with building society people, players, sports writers, a columnist or two, and people from the promotional organisations, all holding their elbows in as they make a massed charge on the oysters, cocktail savories and well-filled drinks.

Then, after about half an hour in the dim light, the scene suddenly begins to change.

The pretty girls are leaving. Sue Barker is off to an Elton John concert. Sharon Walsh, a pleasant American who through the week has been closely accompanied by an affable, broad-shouldered gentle-

man in his late thirties, is off with the same escort for dinner. Finally Renata Tomanova, the tall Czech blonde who has claims to being the circuit's glamor queen and who normally gets bundled out of tournaments in an early round to the dismay of male spectators, leaves with John Alexander, which seems suitable: he doesn't do too much better these days and they make an attractive pair of losers.

And when you've had that thought, the real point hits you. The losers have all left. What remains in the thinning crowd is the in-group of teenage automatons whose single purpose is on the tennis court. You have been here before. You are back with the dogs at the tennis club dance, the hard-faced drivers who win all the prizes when the pretty girls wilt.

This says a great deal about the women's tennis circuit. It doesn't say they are all dykes (though a lot are: up to

There are extraordinary personal demands made by a business which pays even a second-round loser \$50,000 a year.

60 percent, according to people whose major job is to follow the year-long tour). What it does begin to display is why new-found ferocity has changed the women's game out of sight technically in the past five years; the rarified, artificial atmosphere in which the teenage tennis hopefuls have to survive; and the extraordinary personal demands made by a business which pays even a second-round loser \$50,000 a year.

And it also says the sponsors' image of women's tennis is a con. They're very anxious not to let anyone know.

"The sponsoring organisations are terrified of the truth about women's tennis getting out," says someone whose living is made following the international circuit, and for obvious reasons won't be named.

"They are afraid that if the massive lesbian side of it were exposed, the clean image of glossy athletic glamor would be swept away overnight.

"The dykes wouldn't be good news on the cosmetic market. So everyone keeps very quiet about it all, though of course the lesbianism is rife and so obvious that

we all know who's in it and who's not. It's an open secret, for example, that one of the top players is in Australia this year on her honeymoon. She's not staying in the hotel where the rest of the players are booked: part of her contract deal was that the tournament sponsors provide her with a flat, where she's living with her 'wife'.

"Mind you, considering the artificial nature of the business and the tremendous strains which are put on the very young girls coming on to the tour today, it's easy to understand how it all starts. The tour is a very strange, lonely life for a young kid if she's on her own, as most of them are, without a travelling coach or one of her parents. At the beginning she'll be going out in the early rounds of every tournament, too, and not feeling very good about it.

"Before she knows where she is, one of the older players is around saying 'Too bad, you're having a hard time. Would you like to hit a few balls with me?' Next thing, they're off for dinner and up to the hotel bedroom."

One reason for the disorienting intensity of life on the women's circuit is the new ferocity of the girls' game. Women's tennis today is played with a pace and a force that was quite absent when the young Margaret Court, or even the younger Cawley, were collecting their Wimbledon championships. And the startling thing is that there is not much to choose between the 15-year-old ingenues on the circuit and the experienced finalists when it comes to weight of shot and serve: indeed, it would be hard to find a teenager on the tour without a backhand carrying more weight than Evonne Cawley's.

This is Sue Barker on the subject. (Incidentally, Barker is not one of the circuit's mysteries — she is a very attractive small English blonde who is also transparently straight — a fact which is regarded as great good news by her interviewer on this occasion.) Barker, 24, has been on the international circuit for nine years.

"The introduction of topspin has changed women's tennis out of sight in the past five years or so," she says. "Before then, you never saw a topspin backhand — think back, Margaret Court's was sliced, Evonne's was a slice, everybody hit sliced backhands and flat forehands were almost as common.

"But today, because of the example of Bjorn Borg and also because of the artificial surfaces we play on most of the time, which favor the shot, the youngest kid on the tour is hitting fierce topspin on both wings.

"The whole emphasis is on power hitting — big service, topspin groundstrokes, and hard volleys. It's a totally different game."

Barker herself hits the ball with a

distinctly looped swing on both sides, in such a classic rendition of the traditional English topspin stroke (it developed from the need to sort of dig the ball up off soggy vicarage lawns) that if I half shut my eyes I imagine I'm watching my mother play her last tournament 30 years ago. By the standards of the Golden Age of Australian Tennis, when everyone was hitting the ball more or less flat, she's a topspin player — yet she tells a press conference that she can't use a metal racquet "because I hit the ball so flat that if I used a metal frame the ball would just disappear straight out of sight and never return to earth".

When I question this self-analysis later she qualifies it. "Well, by comparison with the kids today I'm hitting the ball flat," she says.

"And that fact is a demonstration of the way the power game has taken over. This change in the game is one of the reasons why life on the circuit is now much more intense than when I was starting out. The kids have to be much fitter — and they are.

"They need to be in constant practice and very well drilled. You have to remember that most of them have been doing very little except play tennis since they were five or six. I didn't start until I was older — around 11, and I don't think it does you much good really to start any younger — but today's players have nearly all been working intensively on their game since they were small children.

"Then again we are playing 40 weeks in the year. That's also part of the new pressures: it's a constant round of planes, new countries, different tournaments — and a new hotel every week. You've got the new intensity in the game itself, and the pressure cooker atmosphere of the circuit.

"When I first started coming out on tour we were all travelling in a team, and we had a coach with us, and we were going in for the junior events. I had an absolutely marvellous time — best years of my life, I think.

"Today's kids are mostly on the tour alone. Not many of them have a travelling coach or a parent.

"And they have no time for anything else but tennis, and a few friends who aren't on the circuit. Well, that's not entirely new.

"I didn't see the inside of a disco until I was 21 years old. It didn't bother me because I get a lot more fun running round a tennis court anyway. But with the modern circuit, and with the extra competition of playing in open competition instead of junior tournaments, there is much more pressure on a 15-year-old today than there was in my time, and far less fun. I'm glad I'm not doing the tour as a teenager."

But the rewards of the new high

pressure circuit are immense. At White City, the pay is \$700 for going out in the second round, \$1400 for getting to the last 16, and \$2800 for a losing quarter-finalist.

The Australian taxman takes his evil cut, but all the same a 15-year-old who's good enough to join the international tour can normally calculate on beating local hopefuls to the second round most weeks and earning in consequence a better pay packet than most middle-ranked Australian executives.

Barker has had a bad year in 1980. Out with injury for several months, she has not regained the form which won her the French title in 1976, and up to now has not made a major final since she took the NSW Building Society's first classic at White City 12 months previously. (The following week she will at last do so, at Adelaide.)

"This year's not been good," says

A 15-year-old who's good enough can earn a better pay packet than most middle-ranked Australian executives.

Barker. "I've only made \$70,000." She does not look too depressed about it, eating an open sandwich lunch with a glass of white wine in the relieving air conditioning of the White City members' bar.

"I've been making \$100,000 a year for the past six years or so. That's out of playing — I've made a lot more besides from sponsoring products for advertising. There's plenty of money in the women's game today."

There certainly is. Ten days after our talk Barker will add \$11,000 to the year's earnings by going down in two easy sets at Adelaide to Hana Mandlikova, hampered by the fact that she insists on using a wooden racquet, even though it is split, for what are probably all the wrong reasons.

(The right metal frame ought to help her often wayward control over the ball, rather than destroy it: even totally flat drivers can use metal frames with a great deal of success.)

But that is all in the future as she chats on over the white wine. She talks about her decision to abandon her tax-exile

status — she returned to England to be near her ageing father — and her plans to buy a winter house in southern Spain. She had thought of buying a place in Australia, but it is very far away, really, these days. Oh, the energy crisis has screwed up life in the jet set, all right.

One of the problems about life in England, she says, is that the British yellow press demolish any chance of having a reasonable relationship with a man. Her celebrity status at home means that every time she's seen with any man the reporters pop up and ask if she's going to marry him, as they did when she was going out with Greg Norman, the Australian golfer.

"I'd only known him for about two weeks, really, in between his tournaments and mine, so we'd only just started dating each other.

"Then we got off a plane at London Airport together and the first thing the press ask is when we're going to get married. That killed any chance we ever had of having a relationship."

Open, fresh, and engaging: the human face of women's tennis. The only subject Barker will not discuss readily is the lesbian predilection displayed by some of her competitors. When I raise the question guardedly, she affects not to understand, I make the meaning plainer. "Oh, I did follow you all right," she says calmly, "it's just that I always pretend not to. I mean, we all know about it — it's so obvious if you're on the circuit — but I think it's better for me not to discuss it and I never make any comment on the subject."

And so we talk of other things: the weather in Spain, the enraged Afghan hound which bit the lovely Miss Barker on the mouth and eye, and so lowered this year's standards of living to \$70,000 per year, British taxation and the coach who built Miss Barker's game and whose son abandoned mine in plain dismay. There actually are strawberries and cream on the menu: the Wimbledon tradition has been transplanted, a little hot and woebegone, to the international circuit of commercial tournaments.

Sitting with Sue Barker, the overtones of fake Wimbledon can be mistaken for the real thing.

But then, Sue Barker is a very natural, relaxed girl, who has turned her time on the circuit into exactly what she wanted life to be: when you are sitting next to her, everything is vaguely tinged with the sweet smell of success.

You talk about winters in Spain, and you tend to forget about the haunted, intense 15-year-olds with incipient moustaches chasing their lonely rewards on the courts below the clubhouse windows — in the intervals of their weight training and their six-hours-a-day practice for the 40-week circus of the women gladiators. 



She won the car, he lost his drive.

PEDRO, HER PORSCHE

BY S.D. WHITE

When my lady won a Porsche 911 Turbo complete with forged alloy wheels, low profile tyres and a whoomph in the engine which could straighten your pubic hair I said: "Jesus H. Christ!" I heard it on the radio, midway between Bendigo and Melbourne. The station had been at the competition for weeks with the car theoretically hidden at some spot in the city. The DJs were making random telephone calls asking each person if they could win the car by guessing the exact location. Now they had struck on Judy, idling no doubt, in front of the exhibition at her art gallery.

"Okay, Judy," said the DJ, "now where is that sizzling Porsche?"

"Ummm, on the end of South Melbourne pier?"

The DJ was silent, the listeners were listening, Judy was probably licking her lips.

"What sort of car do you drive Judy?"

"It's a Datsun Sunny," she said. Yeah, I thought, and wrecked.

"You don't any more darling," said the DJ and I heard her tiny screech. "Judy Tambling of Prahran, you are now the proud owner of a blistering yellow eighty thousand dollar Porsche nine eleven Turbo!"

Judy was still shaking when I got back to the flat and with me through the door she was up and

hugging me like it was Christmas. "Yeah, I heard." She was all over me like a rash. "You'll be my first passenger," she said, "I know you've always wanted a Porsche."

Wanted! It was my personal golden fleece, ever since way back when hitchhiking overseas a guy had picked me up outside Zurich in a 356 and we burnt a hole in the thin mountain air. Later I went to Le Mans and watched the 917s, 908s, 916s and definitive 911s rumble down the Mulsanne straight, varoom through the countryside and back, charging out of the chicane with welders' flames crackling from the turbocharger.

Porsche, they were the rewards for success, my success and now my lady, bless her, had succeeded in winning one for free. I was intensely jealous.

We talked it over between the sheets, or rather she talked to me and I chipped in a few lame myths like the clutch was tricky, understeering notorious and a new exhaust cost \$450. "I don't care," she laughed and put her skin all over me, "I'm going to love it."

She did for sure, from the minute she refused a sip of champagne at the key presentation.

"Oh, but I'm driving," she said, and got a ripple from the ersatz crowd. I felt sticky, a proverbial spare at the nuptials while Judy swanned under arc lights with everybody limbering about arf arfing, mumbo mumboing, grinning from cap tooth to pierced ear gauging, no doubt, the possibilities of accelerating into her silk knickers.

Finally the Porsche was hers and, as she started up the horsepower, a rickety cheer wobbled out which turned into stabs of yellow eye as she hit the throttle and executed a screeching wheelie all up Swanston Street.

So I was left against the back cloth holding the monkey wrench, dissipating with all the other dissipated mob sinking into the seats of our Fairlanses, Commodores, Toyotas and Mazdas while Judy was zipping along some freeway in her Turbo. It made me so depressed until by the time I arrived at the flat the sight of her rusting flaking Datsun, like a chrysalis in the gutter, pitched me into the grip of a premature menopausal dudgeon.

She returned at seven, dazzled and even a little wet (and not behind the ears), sold out on the car.

"Oh darling," she said, "I'm going to call him Pedro, my Porsche."

"Really?" I said, with tears in my eyes.

As her ego rose with the revs, so mine withered. She affected to wear sunglasses after Didier Pironi, a pit suit with BP on the tit and string-backed gloves and her chin set at a swanky rake while I struggled with my gloom.

She went to work before me. I would lie in bed as she slopped about, then climbed into Pedro (Mother of God,

Pedro!) with that evocative clunk of door. The tinny exhaust fired up and I was under the quilt with the pillow about my ears haunted by the picture of the receding yellow Porsche.

My boss nailed me as I walked into the office. He was on the phone, haranguing, running his pudgy hand over his bald skull, and shouting: "This business is making my hair fall out, you hear!"

He gestured me to take a seat and crashed back the receiver: "So what, your girl has won a Porsche, what does that make you, a gigolo?"

I shook my head.

"Well don't come to me with a bullshit idea for modifying the company's image with Porsche cars. Your salary is Fairlane, next year it will be Alfa and if you maintain your present performance you'll possibly qualify for a Mercedes the year after. Stick to the target budget and the company sticks to you. But one piece

I was under
the quilt with the
pillow about my
ears haunted by
the picture of the
receding yellow Porsche.

of advice, friend Nicholas, don't marry that girl."

I checked him out and he shrugged: "Sometimes old men collapse in the dark humping tail like that."

I suppose I should have hit him except he was right. You don't marry girls like Judy if you want to get ahead. She was a street child, exuberant, fleshy and bold with shattered china blue eyes lounging about in the art gallery all day selling paintings by the "naive" approach under the illusion impressionists were comedians, Dada was an artist and surrealism something a drunk said.

And driving home I was dosing on inadequacies, struggling with work and enmeshed in self-doubt. Approaching the flat the Porsche squatted on its flared haunches on the other side. I parked my car and sidled over to find the door open. Judy was a lesson in materialism, she had no respect, it only increased the nihilism.

I checked all was clear and sneaked in behind the wheel for a moment of delusion, the moving dials, the rushing road, my car. It gave me an ache in the head

until Judy jack-knifed in beside me, animal, and turning to kiss me on the ear, whispered: "Drive me Nicky, drive me fast."

"No, I can't," I said, staring at the bumper in front.

"Pedro would like it," she said.

"Screw Pedro," I said and split, slamming the door, vaulting the steps to the flat and pacing, moody, while Judy started the car and accelerated away.

She reappeared late the next evening, slightly askew and claiming she had blitzed to Adelaide and back but I took a crafty check on the odometer and found it not to be true. I let her play the game as she curled on the sofa pretending to read *Autosport* with an "us Porsche owners" excruciating Mona Lisa smile on her face. She threw down the magazine.

"Why don't you drive my Porsche?"

"It's not mine to drive."

"I'll give it to you."

I raised my eyebrows. Her smile was replaced by design. I was suspicious.

"No," I said.

"You've been so mardy since I won it. I didn't go to Adelaide either."

"I know."

She startled and laughed: "Sure, the odometer, you're sly. Then hear this, Nicky, I was really scaring some stud on the freeway. That was until the speed gimboes snared me. They didn't believe the car was mine, they thought it was this Alf's beside me and he's sitting there like he's miscarried. Then I did the feminine thing, broke down blubbing, but the gimboes are writing enough tickets to pad a novel and this Alf is putting his hand on my knee and going 'there, there' like some kind of mongol."

There were more tears and much of "let's get this straight" type of talk until bed, where Judy was all for sealing the tarmac. Believe me, I could not make it, the stick in my willy was splintered, for the very first time in my sexual career and we both sat in bed staring at my limp number lost for words until I mumbled: "He's Porscheified, I fear."

Judy nodded and pulled me down, but try as she might I was not running on Dunlop Denovas, I was punctured flat for the journey, until she slept and I tossed with a junked brain and a vista of impotency.

That was how I talked it out with Walter, my analyst. He was six foot four with a drink problem which he concealed well, mostly by wearing tailored suits which showed no bulge from his hip flask of brandy. I picked him from the yellow pages and kept him after the first disastrous session because he promised a 25 percent fee reduction due to case interest and also promised to pay his shout on the drinks.

The first session comprised an endless multiple choice questionnaire and a surprise assault on a succession of bars

before being led a dance into one of the St Kilda massage parlors, where he tried the abrupt confrontation therapy.

"It sometimes works," he said wearily as we stepped, wrinkle-skinned, back on to the pavement. I was deeper in the pits.

"Well," he said, clapping his massive hands on my shoulders and beaming, "at least it's not psychotic."

"Great," I said, nursing a germinating hangover. "Does that let me off the lobotomy?"

Walter guffawed (the first man I met who could) and I wondered how I had lucked in on him, especially when the bill dropped through with a sizeable proportion assigned to "temporal elevatory liquids" which the Friendly Society, on investigation, refused to reimburse. I phoned Walter to complain.

He offered me the rebate and reduction, plus asking me over as some interesting percentiles had cropped up on the multiple choice. I did and on the way passed Judy, who was polishing the windscreen of her car with her butt in the air.

"How do you feel Nicky?" she asked, leaning back on the bonnet, legs akimbo. "You know..."

"You slay me Judy," I said and chuckled her chin, kicked Pedro's tyre and whipped around to Walter's surgery.

He was sipping cognac from a large brandy bowl and toasted me as I came in.

"To stiff upper lips," he said, "and lower things."

I scowled.

"Come, come Nicky, have you read Jung?"

"Mah or Erica?"

He smiled: "No, no, Carl Gustav, the collective unconscious, it is pertinent I feel, but let me explain."

"You see, your state is a depressive neurosis with rare ramifications of impotency centred on the girl who you are identifying with the Porsche she has won. The Porsche has assumed grotesque, crushing proportions in your mind. You feel unworthy of access, unentitled at this point in your career. The girl is entwined with the Porsche and she, being a mistress figure rather than a matrimonial one, has caused stress with you trying to justify your continued association with somebody who has to your mind been elevated beyond your status. Her body has become synonymous with the car body, both lush engineering, mmm?"

He glanced at me. I sat with dull acquiescence.

"You are accusing yourself of being a sham with subsequent impairment of your sexual capacity and your refusal to indulge in the car."

"Now, I would suggest that we try a little experiment with the car where Judy drives us around a few miles and we'll see how we go. It may help."

I was weighed with foreboding, but Walter loped around on Saturday. Judy

was excited, having spoken to him on the telephone and when he bowed before her, tall and impeccably tailored, she lifted her sunnies and said: "Of course, you'd know all about the cerebral."

"Naturally," he murmured, gravely shaking her hand, then putting an arm around my shoulders to walk me toward the car.

"Now, Nicholas, I shall be in the back seat, but ignore me please, I am strictly the observer."

He paused, before stooping to fold himself into the back, to admire the coachwork.

"It's only a car, Nicholas," he said weakly while Judy and I followed him in.

I coped well, sweating slightly but Judy ferried us through the city and on to the highway. Walter was bent almost double behind us trying to appear inconspicuous but the back of my seat would jar as he shifted his limbs within the confined

The Porsche
has assumed
grotesque, crushing
proportions in
your mind. You
feel unworthy.

space and once, after a particularly speculative piece of driving, I heard him mutter "sheeit" and smelt the tang of brandy as he sneaked a restorative belt.

We were clear of the metropolis, bowling through flat farmlands on the straight road, when Judy veered on to the gravel shoulder and crunched to a halt.

"Screw it, Nicholas," she said, "You drive."

I knew she had been primed and quickly she was out on the verge waiting for me to move. Walter was breathing brandy fumes over me.

"Think of it as a Volkswagen," he whispered.

My head fell on to my chest, the yellow bonnet fell away from me and I sucked in a breath.

"I'm not mad," I said.

"Of course not," agreed Walter.

"Get in!" I called to Judy and clambered over into the driver's seat.

"Whoopee!" she cried, landing in the passenger's seat and clicking in the Rolling Stones tape.

I eased my foot on to the accelerator and gave it a couple of blips. The rev

counter convulsed, she sounded like honey. The music began, the clutch was down and I was in first easing up the torsional pedal. She was sweet, the power gripped, the licks ripped and a few loose bits of grit spat from the tyres as I pressed her up to 6000rpm and bang, down into second, the revs were climbing, 75 mph, Jagger waiting still, yowser, yowser and in third we ripped through the ton, Street Fighting Man, steering rock steady, tyres hugging, wind pressing on the spoiler and to the volume of the music, bam, bam, bam to fourth and the brink of a ton and a half before dropping off, down, cruising 110 mph in less time than a quarter song.

There I was a grin on my face and in my trousers, the hugest erection in weeks as we whipped the die-straight road until Walter shouted: "We've got flashing lights, people, and they're not on the dashboard."

Down she came, but not my erection, no sir, as the speed gimboes leant into the downturned window and said: "Have you been drinking, sir?"

"No," I said, "but my analyst has."

Which got a hoot from all except the officer, who ordered me out of the car and back to his buddy for the third degree, which I took with forced nonchalance due to the continuing erection which I was hiding with my hands in my pockets.

I could see a dangerous driving charge until his offside nudged him and they both watched Judy dragging herself out of the car, then Walter uncoiling.

"It belongs to the woman, doesn't it sir, we stopped her not long ago — but you, I might add, were travelling a lot faster."

"Could my analyst explain?" I asked, and the officers exchanged conspiratorial glances before agreeing.

While Walter, with loquacious ease, manipulated the charge back to mundane speeding, Judy sauntered over to stand in front of me, leaning back on to my chest. I wrapped my arms about her and pushed myself into her bottom.

"Oh my," she said, "what gear are you in?"

Then the speed gimboes were moving away wagging fingers, and Walter was shaking our hands and winking at me, or possibly by then it was Judy...

"So, Judy, how are you enjoying driving around in that superb Porsche Turbo-you won?" asked the DJ on an insert in his show.

"It was marvellous," she said.

"Was? You haven't sold it!"

"Oh no," she said, "You see I was letting my husband's analyst have a test drive but he unfortunately managed to write it off. It was getting terribly expensive too, you see my husband's unemployed now..."

"Thank you, er Mrs Judy, er, Tambling of Prahran, winner of the eighty thousand dollar Porsche nine eleven Turbo. ☺"



CENTRESPREAD



Kylie Foster, star of the raunchy new Australian movie *Centrespread*, is no stranger to the role she plays in her first film. Kylie appeared in *Australian Penthouse* as Jessica Castles. Now she's playing the part of a beautifully innocent young girl who captures the imagination of a futuristic sex magazine's top photographer and is offered the opportunity to become a star. The dream-come-true theme in *Centrespread* was at work behind the scenes as well as on the screen. The movie, due for release later this year, is a sexual fantasy set in a future society where sex is freely available. The film was conceived by South Australian Wayne Groom, who gathered a team of top professionals to back his ideas.

Left: Penthouse Pet Kylie Foster plays the beautiful and innocent Niki. Above: Adelaide singer and model Sarah Collins in a studio sequence.



When the concept was evolved, the producers found one of their biggest problems was finding a couple of dozen Australian girls with the particular qualities they wanted, to appear nude in the film. Other Australian filmmakers have had problems finding the right people in the past and they've been forced to shoot nude scenes in America using American actresses. The producers of *Centrespread* came up with a different answer to the difficult problem of finding talent. Producer Groom says his fantasy was always to be the man behind the camera during nude photographic sessions. When he embarked on a well publicised national tour to seek out 24 attractive Australian girls for the film, he found even his wildest expectations were exceeded. Groom and his team interviewed hundreds of eager applicants in every State capital before they agreed that Kylie Foster's bewitching combination of innocence and sexuality was the image they were looking for.

Gerard's preoccupation with a sexually aggressive society is demonstrated in the motor-bike sequence with Sydney model Helen Derrin and Melbourne dancer Brenda Knowles.



Apart from her *Penthouse* appearance, Kylie's credits include a regular spot in the television series *Skyways*. In *Centrespread* she plays the part of Niki, a young girl who remains unaffected by the harshness of the new society. The photographer Gerard, played by Paul Trahair who has a string of television drama roles behind him, meets Niki and is immediately attracted by her innocence. Gerard spends his time photographing beautiful women in bizarre situations for the magazine. The models he works with reveal the aggressive sexuality that is the norm in his world. Gerard's style is unusual and the movie features a number of his hardcore photographic sessions which show Gerard's preoccupation with the violent aspects of the new society. The 24 Australian beauties selected by the *Centrespread* team frolic and fornicate through a wild motorbike sequence, a karate dance routine and more.

Above: *Penthouse* Pet Lyn Barron and Teresa Hamilton Smith on the beach. Right: Margret Dupre and Sue Woods in the waterfall scene. Far right: Amber and Julie Sirs have some fun.

Gerard and Niki fall in love, and the photographer finds his images of sexual violence tempered by her innocence. At first Niki's shyness keeps her from posing nude for the magazine, but she finally agrees to get her gear off for Gerard. The results are stunning. Gerard's editor sees the girl's potential and offers her the opportunity to be a star. And in the final scenes she is faced with the choice — her love for Gerard or the promise of a glamorous career. Wayne Groom believes this combination of sexual fantasy and boy meets girl romance will be a winner for his newly-formed Australian Film Productions company. Groom originally conceived the film as a low budget skin flick, but he now regards it as an effort to portray an erotic love story on screen.

Pam Walker and Jan McIntosh are featured in the animal scene with Penthouse Pet Carmen McCall, and Carmen poses for a tormented Gerard as he tries to recapture Niki's innocence.





Whichever way you look at it, Groom's Australia-wide search for his cast of beautiful girls certainly paid off. He flew the lucky few in from all parts of the country to his Adelaide location and completed the major nude scenes in the first weeks of filming — a case of pleasure before business. The bizarre animal paint scene was one highlight, with four girls decked out in wild colors and little else for the cameras. Groom also shot night-time nude scenes on the beach, a very hot shower scene and the beautifully filmed waterfall sequence which reinforces the change in Gerard's work from morbid violence to lyrical sensuality. And that's *Centrespread* — a sexual fantasy featuring the finest Australian female talent. ☪

Paul Trehair as Gerard begins to appear in his own photographs during a session at his home. He and Niki (Kylie) end up in each other's arms — the start of a daring love sequence.

THE VCR EXPLOSION

BY WAYNE ELMER

Once you've bought a video cassette recorder, you'll wonder how you survived without one.

In case you hadn't noticed, the sale of Video Cassette Recorders (VCRs) is booming. During 1981 around 100,000 additional VCRs will make their way into Australian homes. After a slow start, which saw only 60-70,000 recorders sold in the past three years or so, the market is now jumping. The industry has sorted itself into two major camps, according to tape format: VHS vs Beta. In the VHS camp are manufacturers such as JVC, Akai, Hitachi, Sharp, and National. Members of the Beta camp include Sony, Sanyo, and Toshiba. (An obvious omission from these lists is Philips — that's because they've just entered the fray with a new format, the Video 2000 system, of which more later.)

After some early scepticism on the part of the consumer (with the quadrasonic sound catastrophe still ringing in his ears) it appears he has decided that the

Photograph by Michael Beyceanu



makers have shaken the wrinkles out of home video players. Of course, you can hardly blame the consumer for being a little sceptical at first. Apart from professional VCRs, there were initially four major systems developed for domestic use. They were the VHS system, the Beta system (more widely known under brand names such as Betamax or Betacord), the VX system and the V-Cord system. All of these systems used half-inch tape, but because of differences in the shape of the cassette, length of tape and tape material, cassette tapes were not — and still aren't — interchangeable.

The internal structure of the video players differs from one system to another and the number of rotating heads also vary according to the format.

Eventually, the VHS and Beta formats carried the day. The manufacturers associated with the other two formats cut their losses and moved to one of the more successful formats. Just what the owners of original V-Cord and VX machines thought about that turn of events is better left unsaid. Anyway, they were mostly American and Japanese buyers, so we can afford to be wise after the event.

Everything seemed to settle down, and a good, clean free-enterprise battle between two aggressive groups of competitors was being staged. The winner was clearly going to be the consumer.

Then Philips — as they have the habit of doing — came along with something entirely new. The Video 2000 system, like VHS and Beta, uses half-inch video tape but it is capable of recording two programs in the available half-inch. In other words, the Philips system operates just like an audio cassette: it will record and playback in both directions. Complete side one of the tape and flip it over for the same amount of playing time on side two.

The first of the Video 2000 series VCRs has recently been released on the market. The VR2020 will offer the consumer up to eight hours' playing time from a single cassette. The best VHS or Beta can currently do is 3¼ hours. Of course, it should be noted that the Philips machine does not offer eight hours' continuous playing time — you have to flip the cassette after four hours.

While the Philips system is unique, the Beta and VHS formats vary very little in the features they offer. The major difference in the formats concerns the method of tape loading, or the way the tape is wound around the head. The Beta system requires that more tape be removed from the cassette than is the case with the VHS system. It is conceivable that this could lead to increased tape wear in the long run, but at this stage there is no firm evidence to support this assumption.

As far as recording and playback quality is concerned, there is nothing to separate these two non-compatible systems.

The point that needs to be made here is that if you are in the market for a VCR, do not choose between a Beta machine and a VHS machine on the format alone. The decisive factors should be price, features and brand reliability.

Currently there is a wide range of machines to choose from. At one end of the spectrum we have the Sony SL-C7, the first all-electronic microprocessor-controlled VCR, at the other end is the extremely popular Sanyo VTC 9300PN, a basic, no-fuss machine. There's sure to be a machine on the market that is tailored for your needs. And once you've bought one, you'll wonder how you ever survived without it.

Suddenly, the television becomes your slave. The advantages are obvious. Those 3am movies can now be recorded and replayed at a more civilised viewing time. The clash of top programs — a ratings period specialty — need no longer be a problem: watch one while you record the other. And if you're away from home while a special program is being aired, simply set your VCR to record it in your absence. It's a breeze. But as the makers of VCRs stress, the unauthorised recording of television shows may infringe the Copyright Act.

If you find the televised programs a little repetitive and mundane, you can always snap up a few pre-recorded video cassettes. Companies such as Video Classics, Magnetic Video and Hollywood House Video are in the business of supplying the VCR owner with a wide selection of program material. Most of the pre-recorded video cassette distributors market their tapes through department stores and specialty store outlets, and depending on the distributor, the consumer can either buy or rent the videotape. The purchase price for feature films starts at around \$60 and spirals according to the length of tape used.

Some of the titles currently available include, *The French Connection*, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, *Patrick*, *The Stud*, *Patton* and *The Poseidon Adventure*. Of course, there's also a swagger of R-rated and soft-core tapes available, as well as rock-oriented music tapes. Of the latter, there is *Ladies and Gentlemen The Rolling Stones*, *Rod Stewart In Concert*, *Jimi Hendrix* and *Beatles Double*; but undoubtedly the pick of the music videos is Split Enz's *True Colors*.

With the aid of the video cassette you can also learn to "Golf with Peter Thompson" and take "Bjorn Borg's Tennis Lessons". And for the silent movie buffs, there's a range of features by Chaplin, D.W. Griffith and Buster Keaton (including *The General*).

If you're in the market for pre-recorded tapes, you might also consider buying a few hard plastic cassette cases. The packaging of the pre-recorded cassettes tends to be colorful but flimsy (and really, you should expect better for the price you are paying). Solid, dust-free packaging is essential for tape maintenance.

So now you're convinced that you really do need a VCR... and quick! The four machines described below will give you an indication of what is currently available.

SONY SL-C7 (Beta)

A second generation machine from Sony, the C7 represents the high point in VCR technology to date. The full logic control transport mechanism can be operated either via the feather-touch main controls or the cordless remote control operator.

The major attraction of the C7 is undoubtedly its variable speed capability. The machine will play back at normal speed, three times normal speed, and will scan forward and backward at 12 times normal speed. The unit also features continuously variable speed control from still to half normal speed.

In practice, such features mean that you can zip through the commercial breaks in your recording at 12 times normal speed, you can replay Chappell's dismissal in slow motion and you can canter through a dull spot in a movie at three times the going rate. Sound is discontinued in all modes other than normal speed.

The machine is a gem to use, but there are still some bugs. Sony — along with all the other manufacturers — still has not mastered the stable slow motion picture. In slow motion the picture tends to be slightly unstable, with the image having a minor case of the jitters. Not a major problem, but it does make it impossible to clearly see whether or not the ball landed inside the base-line.

If you are attracted to the C7 primarily because of its slow motion function — and what sports fan wouldn't be? — you should check out the present limitations of slow motion playback before buying. Needless to say, in all other aspects the machine performs superbly.

JVC HR-3660EA (VHS)

Like the Sony, the 3660 by JVC offers variable playback functions, but the speed options are not quite so elaborate. The unit offers double-speed playback, variable speed slow motion and still frame replay. Unlike the C7, the 3660 allows for the adjustment of the slow motion speed via the machine's remote control unit. In relation to the picture quality in the slow motion function, the comments on the Sony C7 can also be directed at the 3660.

In the 3660, the transport controls are

mechanical in operation and the remote unit is attached to the recorder by cable. The unit, then, is not quite as elaborate or sophisticated as the Sony machine, but it does offer its owner a few luxuries to make his viewing hours even more interesting.

SANYO VTC 9300PN (Beta)

The 9300 by Sanyo does not offer the range of features available on the JVC machine, let alone the Sony machine. Yet it is the largest selling VCR in the country. Like the two previously mentioned VCRs, the Sanyo is aimed at a specific part of the video market — at the buyer who basically wants to record a program and play it back at his leisure. Slow motion, fast motion, etc are of little interest to this buyer.

If you fall into this category, you'll find that the no-frills Sanyo can be yours for hundreds of dollars less than its more exotic cousins.

With the Sanyo you won't be able to slow the play down or speed it up; and you'll have to go through "stop" before changing the direction or speed of the tape. While all of this can be a little inconvenient at times, you're left with the knowledge that the 9300PN is essentially the same machine that has been performing satisfactorily in thousands of Australian homes over the past few years. A tried and true performer.

PHILIPS VR2020 (Video 2000)

As was mentioned earlier, the VR2020 offers eight hours' playing time from a single video cassette — and as such it is not compatible with either Beta or VHS. Even while taping in the one direction, the Philips can record up to four hours continuously, and this is a marked improvement over the roughly three-hour capability of the other two systems.

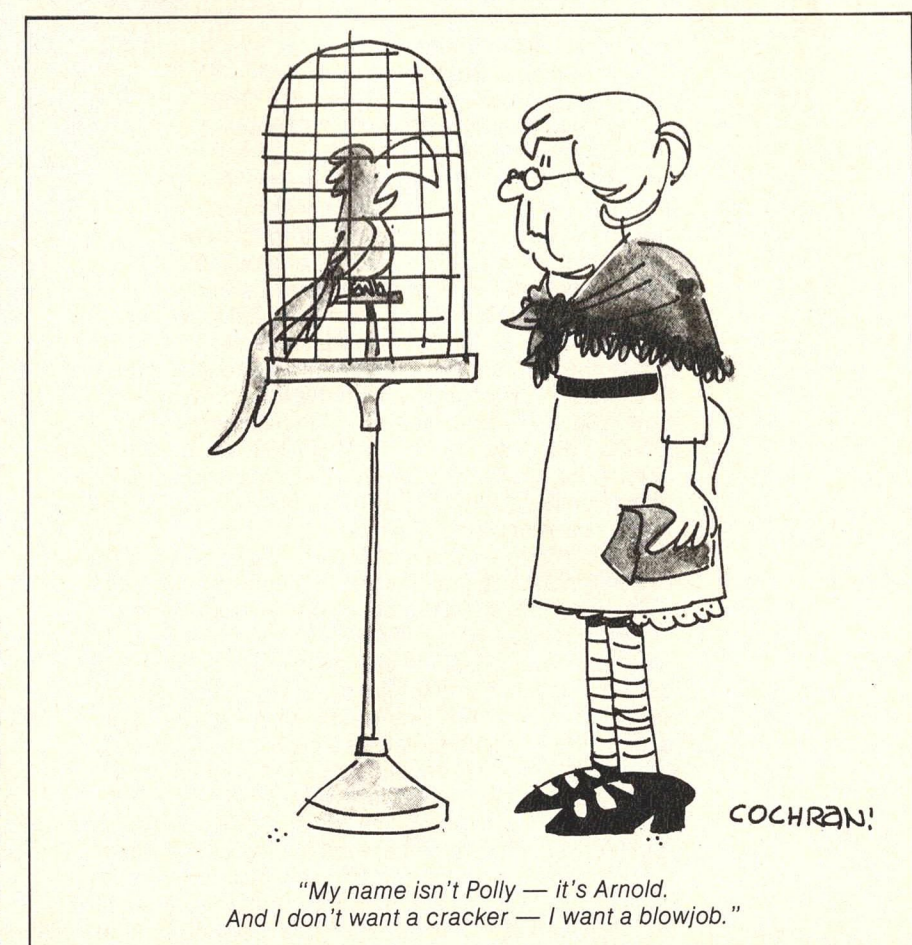
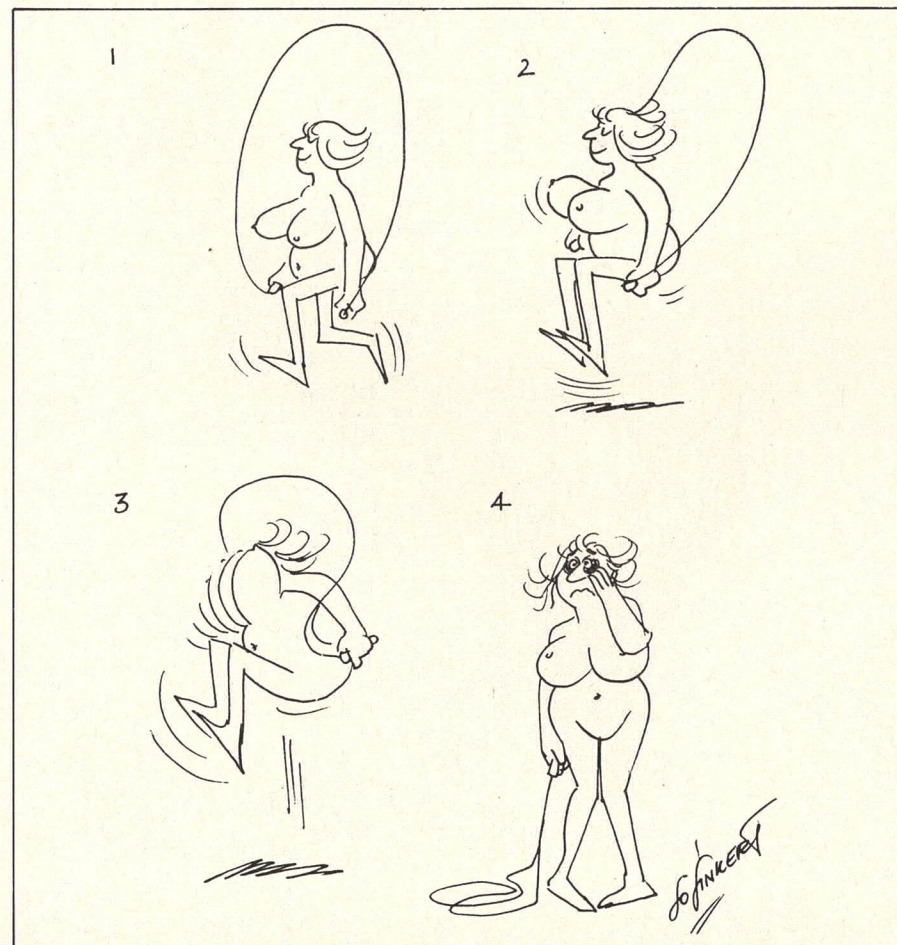
By effectively recording twice the standard amount on a half-inch of tape, the Philips system has doubled the recording efficiency of its machine.

All things being equal, it should cost you half as much (in terms of tape price) to record programs on the Philips system than on the others.

While tape length is an obvious attraction of the VR2020, there are also other features. Not the least of these is the micro-processor transport system, which allows direct access to any mode from any other mode, and there's a cordless remote control unit.

This particular Philips model does not offer variable speed functions, but such options may be available to future models in the series.

Of course, all four machines mentioned will record direct from a video camera as well as a television receiver — and that opens up a whole new range of applications for home video. And one we will have to return to later. ☐



For a champion golfer,
life isn't all beer and birdies.

NEWTON'S LAW

BY PATRICK MCCARVILLE

Jack Newton is no stranger to the winners' circle. The boy from Sydney achieved prodigy status in golfing circles as a teenager and continued to take more than his share of open titles through his twenties. Now, at the age of 31, he joins names like Bruce Devlin and, David Graham as one of the few Australians to successfully establish themselves on the American professional golfing circuit; probably the most lucrative, but also the most competitive sporting scene on the planet.

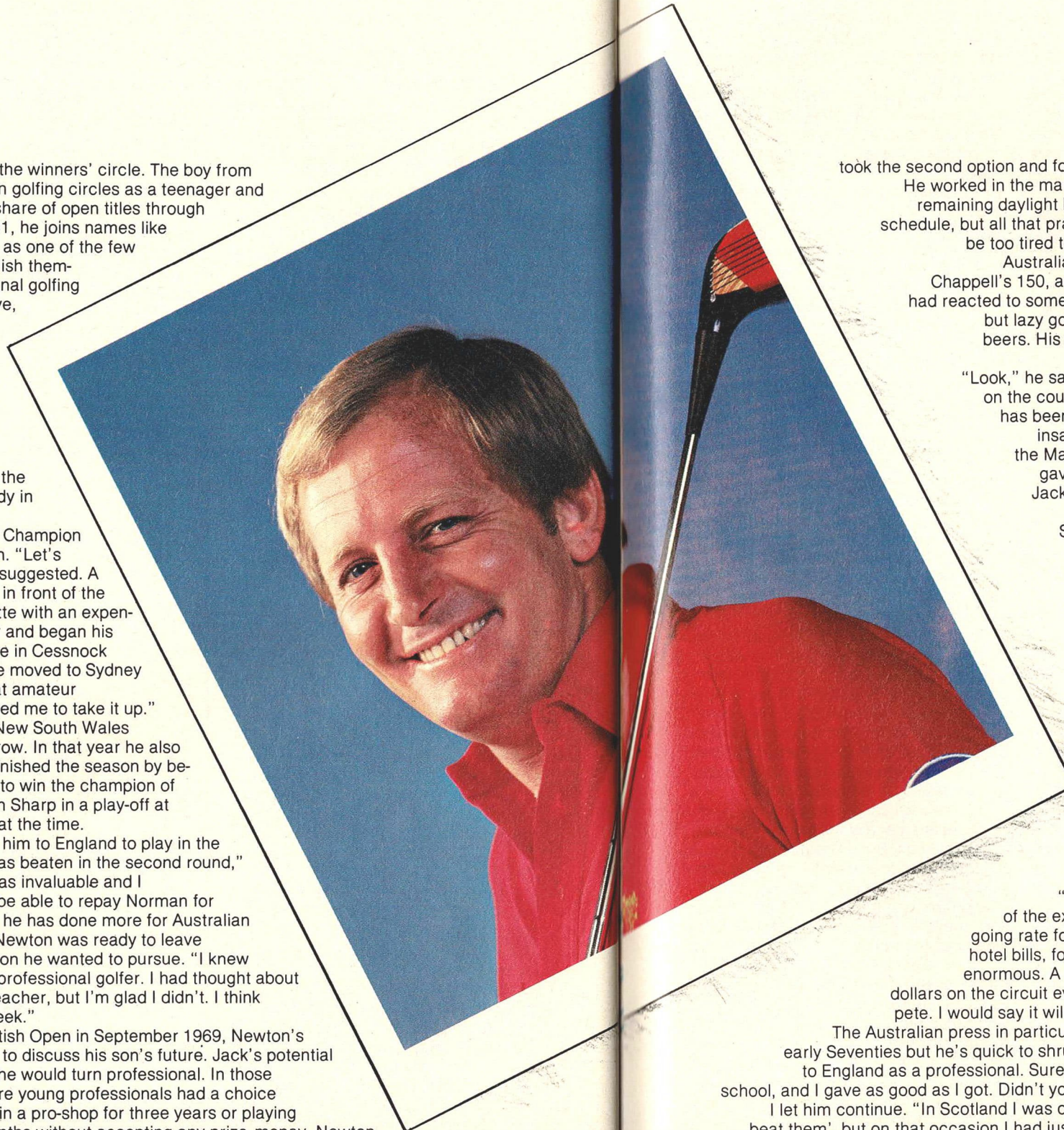
Newton and I were getting ready to watch another winner when we began talking at the Sydney Cricket Ground. Greg Chappell had just knocked up his century, Doug Walters had joined him at the crease and the crowd on the hill was getting rowdy in anticipation of some fine cricket.

The 1979 Australian Open Golf Champion was also keen to check the action. "Let's get a beer and sit in the sun," he suggested. A few minutes later we were sitting in front of the Members Stand. Jack lit a cigarette with an expensive lighter, took a sip on his beer and began his story. "My father worked in a mine in Cessnock but joined the police force and we moved to Sydney when I was a kid. Dad was a great amateur golfer and he and mum encouraged me to take it up."

By 1967 Newton had won the New South Wales Schoolboys title three years in a row. In that year he also won five open tournaments and finished the season by becoming the youngest player ever to win the champion of champions title when he beat Don Sharp in a play-off at Manly. Newton was 17 years old at the time.

In 1969 Norman von Nida took him to England to play in the British Amateur tournament. "I was beaten in the second round," says Jack, "but the experience was invaluable and I would like to say that I will never be able to repay Norman for his kindness to me. In my opinion he has done more for Australian golf than anyone I know." When Newton was ready to leave school, there was only one vocation he wanted to pursue. "I knew exactly what I wanted to be — a professional golfer. I had thought about becoming a physical education teacher, but I'm glad I didn't. I think I'd go mad working five days a week."

When he returned from the British Open in September 1969, Newton's father called a family conference to discuss his son's future. Jack's potential was obvious; it was decided that he would turn professional. In those days the PGA had a scheme where young professionals had a choice between working as an assistant in a pro-shop for three years or playing the professional circuit for 12 months without accepting any prize money. Newton



took the second option and found a job in the fish markets in order to support himself.

He worked in the markets from three in the morning until noon then spent the remaining daylight hours on the golf course. He remembers it as a gruelling schedule, but all that practice paid off. "Sometimes I'd get home at night and I'd be too tired to eat dinner. I reckon I hit more golf balls than anyone in

Australia that year." We interrupted our conversation to applaud Chappell's 150, and it was my turn to shout. I'd been wondering how Jack had reacted to some press reports which charged him with being a talented, but lazy golfer. The subject was broached when I returned with the beers. His blue eyes flashed a dangerous gleam when I questioned him about his practice habits.

"Look," he said emphatically, "last year at Augusta I was the only one on the course practicing in thunder and lightning. Lee Trevino (who has been struck by lightning himself) went on record to say I was insane, but I proved my point. I had two great final rounds in the Masters and finished joint second to Sevy Ballesteros. That gave me a big boost in America. People are now aware that Jack Newton exists. Big companies are now paying me good money to play a round of golf with their executives."

Star golfers in the States capitalise on their popularity by making themselves available for a variety of public performances. Two days after Newton took his second place in the Masters he received a call from his public relations manager Vinnie Giles asking him to fly to Chicago to join a group of golfers from a major US company. He arrived on a Monday night, booked into his hotel and played four holes with five company executives in turn the next morning. In the afternoon he gave a golf clinic and made a half-hour after dinner speech the same evening. The next morning he was on a plane to the latest tournament with \$5000 in his pocket. That's a pretty good wage for a day's work in anyone's book. When you're a winner in the States the rewards are enormous, but Newton was quick to point out that he earns every dollar and some of them disappear faster than he can make them.

"Before you start telling everybody I'm a millionaire, think of the expenses I'm faced with," said Newton. "To start with, the going rate for a good caddie is \$350 a week, then there are air fares, hotel bills, food: the list goes on and on. The cost of staying on tour is enormous. A lot of people reading about a golfer making thousands of dollars on the circuit every year don't realise how much money it costs to compete. I would say it will cost me about \$800 a week to play in the US this year."

The Australian press in particular has tagged Newton with the bad boy image since the early Seventies but he's quick to shrug it off. "Look mate, I was 22 years old when I first went to England as a professional. Sure, I was a bit of a hell-raiser, I'd been brought up in a hard school, and I gave as good as I got. Didn't you when you were a kid?" I had no answer to that one, so I let him continue. "In Scotland I was once quoted as saying 'show me any pair of Poms and I'll beat them', but on that occasion I had just shot 66 with a wild Irishman called John O'Leary in the

first round of the Sumrie four ball tournament.

"It was great, we annihilated everyone they put up against us that week and we walked away with the big money. Some people said I was big-headed and cocky, but I just knew we would win, and we did. I've been in hot water on other occasions, but most of it was just youthful exuberance. It's all part of the game. If you are a public figure the press seems to exaggerate everything you do."

Newton had a few regrets over the time he spent on the continent and admitted with hindsight that he should have moved on. "I do know one thing, and that is that I should have gone to America long before I did. I regard a lot of the time I spent playing in Europe as a waste of time, not all of it, but a lot of the time there was just wasted."

At this stage the cricket match started to divert us. Chappell was getting close to his double century and we both became engrossed in watching the master at work. Soon the magical figure was on the scoreboard beside Chappell's name, and Newton was on his feet, applauding with the rest of the crowd.

Chappell's run scoring spree ended soon after he'd hit the 200 mark, so the interview continued. Newton has often found himself involved in controversy and one of the latest is the offering of appearance money for imported players in the big Australian tournaments. Jack Newton has some strong feelings on that subject, and he reacted forcefully when I asked him about it.

"There's been so much bullshit written about me this year that I don't even read it anymore. Of course, I'm not against appearance money, but you've got to get it in perspective. Kerry Packer had the right idea. He paid big professional golfers \$4000, offered them accommodation and an air ticket to come and play in Australia, and what happened?"

"He usually had a turn-up of 15 to 20 pros from overseas playing in the Australian Open at Kensington. The public turned up to see them and everyone was happy."

What Jack objects to is the methods used by some promoters who only bring over a couple of American players, but pay them appearance money which almost equals the total tournament purse. Newton believes too many golfers suffer for the sake of promotion when a select few are feted to that extent.

"It's not right and it's time somebody made a stand," said Jack. "Last year I made a stand as the Australian open champion who had won over \$80,000 on the American circuit. I figured that if promoters were going to give money to players who did not have my track record, then they were going to pay me appearance money as well."

"I even organised for Dave Eichel-

berger, who won over \$100,000 on the US circuit, to come out and play for an air ticket and accommodation. Unless the PGA and the Australian Golf Union can get their act together, Australian professional golf can only go backwards. Look what has happened to Dunhill. They've been one of the mainstays of Australian golf for the past few years, and as far as I'm concerned the way they've been treated is a disgrace.

"Dunhill sponsored the Australian Open for two years. They had a two year contract with the AGU and a further option for two more years. But the AGU signed with somebody else without offering Dunhill the opportunity to take up that option. They have a history of losing major sponsors, and in a country like Australia, where there are so few companies capable of sponsoring an event the size of the Open, we just can't afford to do that."

A journalist
once asked the
most idiotic question.
He wanted to know
if I played
golf to relax.

"The amateur body should not control professional golf. The key word is 'professional'. That means big money, and where big money is concerned the level of administration should be professional too."

Newton has occasionally seemed a little peeved by his treatment in the press, and our discussion of professionalism in golf gave him an opportunity to have a go at the media himself.

"I was once asked the most idiotic question by a journalist. He wanted to know if I played golf for relaxation. What a stupid thing to ask. Of course I don't play golf to relax. I play for money. That's my business, it's what I do for a living. It's like asking a stage actor what he does during the day. He probably rehearses, and I doubt if he finds that a relaxing activity."

"When I want to relax I go home and have a meal with my wife, play with my kid or come to the cricket or the football and have a few beers with my mates. Ask any professional golfer if he plays to relax and he'll laugh at you."

The pressure in professional golf is intense, probably more so than in any other

sport. You're a one man band on the golf course; thousands of dollars can rest on one shot, and a single mistake can mean the difference between success and failure. Newton knows how important it is to stand up to the strain, and ignore the diversions.

"Someone can click a camera on a crucial putt, or walk behind you on your backswing. Something like that can break your concentration and that's all it needs. When I met Tom Watson in the play-off of the British Open in 1975 at Carnoustie it was ridiculous. There were people all over the place. At one stage a kid actually picked up my ball and put it in his pocket."

The business of self-promotion is another side of the professional golfer. It's a business Jack Newton knows well. "I realise I have to utilise my public image. I turn down five commercials for every one I do. I ask for top money; I am expensive, but I believe I've got credibility and that's what counts. I take this side of my career very seriously, and I give one hundred percent to the product I promote."

Apart from his professional golfing career and its spin-offs, Newton has a variety of other interests. He's currently involved in shoe manufacturing. The business is small at present, but he's optimistic about its future. "We believe that with sound business principles we can build it into a profitable organisation."

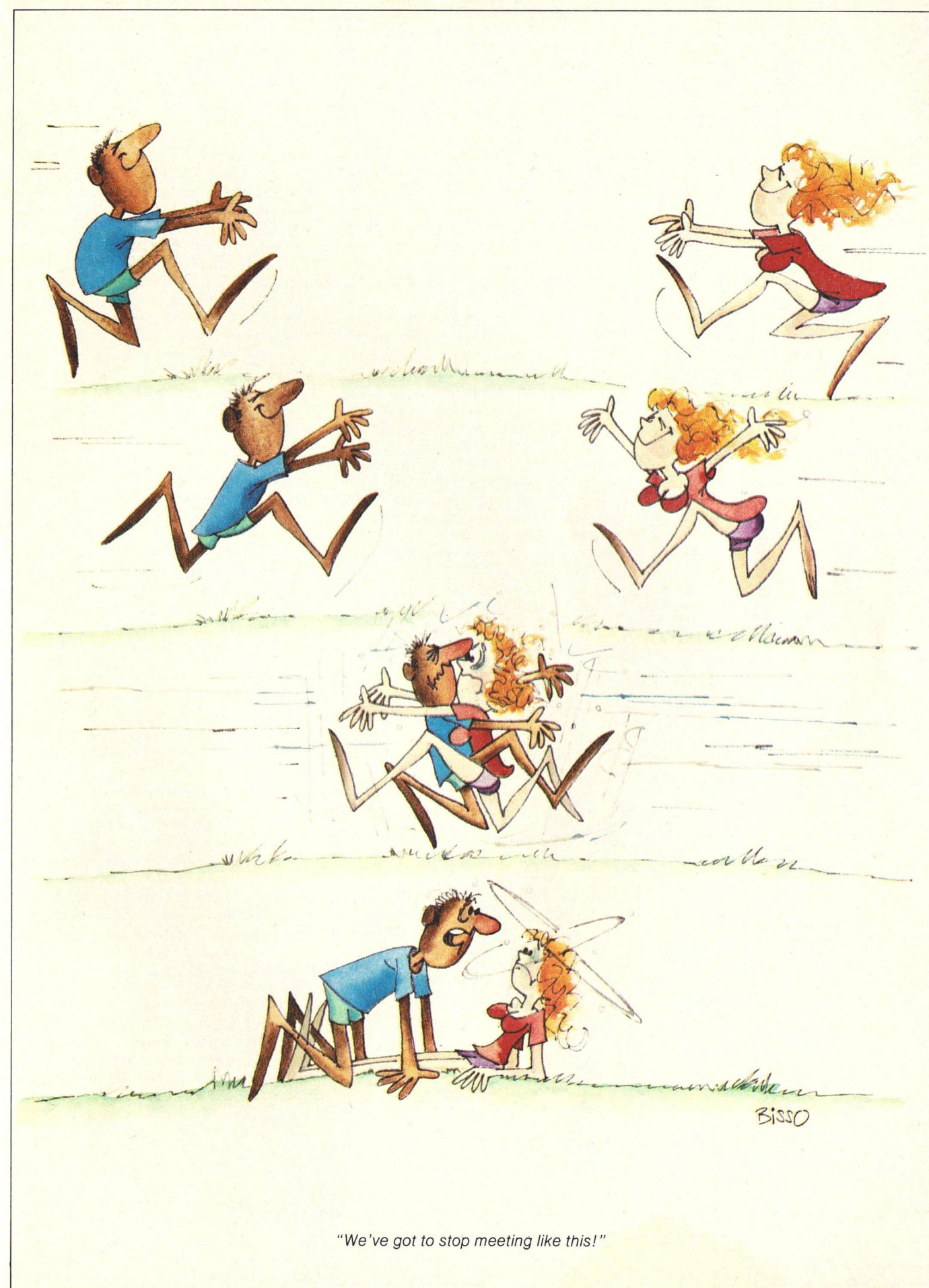
"I am also involved in a golf course complex on the Gold Coast and that's a project I find very exciting. It is the first time I have ever designed a complete course, but that is only part of the total concept. The people I'm in business with are waiting for the go-ahead from the Queensland Government and then the project should really take off."

There is no doubt that Newton would be a success in any business he chose to enter. His future as a commercial television property is assured if he keeps winning on the world circuit. That combination of blonde good looks (he's been described as the Robert Redford of the golf circuit) and a level-headed approach to his career guarantee success.

But he denies the accumulation of riches at this stage of the game. "I am not a wealthy man. But if I could have two or three more good seasons I figure I could give the game away (not that he has any intention of doing so). I don't eat, sleep and breathe golf. I enjoy life's other pleasures too much."

"My wife Jackie and our little daughter Kirstie spend part of the year in North Carolina where we have a nice home. I use it as a base when I tour. Jackie and Kirstie come with me for maybe two weeks at a time, but we are expecting a second baby, so Jackie won't be able to be with me as often as she used to."

I wondered whether marriage had



"We've got to stop meeting like this!"

made much of a difference to Newton's lifestyle. He gave me a quizzical grin and said: "I know what you're thinking. The press played it up big when we got married, with all that 'Newton tamed at last' stuff."

"Maybe some of it was true. I was wild and unruly when I met Jackie, but now we share a very private life."

"She is my unofficial manager in the States, she does all the hotel and airline bookings and it's great to relax with her and Kirstie after a day on the golf course. I miss them both on the tour, but I guess I can ring them every night. The golf tour can be a lonely life. Most of your American pros look the same, talk the same and strike the ball the same way. They can be the most boring dinner companions you'll ever meet. Soup is usually eaten as someone starts to describe a sliced drive, and when you get around to coffee the diner is still listening to his companion suffering the purgatory of a missed putt."

Newton still has plenty of praise for the Americans' gregarious character and he's made some lasting associations on the tour. "I have one great friend on the American circuit. His name is Mack Briggs. He's like a second father to me. Mack used to be the pro at Arcadian Shores in North Carolina and he knows my swing. Whenever I'm in trouble I go back to Mack."

"You wouldn't imagine this happening in Australia, but if I'm going really well in a tournament, Mack will jump on a plane and turn up at his own expense to give me encouragement. Can you imagine that? Americans are the complete opposite to Australians. They idolise their players. Australians love to put you on a pedestal and then take great delight in knocking you down."

"Another great thing about the Americans is the fact that they love Australians. I don't know why, maybe it has something to do with the way we speak our minds, and also because we love winning just as much as they do. People like Devlin, Compton and David Graham have made a big impression in the States."

Newton is now well established in America. Two years ago a large organisation, Myrtle Beach Holidays enlisted him as a representative on the tour. "They are basically a public relations outfit which has 30 motels and golf courses in South Carolina and I am the travelling golf pro. I do some commercials and public appearances for them. It's a good set-up."

The cricket was finished for the day but there were still a couple of questions I wanted to ask. As we left the ground I asked Jack what he thought of the young crop of local pros.

"Greg Norman has the ability to be a great player. He proved that with his record in Europe and by winning the Aus-

tralian Open. He is a much more mature player now than he was when I beat him in the Australian Open in 1979. He played magnificent golf during the final round at the Metropolitan and as I said at the time, I was in so many trees and so much sand I didn't know if I was King Kong or Lawrence of Arabia."

"But that day I just kept getting the ball into the hole and it's the final score that counts. There is no doubt in my mind that the experience I gained on the tough American tour helped me win the title that day. Greg will tell you that it has to be one of the most thrilling moments in a professional golfer's life when he wins his own national open tournament. Greg has to go and play the American tour, because that's where it's at. The rest of them pall in comparison. If you can win in America, you know you're good. If you can win there you can win anywhere."

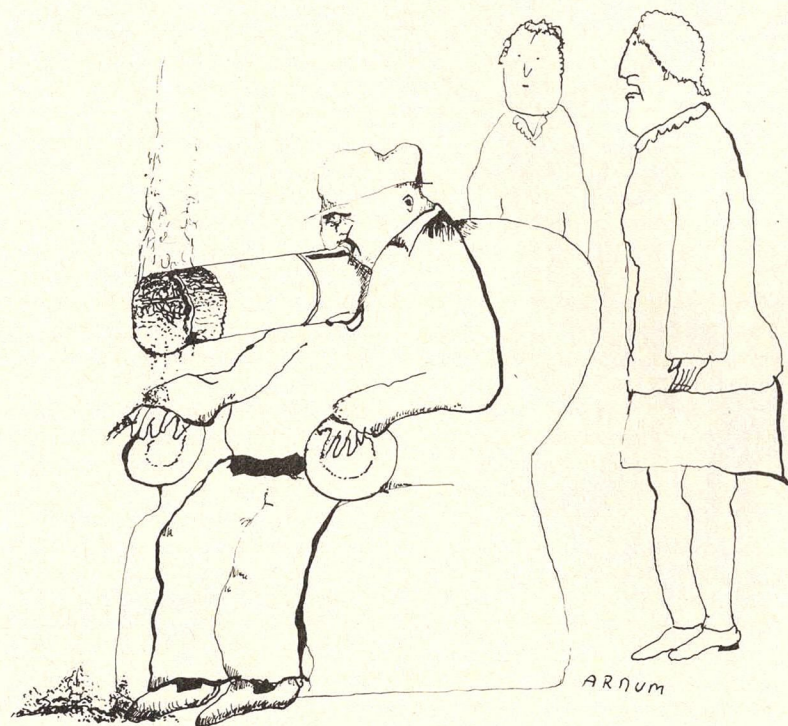
Injuries plagued Newton in the early days of his career. I asked him if they still gave him trouble and he immediately gave me an effective demonstration. He kicked his left foot against the seat in front of us and said "If I had tried that six years ago I would have been screaming in agony. That injury occurred in 1974 when something gave way in my left foot."

"I still don't know to this day what it was, but I couldn't put my full weight on it. I tried everything, and spent a fortune in Europe and Australia trying to find a cure. I even wore a steel plate in my shoe. That helped, but the pain persisted. I was in terrible pain when I won the New South Wales Open in 1976 at the Royal Sydney."

Newton recovered from those setbacks, then trouble struck again. "Early last year I was playing the best golf of my life in America. I had a three month spell when I knew I could make any shot I tried. Then, just before the US Open I got this lousy elbow trouble. It affected my game for the rest of the year."

"But I'm not the only one. Bob Shearer has had a rotten run of luck with his health too. It really got to him last year. I don't want to offend an old friend, but I felt he was using his illness as an excuse for his failures. I know that sounds harsh, but Bob is not only one of the best guys I know, he also has a mile of talent. I'm not worried and I hope he isn't either. I know Bob will snap out of the rut. Let's hope 1981 is a big year for him."

1981 is certainly looking like another big year for Jack Newton. Right now he's back in America, handling the back-breaking slog of a professional tour which has left hundreds of young golfers in its wake. The failures are not just financially ruined, but emotionally scarred by their inability to meet the challenge of the hardest sporting circuit in the world. Jack Newton has stood up to that test and now he's reaping the rewards. The man won't fail in America this year. He wouldn't know how. O-T



"Harold is down to one pack a day."

Ken Hiscoe put years of experience into his new racket.

The new Hiscoe Professional by Slazenger is probably the best thing in years to happen to the great game of squash. Firstly, each racket is constructed from the finest quality ash laminations and each racket is fibre-faced for greater feel and balance, and that's a most important aspect of any great racket. As you've probably noticed, the Hiscoe Professional has a revolutionary, open-throat design, and there's a very good reason - improved flexibility. So it not only looks different, it plays different. When you pick up the Hiscoe Professional you'll notice its exceptional lightness - yet another advantage when it comes to those winning shots that require skill and extreme sensitivity. All in all, the Hiscoe Professional is a superb, all-round racket that has been designed in conjunction with Ken Hiscoe - and it could just revolutionize your game and performance.



The all-new Hiscoe Professional was designed in conjunction with the former British and 7 times Australian Champion, Ken Hiscoe.





COMING SOON!

“SWEET CHASTITY”

OR

The improbable perils and tribulations of a fashionable young lady

Here's what the critics say:

"Embleton has now reached rock bottom in the sick and godless world of his own creation...Chastity sucks*!"—Oral Robots, *Scientific American*

"It reads like something Gore Vidal might have written for a Bob Guccione film."—Norman Mailisch, *Gay News*

"...typical, exploitative, scum-sucking, sexist-pig *Penthouse* production."—Susan Brownmule, *Ms. magazine*

"Judge him not by the demons that infect his mind and devour his reason... judge him only by that unspeakable crime of lust. In 'Sweet Chastity,' Embleton painstakingly represents every dimension of mortal sin known to god and/or me!"—Reverend Jerry Fartwell, *High Times*

"Super-vulgar, sexually vile, and intellectually vexatious...we all like sex, violence, and science, but not necessarily at the same time. There's a limit to how much science we can take with our sex and how much sex we can take with our violence. Frankly, I think it's pornography masquerading as the most abominable form of literary and artistic trash!"—Rex Ream, *Boy's Life*

"Ludicrous, inefficient balance of situational probabilities, wanton socio-sexual, or sometimes psycho-socio-sexual, positional or inter-positional value systems wherein 'lust's labor lost' becomes de rigueur even upon lesser, if not mini-sub-divisional, levels of inter-uterine activity...."—William Buckeye, *Firing Pin*

SWEET CHASTITY

Only one man could make her
and only one man could turn her on, and
that man was a raving lunatic!!

Don't miss this great new
action/adventure series...uncut and uncensored.
Coming to *Penthouse* soon.

← Typical scene from "Sweet Chastity" (left to right): Vincent von Frankenstein performing routine, life-creating surgery while mercurial-minded first assistant Igor and self-minded second assistant John Vain provide support.

*among other things

If the 1980s are to be the era of grim austerity that the doom-sayers would have us believe, an automobile like the Aston Martin Bulldog would seem as relevant as yesterday's newspaper. At first glance, the construction and unveiling of a two-ton, two-seat supercar powered by a twin-turbocharged, double-overhead cam V-8 seems — during the Age of the Tiny Urbocar — to make no sense. When even the very rich are discreetly slipping into more fuel-efficient vehicles, how can this 190-mph car, this staggeringly nonutilitarian Bulldog, be anything other than another awful blunder by the down-and-bleeding British car industry?

With a good deal of cunning, that's how. Consider: an automobile emerges as really important by virtue of only a few routes. It can, like the Porsche 911, win a whole stack of races. Or it can win the sales race on the showroom floor. Or, finally, a car can demonstrate some principle so effectively that a few key people in the worldwide car industry snap to attention and see in it a way to solve problems that most of the less-automotive-informed world know almost nothing about.

Peter J. Sprague, chairman and savior-in-chief of Aston Martin Lagonda (1975), Ltd., has targeted the Bulldog on the latter course. His supercar is important, not because he expects it to win races or sell well — the 4100-pound curb weight and \$500,000 pricetag tell you that — but because it is a billboard for the styling, design, and fabrication prowess available at his factory in Newport Pagnell, England. The Bulldog is a technology demonstrator, built on spec.

At least, the official line is that the Bulldog resulted from a luncheon meeting between British Leyland boss Sir Michael Edwardes and Aston Martin managing director Alan Curtis. Edwardes suggested that an Aston-Jaguar sports car would be interesting, and Curtis commissioned William Towns — stylist of the AM Lagonda hypertourer — to do some drawings, which finally found expression in metal early in 1979. Unofficially, however, rumors persist that the Bulldog was commissioned by the young sheikh of Oman but that his involvement ceased when he mysteriously stopped answering his mail. In this version, Sprague & Co. turned a half-finished playboy's toy into a show car rather than eat the chassis and design work already done.

There's more to this car, however, than its controversial origins. What you can see — the spaceship styling, the gull-wing doors, the five headlights hidden behind the upper nose panel,

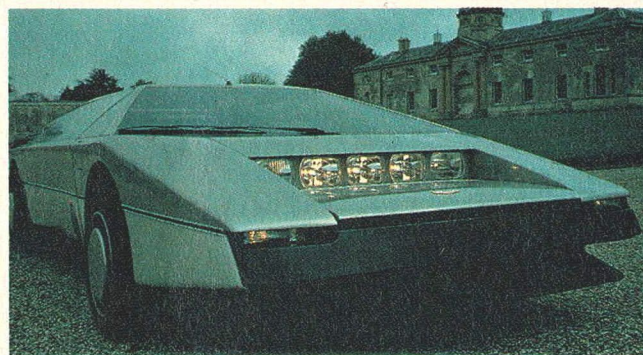
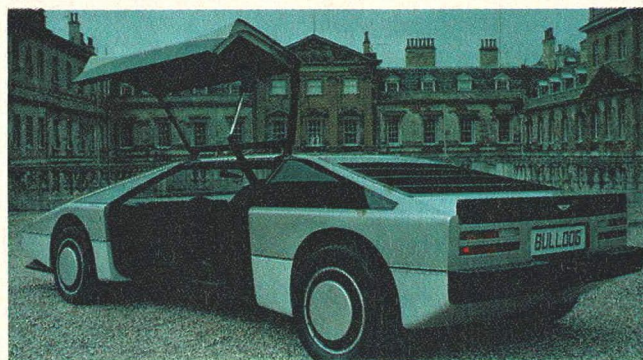
the vast black-glass area — tells you a good deal, but it's what you can't see that sets Towns' supercar apart.

Towns designed the Bulldog to be built on a chassis of steel sections, in this case thin-walled tubing of four- and two-inch diameters. The fore and aft bulkheads are connected by three larger-section tubes, the outermost being set well inboard to allow the gull-wing door sill to reach right up to the seat rail, easing entry and exit. Cross-braced tubing forms a rollcage in the cockpit, and light subframes support the hand-formed aluminium bodywork, itself another Aston Martin trademark. The nose section houses the lights, a large and nearly horizontal radiator and dual electric fans, brake cylinders and servo, and the air-conditioning condenser. Lifting the hinged rear bodywork exposes the 5.3-litre DOHC V-8, crowned between the "vee" by its Bosch mechanical fuel injection and flanked under each cylinder bank by the twin Garret Ai-Research TO4B turbochargers (set to blow at 12 psi) and their snaky plumbing. A Zahnradfabrik Friedrichshafen 5DS 25-2 fivespeed transaxle, with inboard racing disc brakes on the half-shafts, delivers the 7.5:1-compression engine's X-rated horsepower to the 11-inch wide Compomotive

alloy wheels and Pirelli P7 tires. And those wheels ride on yet another Aston tradition — a De Dion rear suspension.

Inside, although a belt of walnut runs round the cockpit and a lavish use of wool carpeting and leather reinforces the Bulldog's John Bull image, all is future-think. Behind the tiny, thickly padded wheel, a row of six LCD indicators keeps the driver up to date on his speed, percent of fuel remaining, engine rpm, oil pressure, voltage output, and water temperature.

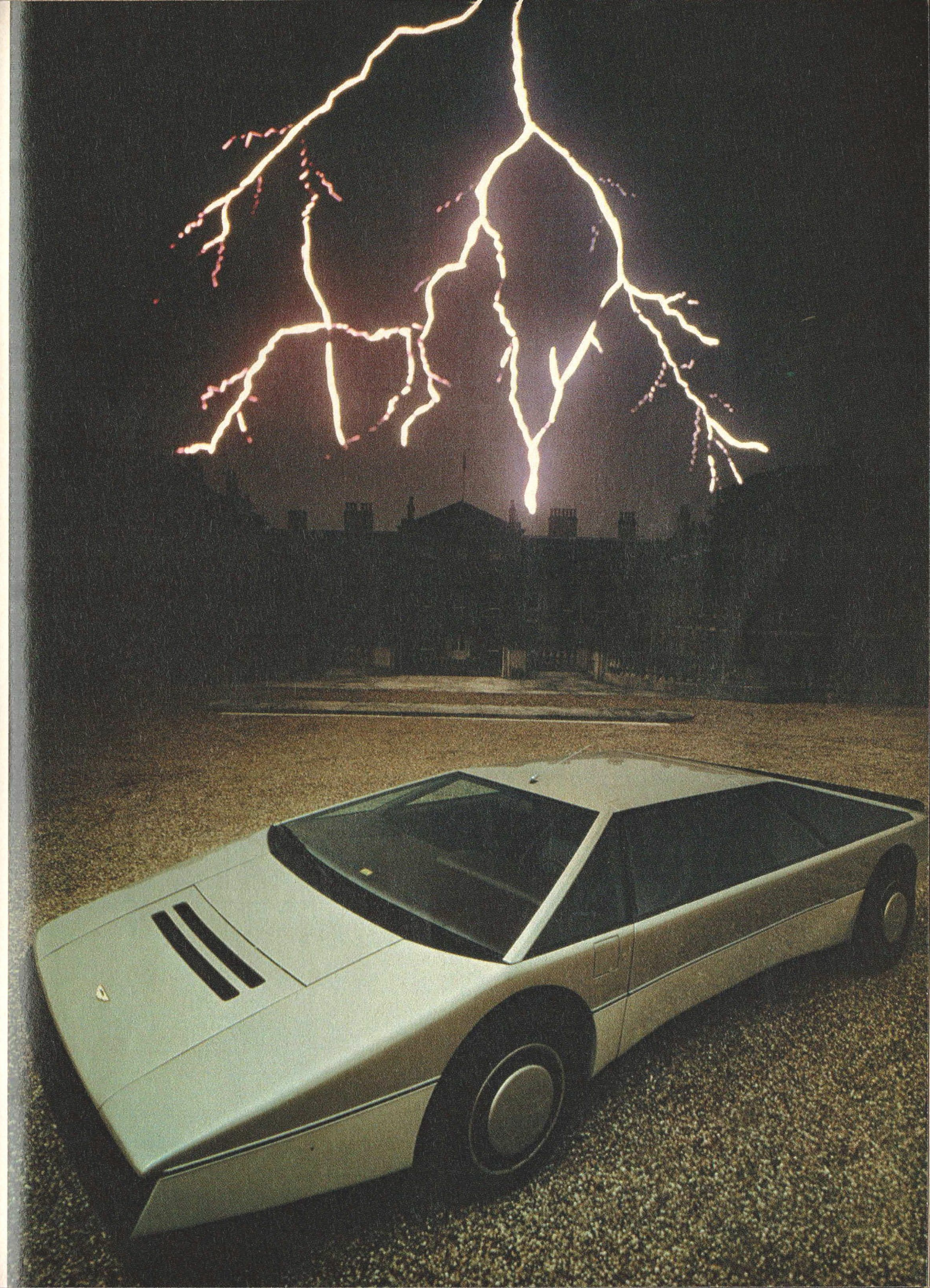
The Bulldog rides and shifts like a race car. Which is to say, not only does it handle well, with little body lean, but also the control efforts are very high, from shifter to steering wheel. Serious turbo-lag complicates threading the Bulldog through traffic, as does its awful visibility; with no outside mirrors and limited through-deck vision. Despite layers of Vernaware insulation, the engine is *loud* at its irregular, coughing idle, and it gets louder with every millimetre the throttle is depressed. You sense that the only way you could enjoy driving the car would entail keeping it on the pucker side of 190 mph. At the end of 30 minutes, you aren't sure that even *that*, or the 10 seconds needed for its 0-100-mph burn, is enough to warrant the price. 

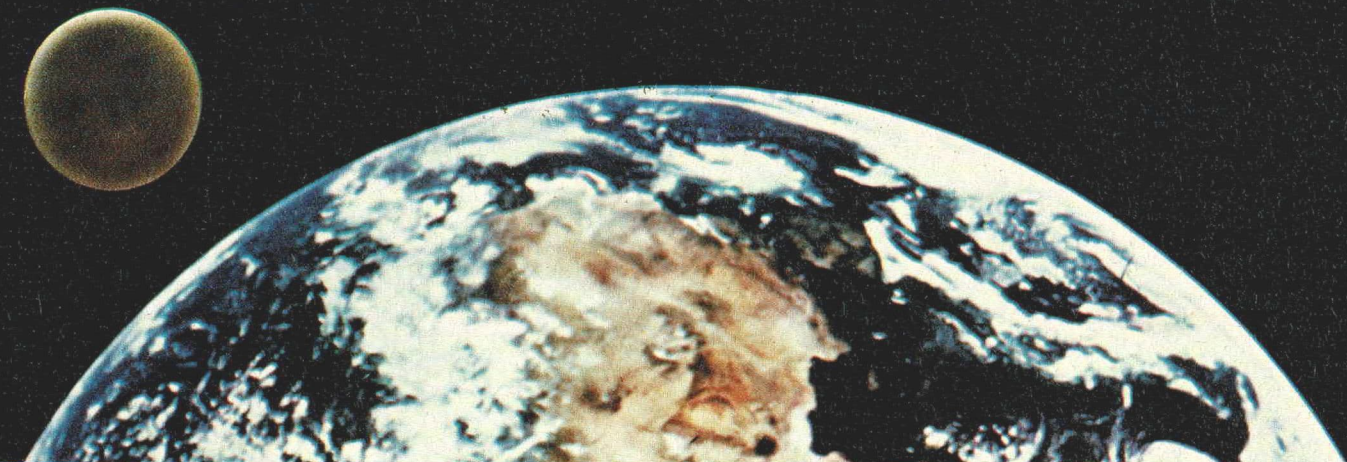


The Aston Martin Bulldog is the world's first \$500,000 state-of-the-art road machine.

SUPERCAR

BY STEVEN L. THOMPSON





Proof that there is intelligent life on earth.

In the world today there is an extraordinary magazine called Omni.

Every month it brings you the words, thoughts, dreams, and intelligence of the great scientists and thinkers of our time. In Omni you will encounter people like Carl Sagan, Buckminster Fuller, Alvin Toffler, Margaret Mead.

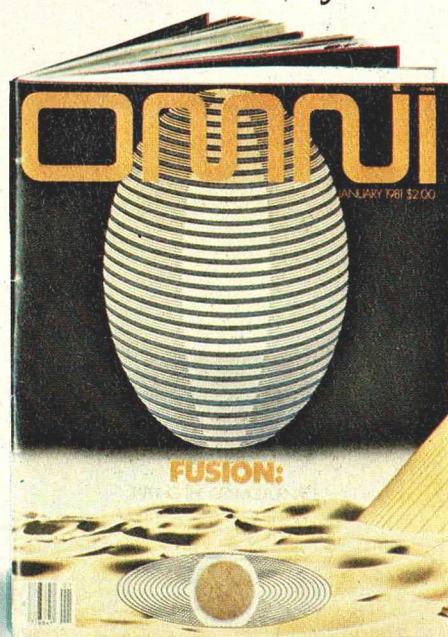
You will read astonishing new stories from writers like Isaac Asimov, Ray Bradbury, Robert Heinlein.

You will learn of the latest discoveries in space, in medicine, in physics. The state of the quark and neutrino. The ins and outs of holograms, bionics, laser surgery, genetic engineering. Things you wouldn't read unless you get Omni.

You will see stunning photo essays by exceptional photographers. And artwork that has won awards around the world.

In Omni you will find out about the place in which you'll spend the rest of your life: the future. As well as the fascinating, surprising, weird and wonderful world of the present.

Any civilisation that can give birth to an Omni magazine can't be all bad. Available at newsagents.



The Doors' Jim Morrison died almost a decade ago, but the mystery surrounding his last days still remains.

A FREE MAN IN PARIS

The way his wife Pamela told the story afterward, their brief exile in Paris was idyllic. Gone were the pressures that had led to decadence. Jim nearly stopped his drinking. He was writing huge quantities of fresh, exciting poetry, a book about the Miami obscenity trial or an autobiography — her story varied, and, after they saw an opera, a symphony Jim and Pamela were like newlyweds, compatible as never before.

That was Pamela's fantasy.

There was one story in particular she liked to tell about a journey they'd made to Morocco. "I woke up one morning and saw this handsome man by the hotel pool, talking to two young American girls. I fell instantly in love with him. Then I realised it was Jim. I hadn't recognised him. He had got up early and shaved his beard and he was so lean from losing so much weight, he seemed a new man. It was so nice to fall in love again, afresh, with the man I was already in love with."

At "home" in Paris, sometimes at the Georges V, more often in a third-floor apartment on the Right Bank, it was calm at first. Most of their time passed in the large, sunny flat in Le Marais, an old and distinguished residential section near the Place de la Bastille. They subleased it, paying 3000 francs a month.

A young French cover girl, Elizabeth (ZoZo) Larivière, and her sometime boyfriend, an American television producer, had the place, but they planned to leave soon — he to

return to America where he had a family, she to the south of France to make a movie — so they offered Pamela one of their spare bedrooms, telling her that when they left, she and Jim could take the place for at least two months.

For two weeks, until April 10, ZoZo remained in the flat, watching this odd couple adjust to Paris and readjust to each other. To ZoZo, it seemed a peculiar relationship. Whenever she talked with Pamela, Pamela spoke only of Jim and how wonderful he was, "everything was Jeem, Jeem, Jeem." But then when Pamela stayed out all night with some of the French friends she'd made, in the mornings on the telephone she begged ZoZo to tell a lie for her. "Oh, please say to Jeem I was in your friend's house all the night and I'm going to come back at 12." I always used to have to say that to Jeem."

Jim would silently make breakfast for himself and ZoZo, serve it to her in bed and sit and talk with her as they ate. Some mornings he would then go into the smallest of the flat's three bedrooms, where he had moved ZoZo's desk and sit and write — or rummage through one of the cartons of papers and notebooks, tapes, clippings, photographs, fan mail, and manuscripts he'd brought with him, searching through the relics and records of his past, trying to determine exactly what it amounted to. Later in the day, when the light that came through the courtyard window changed, he would sometimes move to the dining room table with his notebooks. Other mornings he went for long, solitary walks.

But contrary to Pamela's fantasy, Jim was still drinking — and heavily. It was with great pleasure that he discovered two of France's most traditional types of bars: the wine bistro and the sidewalk cafe.

There was still a Hollywood/Hemingway/Fitzgerald feel to Paris, a foreign familiarity. A stop at a bistro or cafe was not just natural, it was *de rigueur*; not to raise a toast in praise was blasphemous.

Jim was keeping blasphemy at arm's length one day the first week of April at the Astroquet, a small club on the Boulevard St Germain. It took its name from the French word *troquet* (cafe), and the American reference to outer space, Astro; the interior was done up like a Buck Rogers cartoon.

Jim had been drinking alone when his attention was drawn to some young people who entered carrying guitar cases.

After a while he walked to their table. "Are you guys Americans?"

From *No-one Here Gets Out Alive* by Jerry Hopkins and Danny Sugerman, published by Angus and Robertson, recommended retail price \$12.95.

"Sure are. Where you from?" No one recognised him.

"California."

"Me, too. Where'd you go to school?"

"Uh... UCLA."

"Wow, me, too! When were you there?"

Jim thought a moment, said 1964 and 1965. Again the youthful American said, "Wow, me, too. What school were you in?"

"Uh, cinematography."

The young American paused. It was a game of Twenty Questions, or What's My Line? "Uh... uh... do you sing? With a group?"

Jim admitted that he did.

"Oh wow, Jesus, I'm embarrassed, I didn't even..."

Jim bought them drinks, straight whiskey with a beer chaser, the same thing he was drinking. The young man

Once he'd checked that Pamela was asleep with the photographer, he assaulted the liquor supply.

introduced himself: "Phil Trainer. These guys are my friends and we have a band called Clinic, we're all Americans, my dad's with the American Embassy here."

In the hours that sloshed toward dawn the guitars came out and Jim sang "Crawling King Snake". He told his new friends that he'd done that on the new album that would be released that week in America. He was smoking constantly and his voice was heavy and rough. Between songs they talked about music and stardom. Jim told them he had gotten everything out of it that was possible to get. They were amazed when he said he'd taken acid 250 times. Jim impressed them again when he told them about the night he had destroyed the recording studio.

By dawn, all but Jim and Phil had gone. Jim was chainsmoking and inhaling so deeply he'd force a bronchial cough. Phil was a singer, too, and he says, "I thought Jim was destroying his chest and throat. He was taking these huge drags on the cigarette, really, oh man, if I have any image of him at the

time it's him going *ssssuuuuccckkkk* on the cigarette and then *cough, cough, cough*."

They were both terribly drunk, and as they staggered out of the club and into the early morning, Jim unzipped his pants and took a leak. "Do da funky chicken," Jim said, "do da funky chicken." Then, zipper back up, he suggested they hire a cab to go looking for Pamela. "Do da funky chicken."

When they discovered that Pamela hadn't returned to their Marais apartment, Jim knew where to go — to the Latin Quarter to the flat of a woman photographer. He let himself in (he knew where the key was kept), and once he'd checked that Pamela was asleep with the photographer, he assaulted the liquor supply. First vodka. Then rum. Then whatever he saw, straight from the bottle, no chaser, no mix. After an hour of that, he sent Phil to wake Pamela.

At breakfast in a nearby cafe Pamela ordered for Jim: spaghetti and a glass of milk to line his stomach. "You're not gonna drink any more, are you, Jim?" Pamela began to beg. "Jim?"

Jim sat silently, staring into the busy boulevard. "Do da funky chicken," he finally said.

A few days later they rented a car and drove southwest through the French wine country, through Orleans, Tours, Limoges, and Toulouse, crossing into Spain through Andorra, visiting the Prado in Madrid, where Jim sought out "The Garden of Earthly Delights" by Hieronymus Bosch, his masterwork that included a mysterious face thought to be that of Bosch himself. From there they went south to Granada, where Jim was most impressed by the Alhambra, a Moorish palace generally conceded to be the most beautiful example of Western Mohammedan architecture still standing: a citadel of sunlit arches and exquisite blue tile.

Jim and Pamela were getting along well, nearly as well as she'd one day boast. Living together for an extended period in a car and in small hotel rooms provoked small arguments, but the distractions were numerous and marvelous. Not even when they were jived out of a hundred dollars by an English-speaking Arab who promised a large lump of hash were Jim or Pamela seriously disturbed.

From Tangier they drove south along the Atlantic coastline to Casablanca, then inland to Marrakech. They ate well, drank the local wines, and recorded everything with a Super-8 movie camera they'd bought before leaving Paris. When they turned in the car and flew back to Paris the first week of May, they had been gone three weeks.

Their flat was unavailable for a few nights so they moved into L'Hotel, an exclusive Left Bank hostelry whose 25 extravagantly appointed rooms were becoming much in demand among visiting rock stars, who were attracted to the one-time residence of Oscar Wilde. Soon after, there were stories of another of Jim's binges and the accompanying fall from one of L'Hotel's second-storey windows. He apparently landed on top of a car, bounced once, and, dusting himself off as if nothing had happened, walked up the street for a drink.

Living on the Left Bank, in St Germain, in a way put Jim back on Santa Monica Boulevard, for here were all the famous bars. The Cafe de Flore and the Deux-Magots, where Sartre and Camus once did their drinking. La Coupole, with the works of Picasso, Klee, Modigliani, and so many more on the pillars: Art Deco heaven, where Scott and Zelda once held court. (Jim said it looked like Ratner's, a delicatessen in New York's Lower East Side.) To the *au courant* French crowd, the hippest "underground" clubs were the newly opened Le Bulle, and Jim's favorite, a series of basement caves called the Rock 'n' Roll Circus.

Six to eight months earlier the Circus had been the club in Paris, on a par with, say Whiskey in Los Angeles: loud, with good bands and a good sound system, expensive, drink oriented, verging on show biz sleaze. But respectable, Led Zeppelin and Richie Havens and Johnny Winter jammed there, and so did some of the Beach Boys. By the spring of 1971, however, the club had become a heroin marketplace that was frequented by the professional underworld: the whores, the thieves, the pimps. The disc jockey who had played records at the club early in the year, and then switched to Le Bulle, an American exile named Cameron Watson, described the Circus as "cold turkey on the dance floor." Jim loved that, of course. From phony sleaze to real sleaze. For Jim that didn't necessarily represent a step down.

The end of the first week of May, Friday the 7th, Jim was at the Circus drunk and belligerent and, finally, violent, throwing pillows and knocking over furniture. Apparently he was not recognised and was picked up and thrown out. A young French student named Gilles Yepremian discovered Jim engaged in a shouting match with the club's bouncer.

"Niggerrr..."

Jim tired of screaming and went to jump in a cab. The cabbie turned him away. He went to a second cab and again was refused. He began to scream again. Gilles, who understands virtually

no English, thought that what he screamed was, "I want meat! I want meat!"

Gilles recognised Jim and approached a third cabbie, convincing him to accept them. But as the cab crossed the Seine, Jim insisted he be let out. He wanted to go for a swim. Two French policemen were strolling past in the predawn fog, their capes and pill-box hats forming a familiar silhouette.

"Fuckin' pigs!" Jim spat. Then yelled, "Fuckin' pigs!"

The *flics* continued their practiced *laissez-faire* walk and Gilles hustled Jim into another cab, taking him to the flat of a friend, Herve Muller, who lived in the seventeenth arrondissement, near the Etoile. The cabbie complained about the size of the tip and Jim threw a fistful of money at him. As they climbed the five flights of stairs, Jim said, "Shhhhhh... we mus' be quiet."

Lunch started for Jim with two Bloody Marys and then he ordered a bottle of Chivas Regal Scotch.

A sweet little Czechoslovakian emigre named Yvonne Fuka threw open the door. "Yes?"

"I have brought you somebody I found in front of the Rock 'n' Roll Circus," said Gilles.

Yvonne peered around Gilles at the rumpled figure hanging over the stair railing. At the time she was an art director for one of France's leading rock magazines, *Best*. Her boyfriend, Herve, with whom she shared this large one-room, kitchen, and bath, was a writer for the same magazine. She recognised Jim and told Gilles to bring him in.

Jim wobbled through the door, his head moving slackly from side to side, absorbing everything, finding a bed. He wobbled over to the bed and crashed. Then he slept until almost noon, when everyone introduced themselves.

There wasn't much in the refrigerator, so Jim suggested they all be his guests at a restaurant he knew. This was the Alexander, near the Hotel Georges V, with a menu to match the neighborhood. Jim was recognised as a regular customer, at least as one who

spent and tipped freely, but was told the restaurant did not serve breakfast. Perhaps they'd care to wait for lunch.

Lunch started for Jim with two Bloody Marys, and then he ordered a bottle of Chivas Regal scotch. An hour later he was drunk and insulting a tableful of French businessmen in a language they blessedly did not understand: "You look stupid... Tell me, are you mother? Are you arseholes?"

"He was drinking twice as much as anybody else," says Herve sadly. "At the end of the meal they came with two bottles of cognac and asked him which one he wanted. And he just grabbed one of them, tore off the top and raised the neck to his mouth. He began asking Yvonne to get him a girl. 'Can't you get me a chick?' After a while he paid for everything with a credit card. There were five of us and it came to seven hundred francs."

They began walking to their car, Jim leaning heavily on Yvonne for support. "You must get me out of here," he told her urgently, "you must get me out of here."

After only 50 metres he said he could go no farther, he had to rest. They eased him on to a bench and Herve went on to fetch the car.

Jim turned violent when Herve returned and had to be wrestled into the vehicle, then dragged up the five flights of stairs to Herve's flat. Midway, he slumped and refused to be taken higher. "Leave me!" he said, sitting down on one of the landings.

Then he bellowed, "You niggerrrrs!"

Finally Yvonne and Herve managed to get him into their flat and on to a bed, where he promptly fell asleep. It was three o'clock on a Saturday afternoon.

Herve and Yvonne saw Jim again. This time he was with Pamela. They had dinner at Herve's and Yvonne's and talked of poetry and film. Jim said he had brought copies of *Feast of Friends* and *Hwy* with him to France and wanted to get them shown. He also gave a copy of "An American Prayer" to Herve, who asked if he could translate it into French. Yvonne said she'd like to do some illustrations. Jim was interested in the possibilities a collaboration posed.

Later that evening after quite a bit of wine, Jim told Yvonne, perhaps inadvertently, why he was in Paris.

"I'm so sick of everything. People keep thinking of me as a rock and roll star and I don't want anything to do with it. I can't stand it anymore. I'd be so glad if people didn't recognise me... who do they think Jim Morrison is, anyway?"

The Doors officially left Elektra Records, ending a relationship that had started four years and ten months

earlier. The same week Jim's final album, *L.A. Woman*, and the next-to-last single, "Love Her Madly", were released, and both began a rapid climb up the charts. The cover photograph for *L.A. Woman* was a group shot, placing equal emphasis on each member. In fact, Jim had slunk down in a way to make himself appear even smaller than the others! In addition, because no one had been successful in persuading Jim to shave, for the first time he appeared full-bearded on an album cover, wearing a demonic, sly smirk. Jim had gotten his revenge for the 13 and *Absolutely Live* front covers.

The critics were unanimous in their praise for *L.A. Woman*. The rebound that had begun with *Morrison Hotel* was accelerating. The doubters and the detractors were vanquished — the Doors were definitely back. Eventually the album would reach the number five position, and the single would go to number seven. The record industry was abuzz with reports that the Doors were negotiating with Atlantic and Columbia Records for unprecedented amounts of money. John, Ray, and Robbie got together occasionally to jam in their rehearsal studio, with Ray handling the vocals, working up material for Jim's impending return.

It was about this time that Jim, who had little if any knowledge of the recent upswing, called the office and told Doors' roadie Bill Siddons he was getting music back into his head, but he wanted to rest a while longer. Later that week he placed an early-morning call to John Densmore and asked him how the material was coming. When John told Jim how well the album and single were selling and how much the press liked the records, Jim was amazed. "If they like this, wait'll they hear what I got in mind for the next one," he told John.

It was the first day of July and Paris was blazingly hot. Jim had crashed into a slough of terrible and terrifying despondency. He had been drinking heavily and now was trying to quit once and for all. He was trying to write, trying to seize the depressing full-nelson and crank it into something creative, but to no avail. He sat slumped at the dining room table, waiting for words to come. The little he put down was not up to the Morrison standard and he knew it. He would stand in front of the mirror for minutes at a time, staring into his own eyes, searching for an answer there. Alan Ronay had never seen him so low and Pamela was frightened. They took turns trying to distract him, trying to cheer him, but with no luck. Finally on Friday night, the 2nd of July, Alan suggested the three of them have dinner at an outdoor cafe not far from the Mor-

risson flat. Jim refused to saddle his friends with his condition. He remained unusually quiet while meal noises replaced the absent conversation.

After supper Jim may have shown his emotional hand when he sent a telegram to Jonathan Dolger, his editor, regarding the cover of Simon and Schuster's paperbound edition of *The Lords and The New Creatures*. He wanted Joel Brodsky's "young lion" photo dropped and Edmond Teske's bearded, more poetic, photo to replace it. He then took Pamela home, going on alone to a movie that Alan had recommended (*Pursued* with Robert Mitchum).

Where Jim went after the movie, or if Jim went to the movie, is a matter for speculation. The various reports of that evening are snarled with contradictions. Some say he went to the Rock 'n' Roll Circus, so steeped in depression

Whatever happened
on the Friday night,
by Monday morning
July 5, Jim
was rumored to
be dead.

that he bought some heroin and OD'd in the club lavatory, only to be carried out the back door and dumped at his flat, in the bathtub. Others say he left Alan and Pamela and headed straight for the airport, where he was seen boarding a plane. Or maybe he just walked all night. Or he went to the film and returned to the flat, where he soon complained he wasn't feeling well and was going to take a bath. It is this last version that has gained the most exposure, but whatever happened on the Friday night, by Monday morning, July 5, Jim was rumored to be dead.

On Monday the national newspapers in London began calling Elektra Records' English offices. No one there could verify that Jim was alive. The papers had heard that he had been discovered dead at his Paris apartment. How did the rumor start and was it true this time? Clive Selwood, who ran Elektra's English office, called the company's office in France for verification. Elektra France was not even aware that Jim was in France. Clive then called the American Embassy and the

Paris police. Both denied any knowledge of the death of an American named Jim Morrison.

Clive decided to forget about it, it was probably just another false alarm. He had almost convinced himself when two of England's primary rock weeklies called him, one right after another. Clive told them what little he knew. He then decided to call Bill Siddons in Los Angeles. Because of the time difference, he woke Bill up.

"Bill," he said, "I can't substantiate it in any way, but we are getting reports that Jim died."

Bill almost laughed. "Oh come on Clive." He said he was going back to bed. When he couldn't fall asleep again, he decided to call Jim himself. Pamela answered the phone and told Bill he'd better come right over, as if Bill had only to travel around the corner. Pamela wasn't crazy about Siddons, but she knew he'd take care of business. Bill called the airport to book reservations for the next available flight. He then called Ray and woke him.

"Listen, Ray, Jim *might* be dead. I don't know if it's the real thing or not this time. I just spoke with Pam and she was vague. She wants me to fly right over. I'm going to check it out right away."

"Oh, Jesus," Ray mumbled. "Well, go over there and let us know the minute you find out anything."

Bill assured Ray he would and asked him to call the other guys, but to be sure to tell them it might be no more than another false alarm.

"I'm on the next flight," Siddons said.

"Oh, Bill," Ray added, "I don't mean to sound morbid, but please make sure."

"Make sure of what, Ray?"

"I don't know, man, just make *sure*."

Siddons arrived in Paris on Tuesday, July 6. He was met at the flat by Pamela, a sealed coffin, and a signed death certificate. Funeral arrangements were quickly and secretly confirmed. On July 7 Pamela filed the death certificate with the US Embassy, identifying Jim as James Douglas Morrison, a poet. She said there were no living relatives. The official cause of death was listed as a heart attack.

Siddons was efficient, and on Wednesday afternoon the coffin was lowered into the ground at Pere La Chaise, a cemetery Jim had recently visited as a sightseer, seeking the graves of Edith Piaf, Oscar Wilde, Balzac, Bizet, and Chopin. Five mourners were present: Pamela, Siddons, Alan Ronay, Agnes Varda, and Robin Wertle. They threw flowers on the grave and said their goodbyes.

Bill helped Pamela pack their belongings and on Thursday they returned to Los Angeles where Bill announced

what little he knew. Pamela, reportedly, was in shock and resting.

Nearly a decade later people still ask: Is Jim Morrison *really* dead? And *how* did he die?

Even before he died — assuming he *is* dead — Jim was that rare sort of figure about whom death rumors often circulated. When Jim Morrison was at his heroic height, he "died" nearly every weekend, usually in a car accident, often by falling from a hotel balcony where he'd been showing off for friends, occasionally from an overdose of something alcoholic, hallucinogenic, or sexual.

How did he die? Over the years there have been countless theories, some of them arising from a weird disappointment. Many have claimed, with ample reason, that it was totally out of character for Jim to die the way Siddons reported it, of a heart attack in a bathtub.

The official story goes like this: Pam and Jim were alone at the flat (sometime after midnight, Saturday, July 3, 1971) when Jim regurgitated a small quantity of blood. He had done this before, Pam said, and although she was concerned, she was not really upset. Jim claimed he felt okay and said he was going to take a bath. Pamela fell asleep again. At five she woke, saw Jim had not returned to bed, went into the bathroom, and found him in the tub, his arms resting on the porcelain sides, his head back, his long, wet hair matted against the rim, a boyish smile across his clean-shaven face. At first Pamela thought he was playing one of his macabre jokes, but then she called the fire department's resuscitation unit. A doctor and the police followed, Pamela said, but all were too late.

One factor causing much of the initial disbelief was timing. Bill told his story to the media a full six days after Jim died, two days after the funeral.

"I have just returned from Paris, where I attended the funeral of Jim Morrison," Siddons said in a prepared statement (released by a publicity firm in L.A.). "Jim was buried in a simple ceremony, with only a few close friends present. The initial news of his death and funeral was kept quiet because those of us who knew him intimately and loved him as a person wanted to avoid all the notoriety and circuslike atmosphere that surrounded the deaths of such other rock personalities as Janis Joplin and Jimi Hendrix."

"I can say Jim died peacefully of natural causes — he had been in Paris since March with his wife, Pam. He had seen a doctor in Paris about a respiratory problem and had complained of his problem on Saturday — the day of his death..."

In the days that followed, Siddons offered no more information because he had none.

Another factor causing much of the disbelief was the fact that Siddons never saw the body. What he did see at Jim and Pamela's flat was a sealed coffin and a death certificate with one doctor's signature.

There was no police report, no doctor present. No autopsy had been conducted. All he had was Pamela's word that Jim was dead.

Why was there no autopsy? "Just because we didn't want to do it that way. We wanted to leave Jim alone. He died in peace and dignity."

Who was the doctor? Siddons didn't know; Pamela didn't remember. But signatures can be forged or bought.

At any rate, that is the official story of how Jim Morrison died. The other stories told are more bizarre and, perhaps, more believable.

Jim had
always liked
degenerate environments,
enjoyed the
extremes society
obtained.

The Parisians hold out for heroin as the cause of death. Jim had been a regular at the Rock 'n' Roll Circus, the French night spot then known as a haven for the local heroin underground. Jim had always liked degenerate environments, enjoyed the extremes society contained. He had visited the skid-row districts in both L.A. and New York several times. He had gone regularly to the Circus, people there knew him. However, Jim's curiosity was probably more that of a spectator than a participant. He drank on skid row, but chances are slim that he shot up at the Circus. For one thing, he had a long-standing fear of hypodermic needles. If he did fix that night in Paris, it would have been a first, although he had probably snorted smack before. Still, wasn't Jim found in the bathtub, usually the first place an OD victim is taken for attempted revival? Doesn't some of the graffiti at his Pere La Chaise grave, "Have Mercy for junkies" and "Shootez", support the belief that it was an overdose and not a heart

attack? If Jim had OD'd, the doctor probably would have noticed the needle marks. However, if he had snorted the heroin, there would be no way to detect it without taking a blood sample. With no autopsy, we will never know. It is possible, though. The amount of inhaled heroin that is lethal is considerably less when combined with alcohol. The two act in concert to still the central nervous and respiratory systems, resulting in a quick, painless death.

Other theories abounded in one circle of Jim's friends. One had him killed when someone plucked out his eyes with a knife ("to free his soul", as the story had it). Another had a spurned mistress killing him long-distance from New York by witchcraft. Still other theories claimed Jim was the victim of a political conspiracy aimed at discrediting and eliminating the hippie/New Left/counterculture lifestyle (actually this is supposed to have been a vast, pervasive, connected set of conspiracies that included the shootings at Kent State and Jackson State, the riots at Isla Vista, the Weathermen bombings, the stiff prison sentences given Timothy Leary and the Chicago Eight, the Charlie Manson murders — not to mention the deaths of Hendrix and Joplin and more than two dozen Black Panthers). Jim was certainly popular enough and, more threateningly, smart enough to cause the powers that be ample reason to take some sort of action to prevent his subversive influence. Certainly the authorities were wary of him, viz. the in-depth FBI investigation of his past following the Miami arrest.

Others, less conspiracy-prone, believe Jim overdosed on cocaine, a drug he certainly enjoyed, yet one that is much less lethal than heroin, even when taken in great quantity. Still others claim that Jim probably did die of "natural causes" but that Pamela wasn't there when he did. Perhaps she was gone for the weekend with the count, not returning until Monday to discover Jim dead, which would explain the delay in the announcement. Some people merely shrug and say that, excepting the murder stories, it doesn't matter exactly how he died — whether he overdosed on something, had a heart attack, or merely drank himself to death. The bottom line still reads "suicide". One way or another, Jim had died of self-abuse, and finding out how was only a matter of determining the calibre of the metaphorical pistol he held to his own head.

The truth is no one knows for sure how Jim Morrison died. If there was ever a man who was ready, able and willing to die, it was Jim. His body was old and his soul tired.



Do you miss out because she does?

Now — a therapist-approved way you can share orgasmic sensations you've never experienced before!

The Discovery

Therapists have long known that one of the most effective ways you can increase love-making pleasure is via tactile stimulation, not only of the sexual organs, but also of dozens of other responsive areas on the body. The method has brought fulfillment and happiness to thousands of couples. For many others, however, the demands it places on their physical endurance are simply too exhausting. Knowing this, Dr Wardell Pomeroy (co-author of the Kinsey Report) set about producing an aid which could not only duplicate, but actually improve on the stimulation normally provided by hands, fingertips, tongue and lips. The 'Plus 5' stimulator is based on his revolutionary design.

Be a better lover

We believe the remarkable 'Plus 5' will become a natural and exciting part of your lovemaking. It is so effective, in fact, that it can enable many women to reach true orgasm for the first time! It adds a bonus of intensified sensations for both of you. It helps make both of you better lovers by making sex fun and exciting again.

What Forum says

Bettina Arndt, Psychologist and Editor of the famous Australian 'Forum' magazine, is unstinting in her praise of the 'Plus 5'. She says: '... it is light and comfortable to hold, simple to use, not at all offensive and ideal for women who wish to climax more easily. By far, the best in Australia.'

Comes complete

Your 'Plus 5' comes complete with five specially designed



attachments (some soft and fleshy, others firmer) and is ready to use the minute you get it. Simply plug into any 240v power point and turn on. It has two speeds — bold or fine — needs no maintenance, has almost two metres of flex.

Unlike fearsome sex-shop devices, the 'Plus 5' will not wake your neighbours, or pummel you like a Sumo wrestler. It is gentle. It is teasing. It is an inhibition relaxer. Including instruction leaflet, it comes to you certified mail postpaid, for only \$29.95.

The male dome

This is an optional extra attachment you can buy for \$4.50. It takes the form of a flexible cap, which cups your glans, and as it is slowly moved about, transfers the 'Plus 5' sensations from corona to meatus, with a tingling effect that can reach incredible intensity.

We believe the 'Plus 5' is the best investment any couple can make in exploring their sexual response. Send your order today — write to TINMIN, PO Box 118, Woollahra NSW 2025 or telephone your credit card order giving your name, address, credit card type and number and expiry date to 02-326 1932.

SEND THIS COUPON TODAY

TO: TINMIN PTY LTD, PO BOX 118 WOOLLAHRA 2025

Please send me Plus 5's at \$29.95 each and male domes at \$4.50 each, for which I enclose \$..... by cheque/money order.

Name

Address

Postcode

BANKCARD/DINERS CLUB/AMERICAN EXPRESS

Name Expiry Date

Signature Amount \$.....

MALE DOME



On the other hand, there are those who won't buy any of this. Jim Morrison is *not* dead, they say. This is not as far-fetched as it might seem. If there was ever a man who was ready, willing, and able to disappear, this also was Jim. It would be perfectly in keeping with his unpredictable character for him to stage his own death as a means to escape his public life. He was tired of an image he'd outgrown but couldn't live down. He had sought credibility as a poet only to see his attempts foiled by his appeal as a cultural hero. He enjoyed singing and genuinely loved the talent the Doors were, yet he also desperately sought relief from the pressures stardom brought. Perhaps he had done nothing more the weekend of July 3-4 than drop out of sight to find the peace to write and the freedom of anonymity.

Certainly the seeds of such a hoax had been planted: At the Fillmore in San Francisco in early 1967, when the Doors still hadn't had a hit record, Jim suggested pulling a death stunt to bring the band to national attention. There was also his comment about using the name Mr Mojo Risin' to contact the office after he "split to Africa". In addition, he told both authors of this book at different times that he could see himself changing careers radically, reappearing as a suited and neck-tied businessman.

Steve Harris, Jack Holzman's assistant, clearly remembers Jim asking him after Brian Jones's death what would happen if he suddenly died. How would it affect business, Jim wanted to know. What would the press say? And who would believe it?

The seeds were planted even earlier in his life. When Jim was studying the life and poetry of Arthur Rimbaud, he was gripped by the fact that Rimbaud had written all his poetry by the age of nineteen and then disappeared into North Africa to become a gun runner and slave trader. With Mary Frances Werebelow, Jim entertained long conversational investigations into how the Disciples had stolen the body of Christ from the crypt, joking about the "Easter Heist" but dealing with it seriously and logically.

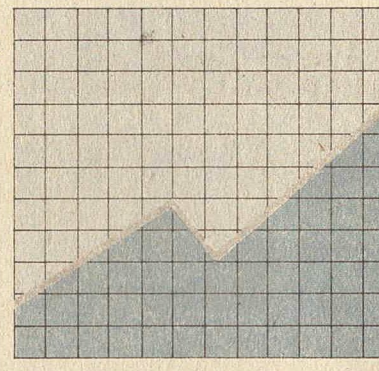
All Jim's closest friends agree (and some insist) that not only is it exactly the sort of prank Jim would pull... but with Pamela's devoted help, could actually, incredibly, pull off.

Agnes Varda and Alan Ronay are not talking. Robin Wertle and Herve Muller swear they don't know any specifics. Siddons only knows what he saw and was told by Pamela. And Pamela took the secret to her grave, when she died three years after Jim.

Going on a decade now, there's still no word from Mr Mojo Risin'.

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

ARE YOU A HEALTH HAZARD?



Some days it just doesn't pay to get out of bed. You wake up in the morning feeling fine, and by lunchtime you've fallen down the stairs, been shot at by some guy who mistook you for a rabbit, slammed a door on your thumb, been run over by a drunk, slipped on a banana peel, and been mugged by a 12-year-old with pimples and a bad sense of humor.

You may think that luck or chance or fate is behind the large and small catastrophes in your life, but social scientists (and the actuaries who grind away in the bowels of great insurance companies) believe that we usually precipitate our own disasters. What at first looks like an accident, upon close inspection of the victim's habits, personality, and mental state, often turns out to have been an unavoidable statistical certainty.

This psychograph reveals whether you exhibit the combination of personality traits, behavioral patterns, and attitudes that characterises someone who's headed for disaster. It may tell you whether your life is hazardous to your health.

Psychologists are divided on the question of whether or not there is a distinct "accident-prone personality". What they know for certain, however, is that *all* of us at various points in our lives are accident prone. External circumstances combine with our internal feelings and desires to create a dangerously volatile state of affairs. We become accidents waiting to happen. This psychograph may alert you if you've reached one of those points.

Men, in particular, should be aware how close to disaster they often are. At just about all age levels men are much more accident prone than women. In fact, for males under 38 years old accidents are the leading cause of death.

So pay attention and answer the questions honestly. The life you save, as they say, may be your own.

- Do you have trouble making decisions?
 - yes, very much
 - no more than most people
 - no, not at all
- Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "Life is basically a gamble; if some-

thing bad is going to happen, there's not much you can really do about it"?

- agree
- disagree

- How often do you drink enough beer or liquor to at least get a buzz on (even though you may not get completely sloshed)?

- never
- not more than a few times a year
- at least once a month
- at least once a week
- just about every day

- How often do you engage in "recreational" drug use?

- never
- not more than a few times a year
- at least once a month
- at least once a week
- just about every day

- Do you live in a community of:

- fewer than 5000 people
- more than 5000 people

- Are you:

- married
- divorced
- single

- At work (or at school, if you are a

student) do you put off the important assignments and then rush to get them done at the last minute?

- yes
- no

- Are you a procrastinator in the areas of your life that don't relate to work (shopping for Christmas gifts on December 24, postponing holiday arrangements until the last possible moment, etc.)?

- yes
- no

- Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "Accidents are more likely to happen to the 'other guy'; I'm pretty lucky"?

- agree
- disagree

- How many miles a year do you drive?

- fewer than 5000 miles
- 5000 to 10,000 miles
- 10,000 to 20,000 miles
- 20,000 to 30,000 miles
- more than 30,000 miles

- Do you commute to work regularly by car?

- yes
- no

- Have you been worrying about your job lately?

- very much
- quite a bit
- somewhat
- not much
- not at all

- If you had to choose between the following two statements, which would you say is true of you?

- I worry quite a bit about the future and about my life in general
- I don't worry much about the future; I try to take things as they come

- How would you rate your relationship with the woman closest to you?

- we're in great shape; I think our relationship is very strong

- (b) I guess our relationship is okay; it may not be the strongest in the world, but it seems to work
(c) our relationship isn't so great; we may be heading toward a breakup
(d) I have no close relationship with any particular woman
15. Check any of the following activities that you participate in regularly
(a) sky diving
(b) hang gliding
(c) mountain climbing
(d) car racing
(e) motorcycle riding
16. Do you drive considerable distances to spend your weekends away from home (to a country house, to visit friends, to go skiing, etc.)?
(a) yes, just about every weekend
(b) quite often: probably every other weekend or so
(c) about once a month
(d) not more than once every two or three months
(e) not more than a couple of times a year
17. Have any of the following things happened to you within the past six months (check all that apply)?
(a) death of your wife or lover
(b) death of a close friend or relative
(c) loss of your job (check only if you have not found a better or equivalent job)
(d) a serious financial loss
18. Do you often feel tired?
(a) yes, just about all the time
(b) quite often
(c) occasionally
(d) rarely
19. Do you sleep on an irregular schedule and at odd hours?
(a) yes
(b) no, I'm regular as clockwork
20. How often do you feel depressed?
(a) rarely or never
(b) occasionally
(c) often
- (d) just about always
21. Would you say you're basically an irritable or a placid person?
(a) irritable
(b) placid
(c) probably about halfway between the two
22. Do you feel you're basically:
(a) a success
(b) a failure
23. Do you often have a lot of bills that you've put off paying?
(a) yes
(b) no
24. Do you prefer:
(a) a hot car that gives you a feeling of power when you get behind the wheel
(b) a sensible car whose only purpose is to get you from one place to another

SCORING

Every answer on this psychograph has been awarded a point value that is listed in the following table. Find your score by adding up the point values of all the answers you checked.

- | |
|-----------------------------------|
| 1. (a) 4 (b) 1 (c) 2 |
| 2. (a) 4 (b) 1 |
| 3. (a) 0 (b) 1 (c) 3 (d) 5 (e) 7 |
| 4. (a) 0 (b) 1 (c) 3 (d) 5 (e) 7 |
| 5. (a) 1 (b) 3 |
| 6. (a) 1 (b) 2 (c) 3 |
| 7. (a) 4 (b) 1 |
| 8. (a) 4 (b) 1 |
| 9. (a) 4 (b) 1 |
| 10. (a) 1 (b) 2 (c) 3 (d) 4 (e) 5 |
| 11. (a) 4 (b) 1 |
| 12. (a) 5 (b) 4 (c) 3 (d) 2 (e) 1 |
| 13. (a) 4 (b) 1 |
| 14. (a) 1 (b) 2 (c) 5 (d) 4 |
| 15. (a) 3 (b) 3 (c) 3 (d) 3 (e) 3 |
| 16. (a) 4 (b) 3 (c) 2 (d) 1 (e) 0 |
| 17. (a) 5 (b) 3 (c) 4 (d) 3 |
| 18. (a) 3 (b) 2 (c) 1 (d) 0 |
| 19. (a) 4 (b) 1 |
| 20. (a) 1 (b) 2 (c) 3 (d) 4 |
| 21. (a) 4 (b) 1 (c) 2 |
| 22. (a) 1 (b) 4 |
| 23. (a) 4 (b) 1 |
| 24. (a) 4 (b) 1 |

If you scored 93 and over:
Call your nearest insurance agent im-

mediately and buy as much coverage as he'll sell you. (Don't go in person; you're so ripe for disaster that you'll probably be run over if you step outside your door.) Your high score does not mean that disaster will definitely befall you in the near future, but it does indicate that, statistically speaking, you stand a better chance of getting zapped than most men. You live life at a higher pitch, take more chances, pay less attention to details, and are probably a bit less emotionally mature than others. Those things precipitate accidents. You're probably an exciting person to be with, but if you keep going at this rate, you won't have to worry about making plans for your old age.

56-92 points:

You are the statistical "average man". As you go about your day-to-day activities, you incur most of the risks of modern life, but you don't go out of your way to cause trouble for yourself. Review the questions on this psychograph and see which ones you scored highest on. They'll give you an idea of where or why disaster is most likely to strike in your life.

If, for example, you consistently scored high on questions involving cars, that indicates you probably have a better-than-average chance of getting hurt while driving. So pay a little more attention next time you get into a car. Also, remember that accidents are more likely to occur when you are rushed, tired, distracted, depressed, or in any other abnormal emotional state. If you enter a high-risk situation in any of these emotional states, you're really courting disaster.

20-55 points:

You must live a mighty quiet life. You would appear to be an extremely subdued, placid person who rarely lets circumstances get the better of him. You are always careful and in control. You avoid risky situations, and on those occasions when you are forced into them, you exercise extraordinary vigilance. You're the type of guy who takes an umbrella along on even the sunniest day.

You may not be the life of the party, but you'll undoubtedly have the last laugh, since you'll most likely die peacefully in your bed at an extremely ripe old age. ☺

IT TOOK MORE THAN ATHENS, MYKONOS AND CORFU TO KEEP THE GODS IN GREECE.

There were, after all, hundreds of other equally beautiful islands to spend an eternity on. If this comes as a surprise, then unknown Greece is full of others.

For instance, if you like to ski or go climbing you can enjoy both in the mountains of Parnassus, Pelion or Vermion (among others).

If you want to experience genuine Greek folklore Macedonia and Thrace are not to be missed.

And for those in search of unspoilt nature, the luxuriously

accommodated yet undiscovered Halkidiki is a must.

Western Greece; Euboea; the eastern Aegean Islands; in countless areas of Greece, the environment, culture, tradition and hospitality, is unchanged by the times.

Now you know a little more about the unknown Greece, why not discover its many charms for yourself.

For further information contact:

The Greek National Tourist Organisation,
51 Pitt Street, Sydney, NSW, 2000. Phone 241 1663.
No coupon required.



Greece
The closest place to heaven on earth.

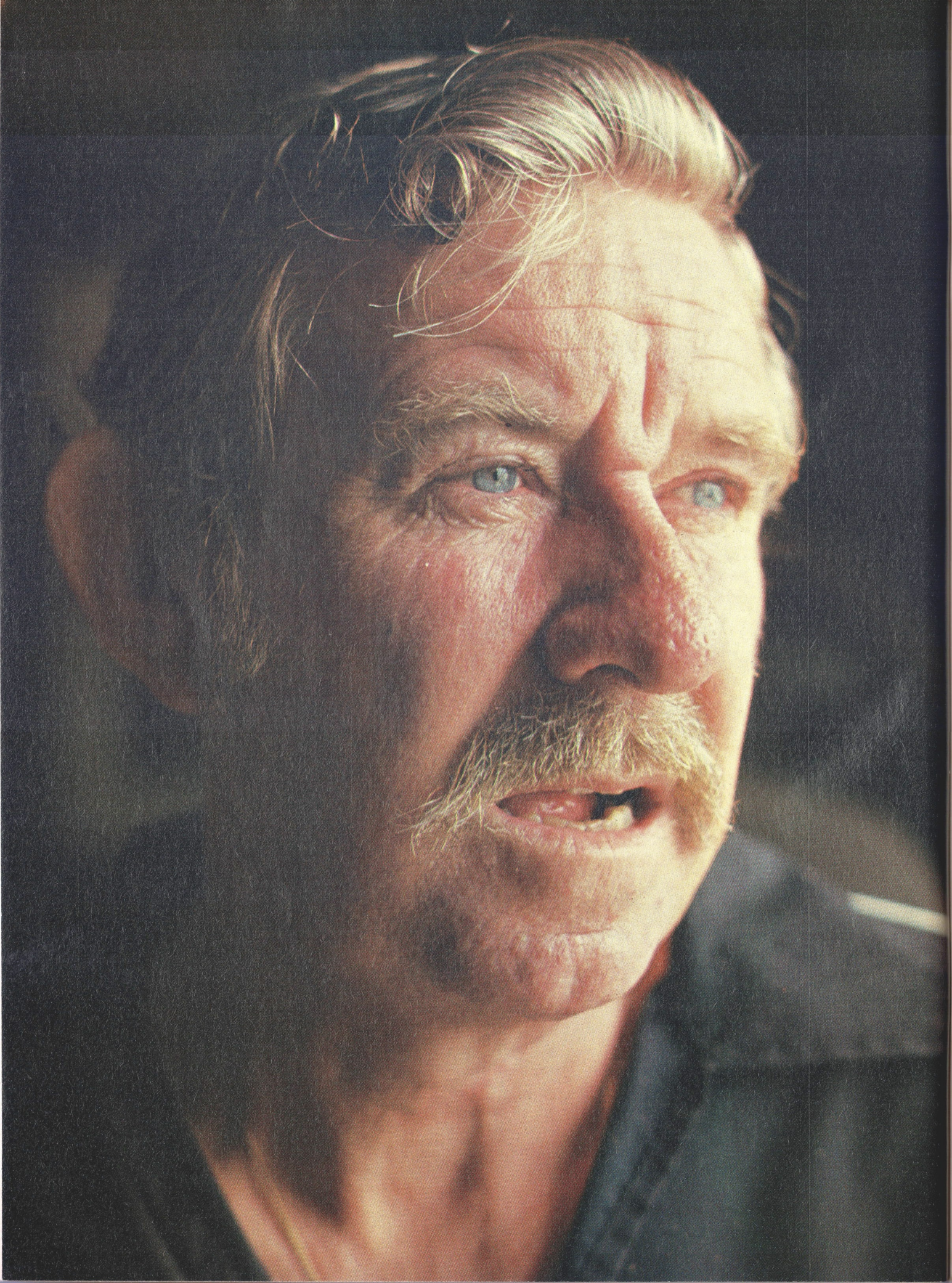


Photo by Mark Falzon

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

JOHN MEILLON

I ended up playing the rough-heads. Things like *The Long The Short and The Tall* and *Squadron 633*, so my leading lady total is rather decimated.

It is only in the last few years of his three and a half decade acting career that John Meillon has been honored for his contribution to the Australian stage and screen. He regards the OBE he received in 1979 as the greatest tribute, but there have also been an Australian Film Awards best actor award for his part in *The Fourth Wish*, and a Logie for the television drama *Bit Part*. A tribute of a different kind came last year when one of his favorite watering holes, The Oaks in the Sydney suburb of Neutral Bay, opened The John Meillon OBE Bar.

There is probably no other living Australian actor as well known to the rest of the world as Meillon. In the same way that John Wayne came to represent the American identity, so in many ways does Meillon personify Australian ideals. That's probably a result of the roles he's played in more than 35 movies and many more television series.

Meillon has never had many of the heroic-leading-man-who-gets-his-lady type parts. That probably has more to do with his looks than anything. He describes himself as one of the "ruffled people" and looks like he's lived to the fullest every one of his 47 years. But Meillon says his talent as a character actor rather than his looks helped him to survive. "Character actors live on — pretty boys fade away."

The image he frequently portrays on screen does have much in common with the Australian ethos — a man who is gallant in defeat. His characters are often battlers — blunt and beery, but never losing their sense of dignity. It is a similar sense of dignity, a pride in his standards above all else, that made the Meillon reputation.

Like another great name in Australian acting, Peter Finch, Meillon did his apprenticeship on the stage and in Australian radio plays of the Fifties. Working in these two tough arenas gave him the professional attitude and depth of experience which have maintained his career.

A couple of early breaks in Australia resulted in parts in *The Sundowners* and *On The Beach*. Then Meillon made

the inevitable trip to England, seeking the not-so-instant stardom that all Aussie golden boys go after. Meillon played an incredible variety of roles in the 22 films he made overseas. Late night television movie viewers frequently find him appearing in the most unlikely scenes from these old films: as the good seaman in *Billy Budd*, going down in flames in *Squadron 633* or the British officer type in *The Long The Short and The Tall*.

When he returned to Australia, Meillon walked straight into the long-running television series *My Name's McGooley What's Yours* where he played the part of Wally alongside Gordon Chater's McGooley. It was a full decade before he appeared in another Australian television series this time the ABC's *Time Lapse*, but during those 10 years Meillon was one of the leading players in the saga of the Australian film industry.

His credits in local films are extensive. Of course, there was *They're a Weird Mob*, but more recent work included parts in films like Peter Weir's *Cars That Ate Paris*, *The Inn of the Damned*, *The Picture Show Man* and *The Fourth Wish*.

Meillon has always been able to afford the luxury of picking his parts: "Keep clear of the crap, that's been my crie de coeur for most of my career." That attitude has not left him a wealthy man when you compare his income with actors who achieved similar levels or recognition in other countries. But it has allowed him to enjoy his success. These days Meillon lives with his wife Bunny in a home unit conveniently located within walking distance of his two favorite watering holes, the Mosman Rowing Club and The Oaks.

Writer Owen Thomson caught Meillon in the bar that carries his name, and in that environment their conversation turned into something more than a quiet tete-a-tete. On his home turf, Meillon broached a variety of subjects; the high and low points of his acting career, his love for cricket and a defence of his reputation as a drinker.

Penthouse: When did you decide to become an actor?

Meillon: I don't think anyone given this God-given talent ever suddenly decides. It just happens. I was always in school plays — and in the debating society. It just developed, there was no special moment. But I never thought I'd be anything else — never occurred to me. I don't think I can do anything else.

Penthouse: What was your first professional part?

Meillon: My first major professional theatre role was at the old Minerva where I played the *Winslow Boy*. I was 14. But I had been in radio for many years before that and also done semi-professional things. I'd done *Midsummer Night's Dream*, a play at the Independent called *White Oaks*, and did *Tom and the Water Babies* at the Theatre Royal. I played a lobster. It was a very good lobster too.

I was mostly influenced working with the late John Arden in Shakespeare when I was 16. The greatest training an actor can have: you did everything — understudied everything, packed the props. You can't buy that sort of grounding. One feels desperately sorry for some of the kids today who do four or five episodes of a television series and all of a sudden they're on the front-page of some magazine as a star. They haven't got a chance.

It's mostly not their fault. Somebody puts so and so in the series and they're stars — first night. Half of them, when they leave a series you never hear of again — unless they're dedicated and work at their craft and go into a theatre and learn.

When you're starting you work for nothing, for the learning, instead of getting the inflationary ideas television salaries give you. A lot of kids think "Gee, what an easy game this is, this is good fun." Then harsh reality hits 'em when that series stops and so does the money; and all those glossy magazines tend not to want to know them. "You liked me last week," they say, "but now you don't seem to care." And that's the profession.

Penthouse: Do you think there is a school of Australian actors?

Meillon: Yes I do. I've worked with actors all over the world and Australian actors are much quicker. You see the Australian actor of my vintage had great training in radio, where you did anything up to 30 episodes in a day. You were playing different characters all over the place and you just had to be quick. You did radio by day and theatre by night.

Penthouse: What actors on the world scene do you admire?

Meillon: I've always maintained that if you're going to look at the three greatest technicians on the screen you've got to look at Spencer Tracy, Jimmy Stewart and Cary Grant. For sheer technique I doubt very much you can go past those

three. For brilliance in the theatre as well as on the screen my number one vote goes to Sir Ralph Richardson. For the most complete actor the world has ever seen — and probably ever will see — there's Lord Olivier. Then, one of the most exciting performances I've seen on stage was Peter O'Toole with Shylock. Glenda Jackson, who is a very dear friend, is one of the finest actresses we have — and Deborah Kerr too.

Of course my idol is my great friend Robert Mitchum, who is a very underrated actor, and one hell of a fellow.

And we've got some very fine actors and actresses coming up in this country.

Penthouse: Are there any actors you don't like?

Meillon: No. I would not say there are some actors I dislike. I'm sure there are a lot who don't like me. But I think sometimes, I see people totally miscast and when the actor comes out of it badly it's

“If it's good,
I'll do it and if
I'm bad in
what I think is
good then it's
my fault.”

always the actor who gets the blame, which is unfair.

Penthouse: Who's the best actor you've worked with?

Meillon: For brilliance, I suppose, Peter Ustinov, having done two films with Peter — *The Sundowners*, and *Billy Budd*. But there are so many actors I never got the chance to work with. I think everybody I've worked with I've enjoyed. Loved it all.

Penthouse: What about the best actress?

Meillon: Well, Deborah Kerr . . . and Flora Robson. They stand out immediately. Both beautiful women. Stars. To look at, to watch as a performer, Ava Gardner is lovely. But then I didn't do a lot of films with the ladies. I ended up playing all the rough-heads. Things like the *The Long, the Short and the Tall*, *Squadron 633*, things like that. So my leading lady total is rather decimated really.

I never get the girl anyway; I generally always lose her.

Penthouse: What role did you like best?

Meillon: *The Fourth Wish*, and *Picture Show Man*. And there's a marvellous play written for me by Colin Free called *Bit*

Part, but it's hard to choose; I've loved 'em all.

Penthouse: On *Bit Part* — did you see something of yourself in it?

Meillon: No . . . luckily. No I didn't, but I've seen it happening — the poor guy going into an audition dying a death. I've been sitting in the stalls hoping against hope they're going to get through. You can see the awful moment of despair and horror and panic and Colin miraculously captured this.

But I liked *The Sundowners* — well, that was the first film I did. And there was the part I did in *On The Beach* — the guy who went fishing in the middle of San Francisco and told them all that it was finished. I suppose if you work with Stanley Kramer in your first and Fred Zinneman in your second film it's not too bad for a young lad first up.

Penthouse: You appeared in 22 films when you were in England —

Meillon: Working with directors like Peter Ustinov, Carol Reed, Darryl Zanuck — men of vast experience. And a lot of directors who weren't world-beaters but every film is different and you watch and learn. It was all invaluable experience.

Penthouse: A few years ago you complained about the lack of continuity of work in Australia. Have things improved?

Meillon: I think a lot of what I've said about continuity has been misquoted. What I've said is that I won't do things unless they're good enough. That doesn't mean there isn't a lot of work about. It's just that what I think is good and what I want to do are different to what a lot of other people want me to do. There's plenty of work — Crawford's are giving out work all the time, and Grundy's, and the ABC does its best to get actors a lot of work.

But for certain types there isn't great continuity. But where is there? Dustin Hoffman, in his speech at the Awards thanked the Academy as out of the three hundred thousand actors he was one of the lucky one thousand to be working. There's too many actors being churned out — to go into what?

But I'll stick to what I've said all along. If it's good I'll do it and if I'm bad in what I think is good then it's my fault. I'm not going to run around and blame the director or playwright.

Penthouse: You'd be pretty comfortably off by now, I suppose?

Meillon: If comfortably off means owning your own unit, yes.

I was one of the lucky ones — I had 10 years with Berger Paints. I had all those television commercials that every actor dreams of. Once upon a time commercials were considered very bad for an actor until they saw John Wayne and Orson Welles doing them. And Laurence Olivier and John Mills and then everybody wanted to do a commercial . . . I believed in the product and George Pattersons



"Well, Mr and Mrs Smith, so this is your first dinner at a topless restaurant . . ."

and Berger were brilliant to me in those years. Where some of the other kids were battling I had that security.

Penthouse: There was a story a couple of years ago that you rejected a play because they wouldn't pay you a \$1000 a week.

Meillon: That was one of the highlights of my career. The management violently dispute this fact. Of course they would. Yes, I asked for that amount of money and there was never ever any renegotiation about it no matter what they care to say. So then it was done by another artist who did it for an undisclosed sum. It was a play I very much wanted to do but I prefer to forget about now.

Penthouse: What do you think of Australian writers?

Meillon: They're not given a fair go. I have the greatest respect for them. We've got some marvellous writers but they are treated as second rate citizens. No wonder they get heartbroken at times when they see the stuff that's coming in from overseas and the rubbish that's been written by people who just churn it out.

Penthouse: What about David Williamson. You did his *The Club*.

Meillon: Oh. He's marvellous. I've seen everything David's written. I very much liked doing *The Club*. I was very flattered to be asked to do it. I wish him success in whatever he does. He now has *Gallipoli* off the ground with a marvellous man to work with, Peter Weir, with whom I did *The Cars that Ate Paris*. Tremendous talent. With David Williamson's writing talent and Peter Weir's ability they'll chalk one up.

Penthouse: Would you say your acting is

more toward the English tradition than the American tradition?

Meillon: Cosmopolitan. I don't think of it as any set style . . . whatever it is I hope I play it the way the author intended. This play I'm playing now is set in Bristol so I'm doing a slight Bristol accent. I'm doing it as I think the character would do it in Bristol. Playing *Bit Part*, I was playing an Australian.

Penthouse: Do you see yourself as a character actor?

Meillon: Oh definitely. I mean I feel desperately sorry for all those guys . . . look at all those Rank starlets and young stars. When the pretty boy era went out they were finished. They didn't want to look like that, that's why some of the pretty boys suddenly tried to become character actors. Dirk Bogarde was one in particular.

I wish all those actors with good looks rushing to gyms and having their hair tinted the best of luck. Because there are not too many parts around for them these days. They're looking at the ruffled people — they're looking at us. They don't write drawing room comedies any more. So, you know, if you're a rockhead, good luck is what I say.

Penthouse: Would you say you tend to play the under-dog a lot?

Meillon: Yes, because that's what they write for me. Maybe they are trying to tell me something, I don't know. Underdog parts are good parts, I like them because I like tragic comedy. I'm often asked what I like best — comedy or tragedy — well they're both the same. There's a fine line between comedy and tragedy. It is a very fine art and if I can make that line believable I've achieved what any actor wants to do — to make people laugh and cry.

Penthouse: There was a film shown on television recently, *The Inn of the Damned* in which you appeared to be the only person acting.

Meillon: Only saw it the other day, I'd never seen it before. But I think the reason I came out of it as the only one acting is because I was probably the only one who knew what was going on. It was such a disjointed movie. When we were shooting it you didn't even know who was in it. You used to go on to the set and say "Oh you're in this too." And they'd say "yea". So a lot of my scenes were sort of separate type scenes. I honestly didn't know what the other people were doing. It seemed like three different stories and mine was one of them. I enjoyed doing that. It was good fun. It was very hard doing a whole scene with a dog that snaps at flies all the way through it. That makes it rather tricky. But, that was all right.

Penthouse: Did you have a lot of sympathy with your part in *The Fourth Wish*?

Meillon: I loved it. A lot of people got that story slightly confused. They thought it was a story about a boy dying of

leukaemia. It wasn't. It was a story of how a father managed. The boy's attitude was inevitable. But it was how the father coped.

The writer, Michael Craig, got the idea when Red Skelton's son was dying and Red took him around the world. It is the most beautiful, tender script I've ever done. I've never seen so many people reduced to tears so many times because it was so true. It was all real. Everybody believed it. There wasn't any phoniness in the story at all.

Penthouse: With the new vitality in the Australian Film Industry what do you think about the financing and producing of Australian films?

Meillon: I'm strongly behind this R&R project: Stigwood and Murdoch. I know there's been a lot of flak, there's always going to be flak with anything Mr Murdoch is connected with, or anybody with any money. I don't know what they all expect you to be out here . . . a pauper or something.

The biggest thing about the film industry is one that seems to be sadly overlooked: distribution. It is all very well to make a product but the public have got to know that you've made it. *The Inn of the Damned* was pushed like hell. Day after day, plug after plug. Brainwashing. They did it with *My Brilliant Career*, which is a good film.

But a lot of good films that have been made here just disappeared. One in particular that I did with Harry Secombe called *Sunstruck* was a very funny film. They thought it was a secret and didn't want to let anyone know about it.

Penthouse: What do you think of bringing in overseas stars for local movies?

Lip Service

When your laughing gear needs an overhaul cause it's dry, chapped or sun or wind burnt grab the ChapStick quick!

ChapStick

ChapStick's got the problem licked.

At chemists everywhere

AHR7861 A — PM4670/B

**You want it?
We've got it.**



COATES
HIRE SERVICE

Got every workin' thing

THE NATIONWIDE HIRE ORGANIZATION

Coopers Plains Albion Geelong Underwood Gold Coast Gladstone Mackay Townsville Kirrawee Lansvale Alexandria Chatswood Blacktown Auburn Ryde Campbelltown Canberra Newcastle Dandenong Brooklyn Fawkner South Melbourne Ferntree Gully Eltham North Plympton Ascot Balcatta Canning Bridge Osborne Park Wanneroo Bunbury Geraldton Port Hedland Wagerup Kalgoorlie.

CO39FPC

**ADULT
VIDEO
CASSETTES
ONLY \$39**

VHS OR BETAMAX
SUPERB EUROPEAN PRODUCTIONS
C.O.D. DELIVERY
7 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
FOR DETAILED INFORMATION COMPLETE COUPON TODAY

RODOX TRADING
54 ALFRED STREET MILSONS POINT 2061
SEND COUPON TO: P.O. BOX 117 CAMMERAY NSW 2062

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

P/CODE _____

electric blue

BRITAIN'S TOP SELLING ADULT VIDEO CASSETTE CONTINUES ITS UNCHALLENGED SUPREMACY

004

HOSTESSED BY DESIREE COUSTEAU

FEATURING:- JACQUELINE BISSETT

WATER SPORTS! JOIN OUR 3 WILD & WILLING LADIES IN THE POOL

A CONDUCTED TOUR OF NEVADA'S MOST NOTORIOUS LEGALISED BROTHEL... "MUSTANG"

Today cut this order out and post to:-

ELECTRIC BLUE AUSTRALASIA

P.O. Box 116 Nth Melbourne 3051

Please send me:— 001 ☐ 002 ☐ 003 ☐ All 3 ☐

Name:

Address:
I declare I am over 18 years old and enclose a cheque for \$5
BANKCARD No.

I use a:— ☐ VHS ☐ Betacord

Signature:
PRICE:— 001 & 002 & 003 \$69.95 each \$75.00 N.Z.
Any two \$125.00 \$135.00 N.Z.
All 3 \$180.00 \$190.00 N.Z.
New Zealand Bankcard also acceptable

Meillon: You've got to have them as long as they are good, and that's what Equity has been saying but it has been so misconstrued. People jumping up and down saying "Oh let's have all Australians in it" and that's absolute rubbish. You can't make money out of an Australia-only sale unless you make a picture for about \$5000 — and that's going to look like a picture you made for \$5000.

Oh yes, bring them in. Good stars, why not? They bring them into Italy, France, Sweden, everywhere else in the world.

Penthouse: What about bringing back a bloke like Rod Taylor who's hardly a superstar.

Meillon: I prefer not to comment on that one.

Penthouse: Back to sport John, I believe you like a bit of cricket?

Meillon: Love it. I hope one day to be a member of the Sydney Cricket Ground. See all these blokes here, non-actors, my friends. We all go out to the cricket. We're well-known in the Bradman Stand. We bring our own lunch but it's not your hot-pie and tomato sauce. No, we take turns to out-do each other. We bring things like pheasant under glass. Somebody brought out truffles one day but nobody knew what the hell they were, which was a waste of time. My wife always cooks a magnificent meal and we have excellent wines and all enjoy it. Miller and Lindwall stand at the back looking down asking if they can come to lunch. I won't let Keith come to lunch. Had lunch with Keith — two great lunches.

But I meet all these cricket greats. I just sit there, like a child, open-mouthed. I'm an absolute fan of any sportsman. Doug Walters was up here the other day with young Steve Mortimer. I love sportsmen. I'd talk to the Duke of Edinburgh, wouldn't worry me at all. But somebody introduces say Arthur Beetson and I'm speechless. Hopeless.

Penthouse: You're a respected member of the Mosman Rowing Club, but we don't see you rowing a lot.

Meillon: Yes, but you don't see many members of the Mosman Rowing Club doing a lot of rowing. Yes, I spend a lot of time down at the Rowers. Not as much as I'd like, because now Mrs McKinnon has made this the John Meillon Bar my loyalties are divided.

Penthouse: Most people regard actors as somewhat bohemian but you respect establishment things like cricket and now you've got an OBE.

Meillon: The OBE is probably the greatest honor I've been given — but I think it was given to the whole profession, I was just the figurehead. All the boys gave me a bad time over it, but I'd hate them do anything else.

My life is really pretty simple. I drink here and I drink at the rowing club. I play snooker, I play golf. And fishing is my passion.

Penthouse: You've got a reputation as a drinker.

Meillon: Yes. But I think there are drinkers and drunks. I enjoy a drink but some of the stories I've heard about my drinking escapades are absolutely phenomenal. By some of the accounts I should have died about the age of 22. I'd never have reached this age. I think anybody who get a tag like that, the people love it. The majority opinion is that if you're an actor you're either a drunk or a poofter. I don't qualify for the second and I'm very doubtful about the first. It's just if anybody else is seen drinking in a pub... if he's an accountant or a bank manager or something like that nobody takes any notice. Some of the things I've read that have happened to me just stagger me. But if that's what people want to think that's all right. I don't think I've ever upset anybody. I've never been thrown out of anywhere. I mean all those lovely Trevor Howard stories and things like that, they're true. But I have yet to achieve that highly dubious distinction to the best of my knowledge.

Penthouse: You are probably the best advertisement for Foster's. Why do you like Foster's?

Meillon: Mainly at the moment because the New South Wales distributors are so charming that they supply me with Foster's. I have been their greatest ambassador for years. I think it all mainly started when I was in England at the Surrey pub which all Australians who have been to England would know and love. And I used to get the publican, Freddy Ansell, to get Foster's in and it took off so well everybody was drinking Foster's. Now you can get Foster's all over the world. And I was sort of their unsung ambassador. It's the only beer I drink. In fact that's all I drink. I don't drink spirits. I just drink beer and wine. That's not bad for a man with a reputation as a drinker.

Penthouse: Does the reputation offend you?

Meillon: Certainly not. I don't think it ever offended Menzies. I'm sure it doesn't offend Bob Hawke. I'm sure it doesn't offend Freddy Trueman or Mr Trevor Howard or all of those top quality so-called drinkers. It has never bothered Mr Mitchum. I think I would hate to be called a teetotaler. That would worry me.

Penthouse: As well as a reputation as a drinker you have a reputation for consistency. You always turn up.

Meillon: Well I should hope so. I mean that's what it is all about. That's what they pay you for. Actors aren't allowed to be sick. We have no holidays, no sick pay, no superannuation. You are some sort of freak that appears constantly in the theatre night after night. You're not allowed to suddenly say "I'm going to have a sickie, I won't appear." You can't work in front of a camera and say "Been on it last night, sorry I look a bit dodgy."

Admittedly quite a few of our well-known celebrities do spend a lot of time in the make-up room but you must be there all the time. You must know every word. You must not make mistakes. You appear before the public and if their idol has feet of clay at any stage you are destroyed immediately.

Penthouse: When would you say you've got the greatest response from the audience?

Meillon: I think when I came back from England to do *Rattle of a Simple Man*. I'd been away six years and after you've been away that long they wonder why you've come back. We opened at the Richbrooke Theatre and the first night audience was absolutely dead silent when the curtain came down, and I thought "well I've blown this one". Then the whole joint erupted and when I walked backstage afterwards I kinda knew that I'd made it. Lovely Andrea came back and said, "Darling you went away a pile of dust and came back a mountain." Then when I went to South Australia for the premiere of the film of *Fourth Wish* Bobby Bettles, who played my son, went with me. At the end of the film again there was this silence and I grabbed Bobby and said "I think we are going to have to get out here." And all of a sudden we stood up and the joint was absolutely mad, Bobby asked "What is it?" I said "Keep standing Bobby it's a standing ovation." That was a beautiful moment I must say.

Penthouse: You said that in your work you always miss out on the girl. What influence have women played in your life?

Meillon: Maybe the question should be the influence I've had on women's lives. I'd like to see someone answer that straight out.

Penthouse: Well, what happened between you and June Salter?

Meillon: There were three people involved — June, our son and myself — and the way things were heading there were going to be three lives in a mess so we said why don't we call it a day and leave it at that. No nastiness, no drama, I explained it all to my son.

Penthouse: And how's the relationship with him?

Meillon: Oh, I see a lot of him, there's no problem there.

Penthouse: You won't influence him into becoming an actor?

Meillon: Oh no. He's tried it. He loves acting, but he's not breaking his heart because he's not.

Penthouse: And you, do you have an unfulfilled ambition to be a song and dance man?

Meillon: Oh yes. I think it's the old adage every actor wants to be a singer, and every singer wants to be an actor. But now Sinatra's on the way out the field is pretty clear for me. My wife doesn't agree with that but she's not renown for her good taste. I've made a couple of

records. One was a huge hit in Taiwan, Hot Pie and Tomato Sauce. Then we did a very successful record from *Picture Show Man*. I love it. I did a lot of revues of course but that goes back to the early Phillip Street days.

Penthouse: Do you feel that being a singer is more immediate than being an actor?

Meillon: They are two different forms of expression. No matter what goes wrong in my life if there is music there I'm right... I've got my tape recorder with me now. I take that into the theatre and play tapes. I've got to have noise. I can't learn anything in silence. Music is a form of expression I just love, so, as I said, with Sinatra out of the way and Tony Bennett not sounding too hot these days I think the field is open for me.

Penthouse: What do you think of the change in morality over the 35 years you have been in theatre? For example, when you went into theatre nobody took drugs.

Meillon: I think the morals... how can I throw in my 10 cents worth?... I suppose it's always been there — certainly in the 'States anyway, from the 1920's, it has just been brought more to the public's attention. My father's immortal words were: *Plus ca change et plus c'est la meme chose*. A lot of things change and a lot of things remain the same. I can't condemn nor condone. I mean we're doing this interview, and we're drinking Foster's. So maybe somebody wants to sit down and have a puff — it's not affecting anybody. But I think if other people are involved well... it's the pushers who offend, getting young kids, that is dreadful. But I can't say anything poignant that hasn't been said already.

Penthouse: What about sexual morality. There have been similar changes over the years in that area. Do you have any strong opinions about current sexual mores?

Meillon: Well, that had to change. But if two individuals want to do their thing and no-one else is hurt and it's not degrading to the community or especially to children, it's their business. If two people love each other that's great. Good. Let's just not do it in the streets or parks or molest young kids.

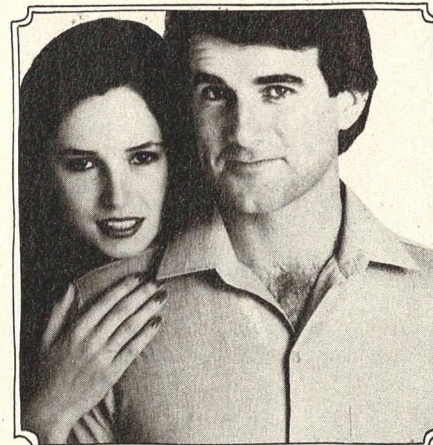
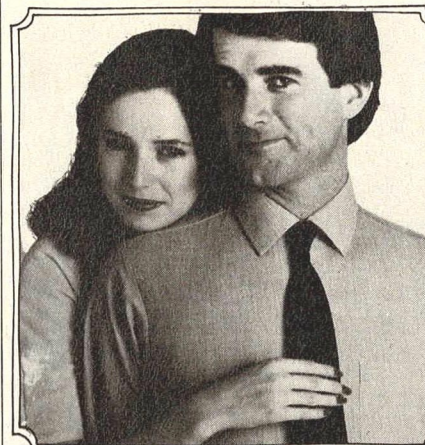
Penthouse: You've often played the "good bloke" role, the character of Wally in *McGooley* is an example. Do you see yourself as being very Australian?

Meillon: I find myself very much a part of Australia, although I still don't know what "Australian" means. Overseas it means a beer-swilling ocker. And what's an ocker? A bloke with a pot belly, who goes to the races, treats his wife badly, doesn't live on the North Shore, drinks Resch's — spills most of it — eats pies, throws prawn peelings on the ground, forgets his wife's birthday but likes to march on Anzac Day?

But I don't think that's right. I'm proud of being an Australian. You go to a Chinese and ask him how he feels being Chinese he'll say "well I use chopsticks and eat rice." Ask an American and he'll give you anything up to two hours as to why they are God's greatest country.

I think that being an Australian is living in Australia, enjoying Australia and all the cosmopolitan people who come here. It's a cosmopolitan place now, Australia. Not some kind of insular little country that only has the Sydney harbor and Don Bradman. ☉

Looks as good with a tie as it does without



ALLROUNDER by PARAMOUNT
IT'S THE COLLAR THAT COUNTS

EXPAND YOUR HORIZONS... PENTHOUSE OFFERS YOU MORE



SUBSCRIBE NOW Australian Penthouse, far and away the leader in the sophisticated men's magazine market, is renowned not only for its exposure of the world's most tantalising women but also for its graphic excellence and quality package of fiction, non-fiction, fashion, humor and investigative journalism. **DON'T MISS A SINGLE ISSUE.** Enter your 12-month subscription now at only \$30.00.

T-SHIRTS Top quality T-shirt with "I'm no rabbit" in men's sizes only and "More than just a pretty face" in women's sizes only. Or "You won't be disappointed" for men and women. Price each \$7.50

NIGHT SHIRTS Comfortable Penthouse night shirts, including the cheeky cap carrying the "You won't be disappointed" message available in only medium and small sizes. Price each only \$12.50

KEY PENDANT Symbol of men and women joined in harmony, this unique 5cm Penthouse Key is available in gilt plate (\$16.95), sterling silver (\$55.50), or solid 9ct gold (\$295.00). It comes complete with matching 60cm chain and price includes packing, handling and delivery costs.

ANKLETS The Penthouse lifestyle symbol, the Penthouse key, is now available in a discreet 9ct gold plated silver miniature key on a fine gilt chain. A great gift idea. Price each \$27.50.

BACK COPIES Keep your Penthouse collection complete. Back copies of Australian Penthouse are available for \$2.50 per single copy post paid. Please attach list when ordering.

BINDERS Maintain your Penthouse collection in top condition with a gold embossed Penthouse binder. Constructed from sturdy board and featuring binding spines for six issues, the Australian Penthouse Binder is available for only \$5.50 plus \$2.00 postage and handling each.

YES PLEASE!

Australian

PENTHOUSE®

SUBSCRIPTION AND ACCESSORIES ORDER FORM

☐ YES, please enter my subscription for 12 months of Australian Penthouse at \$30.

PENTHOUSE ACCESSORIES

QTY	TOTALS
☐ Men's T-SHIRTS in sizes ☐ S ☐ M ☐ L ☐ XL @ \$7.50 ea.	\$
☐ Women's T-SHIRTS in sizes ☐ 8 ☐ 10 ☐ 12 ☐ 14 @ \$7.50 ea.	\$
☐ ANKLETS @ \$27.50 ea.	\$
☐ BACK COPIES @ \$2.50 ea. Attach list of dates.	\$
☐ BINDERS @ \$5.50 ea. plus \$2 postage & handling ea.	\$
☐ PENTHOUSE KEY PENDANT in ☐ gilt @ \$16.95 ea.;	\$
☐ sterling silver @ \$55.50 ea. ☐ solid 9ct gold @ \$295 ea.	\$
☐ NIGHT SHIRTS in ☐ medium ☐ small @ \$12.50 ea.	\$
	TOTAL: \$

I enclose my cheque/money order for \$ or please debit my

DINERSCLUB ☐ AMERICAN EXPRESS ☐ BANKCARD ☐

A/c No.

Signature

NAME

ADDRESS



For her inhabitants, the oil rig is a home, a workplace and a prison.

OIL AT SEA

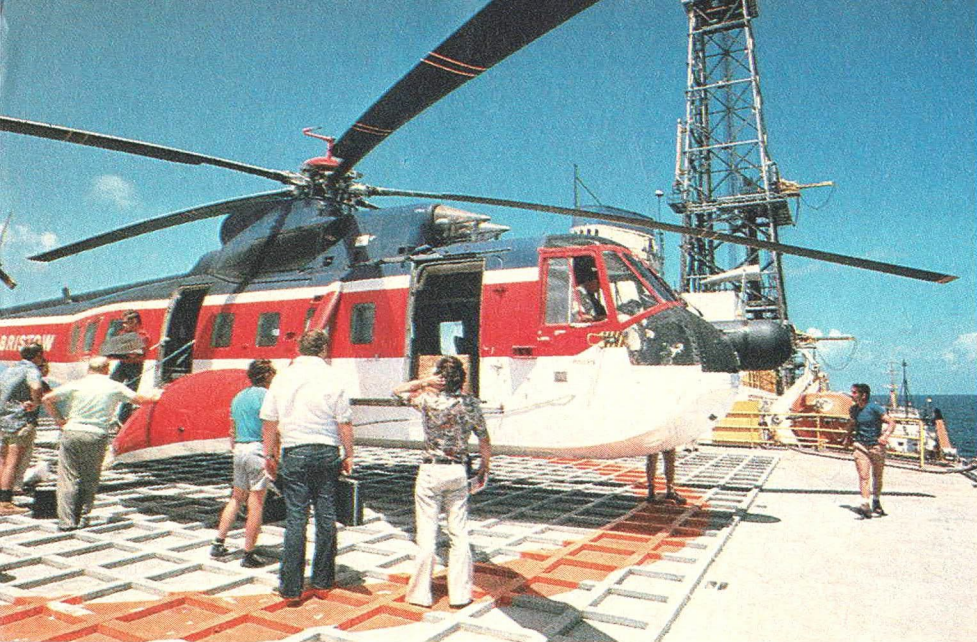
BY DENNIS HANCOCK

The rotor thrash inside the big Sikorski S31 chopper is manic, and the vibration probes mercilessly at every tooth filling. From a height of 3000 metres the turquoise sea is featureless and there is nothing to do but resent the discomfort of the undersized jump-seat and ignore the inflatable rescue dinghy piled against the forward bulkhead for easy availability.

The first sighting of the ship breaks the communal trance in the cabin. The chopper slants downward and details on the deck become clear: there's a workboat checking the eight massive anchor chains around the mother vessel and the drilling rig's tall steel tower stands out amidships.

The Sikorski lands on the stern platform and even before it stops bouncing the men lining the platform edge sprint forward to board, obstructing the crew which is disembarking at a much more leisurely pace. A good natured but edgy banter develops





between the men stepping out of the helicopter and those who are ready to fly back to land.

"Get a move on you dozy bastards."

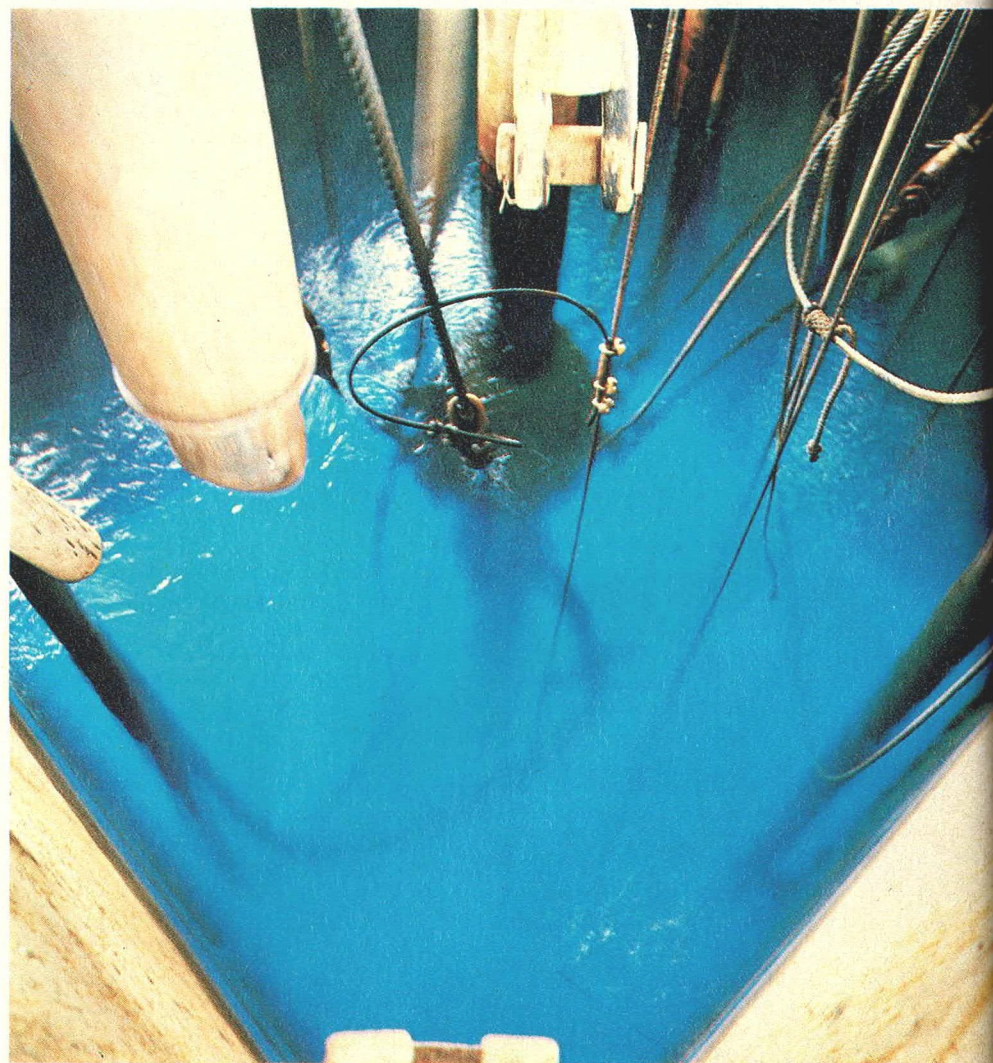
"Ah, piss off, you can't wait for it can you?"

"Give her my love — bet she's been screwed rotten while you've been away."

The last of the boarders hauls himself inside, the rotor speeds to a hysterical pitch and the drilling crew's magic carpet to freedom hauls itself off the pad. The men left on deck stop to watch as it becomes a red, white and blue sliver shrinking into the horizon. Then they grab their bags and clatter down to the main deck. Their luggage is light; a toothbrush, a carton of cigarettes, magazines and a soft porn movie for the communal video. These are the basic necessities for the crew which is about to start a two-week shift on the oil exploration rig *Regional Endeavour*. For the 80 inhabitants she is at once a home, a workplace and a prison.

The *Endeavour* is an old pioneer. She was built 22 years ago and began her career as the iron ore carrier *Mount Kembla*. In the early Seventies she underwent major surgery at the Newcastle shipyards where a hole was cut through her hull and a 65 metre high derrick inserted for her new role in energy exploration. The derrick lifted the *RE's* centre of gravity alarmingly. This was countered by pumping 3000 tonnes of concrete into her hull, but she still rolls around in heavy seas. During this shift the vessel is drilling more than 120 kilometres off the port of Dampier on the Western Australian coast, seeking gas and oil deposits to add to the bonanza already discovered on the north-west shelf. Her drill crews have sunk 15 wells in three years.

This is the easy end of her exploration area. From April to November she is 800 kilometres further north, drilling in distant waters somewhere between Indonesia and the mainland. Cyclones breed with-

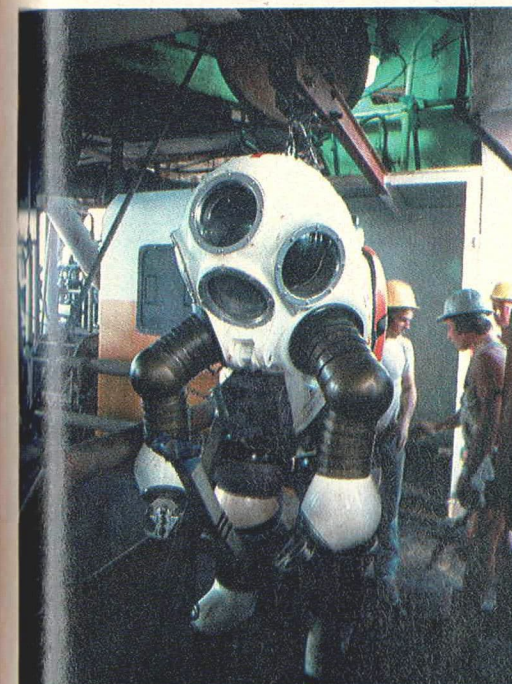
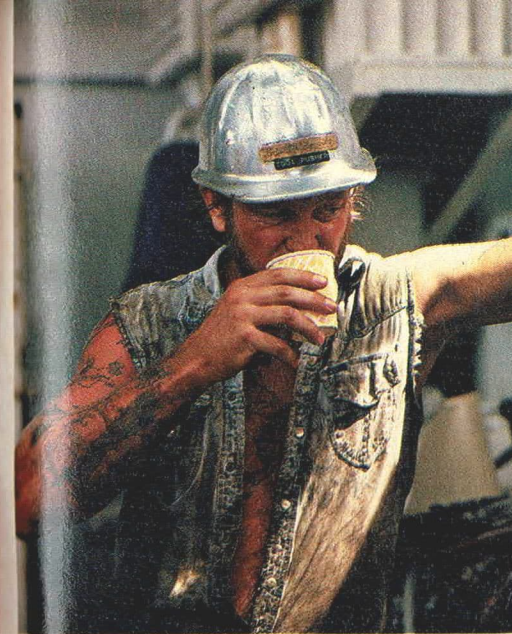


out warning up that way and a floating rig like the *Regional Endeavour* makes an easy mark for storms at sea. During the cyclone season she moves south to an area where she should be safer.

The 20 men who embarked from the helicopter are returning from 14 days' leave. Most of them have spent the time



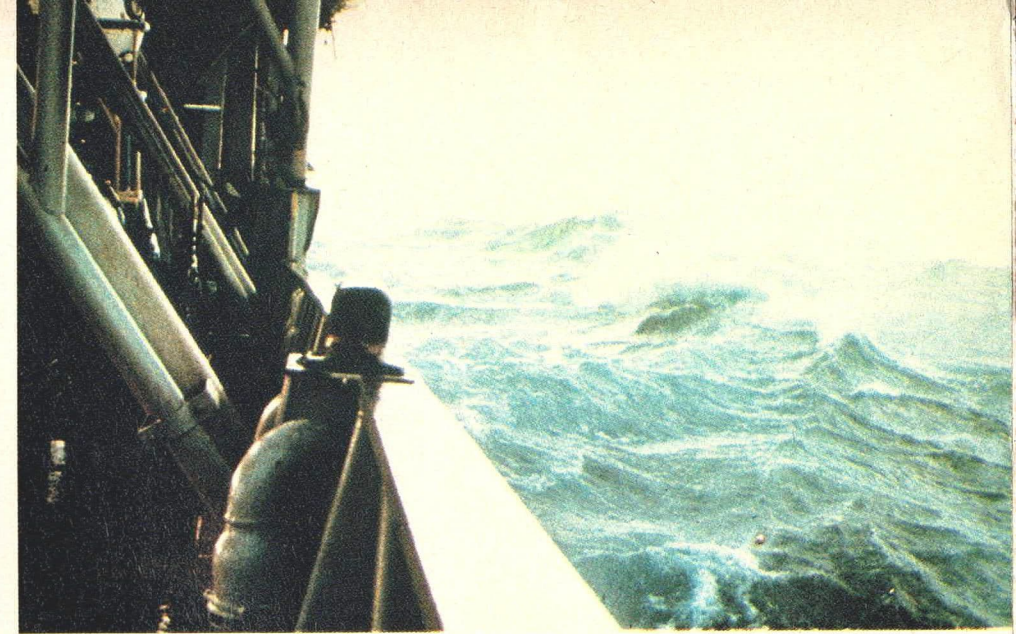
in homes, flats or a favorite residential pub in Perth. The company has paid for their 2500-kilometre return flight to work. These men now have a two-week wait before their next shore leave. With the prospect of successive 12 hours on — 12 off workshifts, those two weeks sometimes seem endless.



The rig carries 46 men associated with drilling operations plus a ship's crew to maintain and operate her.

The drilling crews are young, their average age is 22, and they include a fair proportion of migrants who pick up the routine quickly or fade out just as fast.

The four drillers on board take the role



Looking around the rig, clockwise from top left: the helicopter is the main link with the mainland; it's dirty work and a break is always welcome; rough seas signal the approach of a cyclone; dressed like a *Star Wars* warrior a diver prepares to check the rig's anchors. He can descend to 600 metres; a rigger strains to tighten drill pipes and the drill casing descends into the depths of the moon pool. The water is so clear you can see fish flicker 50 metres below the surface.

of sergeant major. They are slightly older, about 25, and their annual earnings are about \$22,000 compared with the \$18,000 earned by the roughnecks.

The rig superintendent or tool pusher is the top dog and he's on about 30 grand a year.

The men returning from leave head for

their cabins. Their living areas are painted in pastel greens and blues in an attempt to give them a homey feeling. But it takes more than paint to make a three square metre steel box feel like home, especially when it's crammed with a wardrobe and desk as well as two bunks. Fortunately each cabin's two occupants are never there together. When one is off work the other is on. The 12-hour shift system has its advantages.

Shifts change at 11.30am. Roustabouts, the least experienced members of the drilling crew, take over the mundane tasks like checking equipment, chipping at rust and swabbing off the lubricating slurry.

But the crew's attention is usually focused on the midships platform above the huge square hole yawning out of the bottom of the ship.

In spite of its awesome technicalities, the principle of drilling at sea is quite simple. First, a massive base section designed to prevent blowouts is lowered to the seabed. Steel cylinders 50 centimetres in diameter are then piled up and bolted together to form the riser — the chimney-shaped tube through which the drill operates.

The upper end of this tube, the drill casing, projects through the seven-metre square hole in the hull. With its telescopic top section gleaming, the casing stands rigid while a slight swell lifts and lowers the aperture surrounding it in a monstrous parody of the missionary position.

Six months' holiday a year may sound like an attractive proposition, but the drillers agree that they earn their time off.

"Blokes ashore reckon we've got easy money just because we only work 26 weeks a year," says one sweating roughneck. "They should have a go at this bloody game for 84 hours a week."

At least the shifts pass quickly. It's the off-duty time which can drag and make a man edgy, especially towards the end of the fortnight. That's one reason why

there's a no alcohol rule on the rig. Everyone is subject to snap checks on their possessions to prevent secret booze caches, an invasion of privacy which most victims accept with surprising meekness.

In the off-duty spells sleep does not always come easily. It takes time to adjust to the 12 hours on — 12 hours off routine, and not everyone is successful, especially those who start work at midnight.

When you're off duty the choice is unlimited food or limited entertainment. The food is good. That's another oil industry tradition, like the no hard liquor rule inherited from the Americans. A choice of four main courses is routine and both quality and quantity are excellent. Many rig cooks are perfectionists who have renounced hotel employment because they say the oil industry is more generous with funds for food supplies.

Card schools are continuous, with a nominal limit of \$2. Perth television stations can sometimes be picked up, and there are frequent films; features, sport and grainy porn.

Fishing is popular. The rig, which is stationary for months at a time, seems to attract fish; often big ones.

There are times when 12-kilo red emperor and dolphin fish queue up to be caught, with the occasional groper too big for any line except a hawser. Inquisitive tiger sharks and hammerheads are less welcome and the yellow sea snakes which occasionally rise to the surface help to enforce the ban on off-duty swimming.

But you can't spend all your time fishing, playing cards and watching films. The moon pool is an inevitable attraction. The water below the hull aperture is green and mysterious during the day. It's so clear you can see fish flicker briefly 50 metres below the surface in sunbeams which slant even further into the depths.

At night the effect is even more dramatic, and the reason for the moon pool's title becomes clear. The water is aglow with phosphorescence, an eerie glow which is reflected upwards on to the faces which stare down into the water. The moon pool can have an oddly hypnotic effect, it encourages introspection, especially towards the end of the fortnight when boredom and frustration can become acute.

Like most men working in remote areas, rig crews include a fair proportion of men with difficult and sometimes bizarre personal lives.

Broken marriages are common, sometimes they have ended before the man joined the rig, sometimes because he did.

Theoretically, absences of 14 days should not wreck a marriage, de facto or otherwise. In practice, that two weeks away often does. The artificial nature

of the routine can contribute to the disruption.

"No sooner do you start to settle down at home than you're back on this old cow," laments a father-to-be.

"Sure it's great to hit the sack together, but you need time to get to know each other, too."

Some wives try to stoke their men's fires between leave periods, hoping to guarantee that they are not forgotten. One young newly-wed sent her groom a dozen men's magazines twice a week on the regular helicopter supply flights.

"Reckon she thought they'd have him jumping on her before he got his hat off," reminisces an assistant driller.

"It didn't work, poor little cow. After four or five trips home he lost interest. Said he fancied the birds in the books she sent more than he fancied her."

Some of the single men on the rig have developed what appears to be the perfect

Some of the single men on the rig have developed what appears to be the perfect situation for sex and economy.

situation for sex and economy. They not only share a flat in Perth, they share the girls who go with it.

Dividing the rent between two means even roustabouts can afford luxury apartments. Each one has a home for a fortnight and he never overlaps with his partner. In some cases he also has the services of two, three or even more girls who are live-in housekeepers and concubines. But even this routine can turn sour.

"The trouble is you get to fancy one more than the others," says a former Adelaide car worker on the run from a maintenance order.

"There's one piece in our flat that I really go for. I know the bastard who's ashore right now is screwing her silly, probably at this very moment.

"But I know that's part of our agreement. All the same, when he gets off that chopper grinning, I feel like kicking his face in."

With four days to go, the tension sometimes eases a little. Perth, and the fleshpots are almost within reach.

Then a radio warning about an ap-

proaching cyclone sends morale back down. Cyclones are the cause of many nightmares on floating rigs. At best they threaten company profits. At their worst they can claim lives. One of the old hands aboard was with a drilling crew on the barge rig *Big John* when she was hit by a cyclone in 1973, not far from *Regional Endeavour's* present position.

"I wouldn't want to go through that again," he says. "The eye of the bloody thing went right over us. We couldn't get out on deck, green seas were sweeping 'em clean. One by one our anchor cables snapped. The last one was still holding when the weather started to ease a bit. It was all over in eight hours, but it seemed like days. The waves flattened our riser to the sea bed and it was a month before we were operating again. But we didn't give a damn about that. It was enough to be alive."

The *Regional Endeavour* could never suffer such a severe threat. She at least has engines to prevent her drifting helplessly before the storm.

But if she is going to take advantage of her mobility, she needs time to detach herself from her eight anchors and from the riser.

To abandon a well and its equipment, which represents months of work, is a last resort which is not normally contemplated.

There is an emergency routine for sudden cyclones which can be completed within minutes. Rams built into either side of the riser squeeze and snap the drill pipe. Then a panic button is pressed to disconnect the riser segments below the hull, and the link between the rig and its underwater formwork is temporarily severed.

On this occasion the cyclone is moving slowly southwards. Instead of the panic routine, a tense crew begins the painstaking safety formula which goes into operation when a cyclone is estimated to be eight hours away.

The final step is the air evacuation of all unnecessary personnel so as few men as possible are left in the danger area to ride out the blow. But this cyclone is a little unpredictable. When all the safety precautions are completed, it starts to veer away to the south-west, and finally out into the Indian Ocean. A cursing but cheerful crew puts all the safety preparations into reverse.

The last three days are long. Cabin walls press in, and the cluttered decks seem cramped as the crew's patience shortens. Eventually a buzzing speck on the horizon grows large and the Sikorski materialises.

The crew that's heading home grabs luggage and dashes under the rotor, begrudging the time taken by the reluctant arrivals to disembark. Perth, and the birds and the beer are only three hours away.

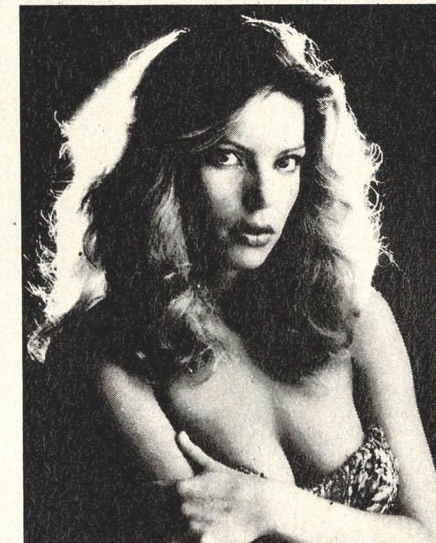
HOW TO SUCCEED WITH THE 1980s WOMEN

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS!

by Eric Weber



Featuring interviews with 25 beautiful girls!



This is the original, world famous classic by Eric Weber that has over 500,000 copies in print and has been featured on the Johnny Carson Show and the Dr Joyce Brothers Show on

Americas ABC Television. "How to Pickup Girls" features interviews with 25 young, attractive, modern women. They tell you in their very own words, exactly what it takes to walk up to any woman and introduce yourself.

You will learn

- How to make shyness work for you
- Why a man doesn't have to be good looking
- What makes a man sexy
- 50 great opening lines
- How to get women to approach you
- How to succeed in Singles Bars and much, much more

You could spend twenty dollars in a singles bar and still not meet anyone you like. Why not spend just **\$9.95** (plus \$1 postage and handling) on "How to Pick up Girls". You'll find it a thousand times more helpful when it comes to meeting and attracting the women of the 80's.

NOW THE SAME SUCCESSFUL FORMULA ON RECORD!

PICKING UP GIRLS MADE EASY!



Rush this coupon away for the Album, the Book or both!

Eric Weber's secret techniques for overcoming shyness and meeting women have now been adapted to record and cassette. This 40 minute album features eight, actually recorded 'pick-up scenes'. You'll hear exactly how a guy just like yourself successfully 'picks-up' a gorgeous girl on the beach. You actually hear the voices of the people involved and the step by step techniques working towards the ultimate goal.

You can learn it all so easily by just sitting back and listening. You'll be just waiting for the opportunity to put it into action. At only **\$9.95** it's less than you'd pay for a smart shirt and it'll do a lot more for you.

AUSTRALIAN RESIDENTS SEND TO:

Trans-Tasman Productions Pty Ltd
377 Blaxland Rd
Ryde, N.S.W. 2112

The Book

I enclose **\$9.95** (plus \$1 for postage and handling) for "How to Pick Up Girls" ☐

The Record

I enclose **\$9.95** (plus \$1 for postage and handling) for the record ☐ cassette ☐ (please tick) of "Picking Up Girls Made Easy"

Name

Address

Note: If ordering both Book and Record or Cassette add only \$1.00 for postage and handling

NEW ZEALAND RESIDENTS SEND TO:

TEEVEE PRODUCTS (A division of
MUSIC WORLD Ltd) P.O. Box 7192
CHRISTCHURCH, NZ

The 4.30pm phone call caught the executive unawares. His clients, an influential Asian business consortium, had called an emergency meeting in Singapore the next morning. There was no question of him failing to attend. But with the only available flight due to leave the airport at 5.15, he was already racing the clock.

There was just enough time to gather vital files for the conference. He couldn't afford the few minutes he'd need to race back to his apartment and throw together his personal possessions. But the executive wasn't worried. He wasn't going to look as if he'd slept on a park bench when he confronted his Chinese business associates the next morning.

That old joke about flying out with a \$20 bill, a pair of underpants and no time to change either didn't apply. The leather attache case lying open on his desk top contained everything the well-heeled businessman needed to keep himself self-contained and comfortable: an array of appliances that would make James Bond green with envy.

The English leather attache case with expanding side (\$495, Hunts Leather) contained his passport wallet (sheepskin with 12 carat gold plate corners, \$99.50, Hunts), micro-cassette recorder (Aiwa, \$128, Park Hi Fi Sydney), electric shaver (Braun Micron 2000, \$89.95, Custom Cleared), scientific calculator (Sharp, \$69.95, Metropolitan Business Machines), address book (\$35), jotter (\$56), keycase (\$42, all from Hunts).

He's also packed a telescopic umbrella (Knirps, \$36, Clive Richard) his compact miniature TV, radio and alarm clock (Sanyo, \$279, Customs Cleared) pen and pencil (gold plated, \$118, Hunts) hairbrush (Kent, \$45) and a change of socks (Pantherella, \$7) and underwear (Emminence, \$12, Clive Richard) and the hipflask (Marshall, \$68, Hunts). His leather wetpack (\$77.75, Dunhill) holds Dunhill Blend 30 toiletries including soap, deodorant and aftershave. Last there's the toothbrush (\$7 Dunhill). 



ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

Continued from page 46

Assistant Minister for Education, Norman Lacey, was forced to rejig his department's proposals to Cabinet on sex education through fear of the electoral backlash.

But over the Christmas period the New Right whiffed even headier success, when Premier Dick Hamer announced a Cabinet re-shuffle which was generally interpreted as a major shift to the right. An outspoken radical rightist, Jeffrey Kennett, was elevated to the ministry after only four years in the House. When looking over the possible choices Hamer had for promotion, the august and slightly liberal Age asked: "Why Mr Kennett?" This is a question many Victorian Liberals have also asked.

The newspaper saw the reshuffle as the end of liberal Hamerism and a triumph for the new hardliners. *The Australian's* Richard L'Estrange had no doubt the advent of Kennett was the death knell of the "Hamer years".

"As Mr Kennett has worked solidly

behind the scenes so has the Right come back to triumph and once again taken control of Victoria," L'Estrange commented.

The Age agreed, adding its concern that the only "quality of life" politician to survive the Seventies — Hamer — had bowed out to the right and that now no Australian political leader could be seen as truly liberal.

And in the field of sex education the Victorian Government totally capitulated, handing over control of sex education to parent dominated committees, a move opposed by Assistant Minister Lacy and the progressives.

The Age called this a cowardly abjuration of responsibility, saying the Government seemed to have succumbed "to the agitation of a small pressure group which feels that adolescents should be shielded from knowledge, discussion and possible influences of which its members disapprove".

However, the Concerned Parents were not happy either. CPA president McLeod said the move could help divide schools and warned that parents could be left with no option but to withdraw their children altogether.

"Any attempt to deal with sexuality in

the context of human relations has no place in the classroom," he said.

Some political observers have seen Hamer's shift to the right as an attempt to forestall the Victorian National Party, a numerically insignificant party. The success of the Nationals on the Gold Coast, against a stiff Liberal Party challenge in last year's State elections, and the party's continuing success throughout Queensland, has given the party leadership hope that Bjelke-style leadership and philosophy could succeed elsewhere.

With the right fairly well entrenched in Western Australia as well as Queensland, and Neville Wran seemingly unchallengeable in NSW, an enfeebled Hamer Government is the obvious target.

A first step would be the restoration of the National Party as a significant power in the State so that its opinions would be heeded and, better it could force a coalition with the Liberals. Hamer is known to abhor the prospect of a coalition with the Nationals but he cannot remain leader forever.

Present indications are that the next leader of the Liberals will come from the right, and thus be more amenable to doing deals with the Nationals, especially if it is the only way to maintain power. The way the strongly anti-Joh Queensland Liberals again and again bed down with Joh's party to just have a look-in on the power game indicates the ease with which power-hunger can displace more high-flown considerations.

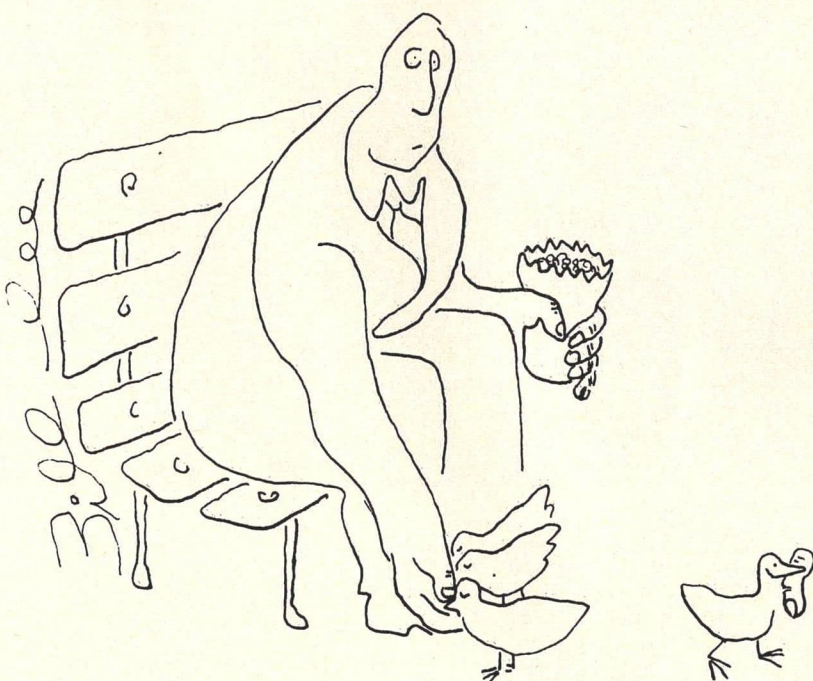
Already the growth of conservatism is putting the Prime Minister, Malcolm Fraser, into a difficult position over relations between his own party and his National Party chums in the Federal sphere.

Fraser, with his squatter's background, seems most at home with the Cabinet members from the National Party.

He is also known to approve of the Right to Life Movement, with a natural disposition towards conservative God-fearing values. While certainly a distance from the Religious Right, he would be considered a more favorable listener to its demands than most of his Liberal Party colleagues.

And when it is considered that the preoccupations of the last decade — social justice, the environment, quality of life — are being replaced by other fads — the resources boom for example — and an unemployment-riddled society turns back to economic growth as the savior, it looks like we might be in for an up-dated rerun of the Fifties, a period of restricted personal liberty.

But worse, if the Religious Right has anything to do with it — and that's what it is trying to have — restrictions on liberty could become the growth industry of this decade. 



Penthouse presents erotic movies you don't have to buy in plain brown paper.

VIDEO
CLASSICS

Penthouse magazine presents the best use yet for your video cassette player. Seven specially selected erotic movies in Beta or VHS, for \$59.95 each, a saving of \$10 on retail price.

The Stud: Joan Collins and Oliver Tobias in the first big budget erotic feature. He managed the hottest disco in town, she managed him. R.

Case Of The Smiling Stiffs: A vampire is on the loose, but this one doesn't go for the neck... she's more discreet. R.

Flesh Gordon: A writers super spoof on yesterdays super heroes. The earth is saved from incredible sex rays being sent from the planet Porno. R.

Naughty: A study of pornography and erotica through the ages, from early Roman times, to the present day. R.

The Happy Hooker: A graphically revealing portrait of the life and times of Xaviera Hollander, world famous madame.

Mustang: The first legal brothel, the Mustang Ranch in Nevada USA, is exposed in all it's glory. R.

Save \$10



Australian
PENTHOUSE

Yes Please! Send me the movie(s) indicated in ☐ Beta ☐ VHS format.
☐ The Stud ☐ Smiling Stiffs ☐ Flesh Gordon ☐ Naughty ☐ Happy Hooker ☐ Mustang

\$59.95 per title plus \$1.50 post and package. Total \$61.45
I enclose ☐ cheque ☐ money order or charge my ☐ Bankcard ☐ Diners ☐ Amex ☐ Carte Blanche

Card No.

Signature

Name

Address

Postcode

Expiry Date

SEND TO: PENTHOUSE MOVIE OFFER, BOX 352, P.O. NORTH SYDNEY 2060. NSW

The big V twins at the top of the New Yamaha range are muscling in on Harley-Davidson territory.

SHAPING UP FOR A SHOWDOWN

BY NOEL CHRISTENSEN

The surprise attack by consumers on world-wide motorcycle stockpiles left the cupboard a little bare. But that situation has been countered diligently by the Japanese with what they refer to as "a four-shift day".

1980 market projections seriously underestimated the needs of an OPEC affected world and the undersupply looked like spilling into 1981 until production-line workers in Japan closed ranks to allow employers to squeeze a fourth shift into a day.

In Australia two-wheelers were in the same hot property bracket as precious metals and Sydney real estate, as retail sales of new bikes reached their best level since the record year of 1974.

The Yamaha Motor Company was initially unprepared for the bike rush, but the second biggest bike manufacturer in the world with three million units a year, has stepped up production to keep pace with demand if everything goes to plan.

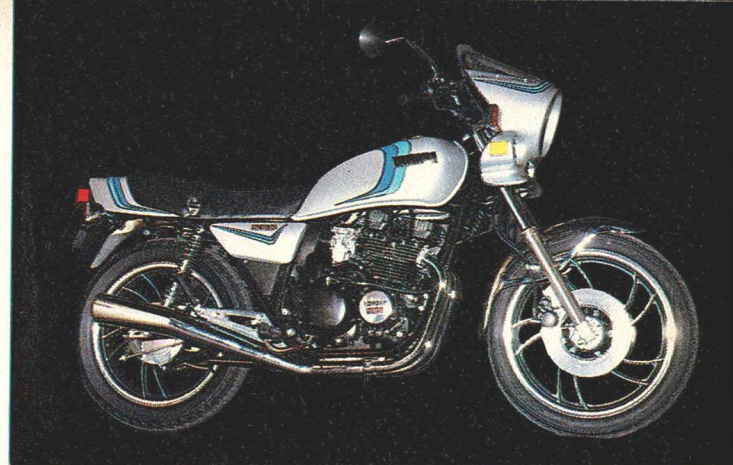
Admitting that demand last year caught marketing predictions off target, Yamaha's US/Oceania General Manager (Sales), Mr Ben Watanabe, triumphantly announced to Australian retailers a short time ago that output had been adjusted to satisfy demand.

It was the sales push that brought Mr Watanabe to Australia, although his visit coincided with the release of the 1981 range containing a staggering 50 models.

Apart from the usual update of the many familiar faces of years gone by, Yamaha has peppered the line-up with a handful of new releases — most of which are breaking new ground.

Foremost in this category are the V twins — the flannel-suit grey XV 1000 (\$3299) and the leather-jacket black XV 750 (\$2999) — which shape up squarely to the popular American cultist bikes from Harley-Davidson.

They won't sound quite the same, because the Yamahas fire on alternate crankshaft revolutions. So while the "chug" so reminiscent of Harley-Davidson is not completely there, everything else is except the badges and the approval of the one percenters, who detest Japanese bikes among other things.



XJ 550



XJ 750 Seca



XV 1000

Official statements from Yamaha deny these bikes are competing with Harleys, but no one is naive enough to believe that — least of all the Harley heads in Milwaukee, who are now under heavy fire from a competitor for the first time in the last 30 years.

A break with tradition to follow a tradition is how Yamaha sees its brace of Vs. And it does it very nicely with the first two offerings, which are \$3000 below the price of their American counterparts — not enough to tempt real Harley fans to swap, but just about everyone else must consider them.

As the first Japanese make with an in-line V twin, Yamaha has pioneered a swing away from the conventional multi-cylinder big bikes. Adhering to their design policy for the 80s of lighter, leaner and cleaner products, Yamaha has incorporated those attributes into their monocoque V twins first up.

Rear suspension is the Monocross system pioneered on Yamaha motocross world championship racers, which has

Photos by Grahame Long



XV 750

more recently found its way on to road racers, trail and enduro ironware.

What is unusual for a Jap bike is to see external oil lines feeding lubricant to the top end of the OHC motor and, on the larger Yamaha, a fully-enclosed rear chain which runs in a bath of grease and needs only one adjustment at 10,000km and which supposedly will be followed by a further trouble-free life of a minimum of 40,000km.

The XV 750 is shaft driven, comes in basic black and is more Americanised than the larger bike due to more rakey forks, wider handlebars and larger step to the pillion seat.

Another new duo with a different brand of power is the twin-cam transverse fours — the XJ 550 (\$2699) and the XJ 750 Seca (\$2999).

The 750 bike is laden with new gadgetry and is claimed to be the first computerised motorcycle, which is a way of saying that hydraulic, electrolyte and fuel levels as well as brake pad

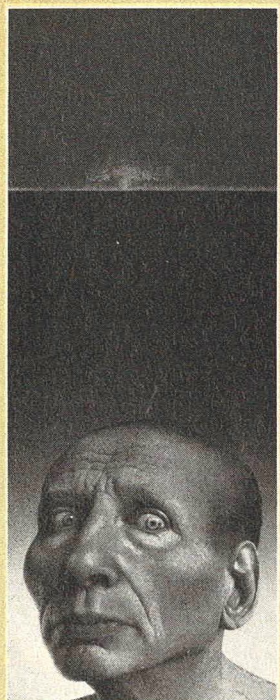
thickness, side-stand position and light bulb operation are hooked up on to the one warning system with colored lights indicating any trouble spot.

Far more useful on this exciting 750 are mechanical innovations which appear to be ready to engulf the range if successfully proven on this stylish newcomer.

For the pocket, the YICS (Yamaha Induction Control System) on both XJs supposedly improves fuel economy by 10 percent at the same time enhancing power characteristics.

The same goes for the 750's anti-dive front suspension, which inhibits fork compression under heavy braking but which allows the system to be over-riden in the case of major irregularities in road surface.

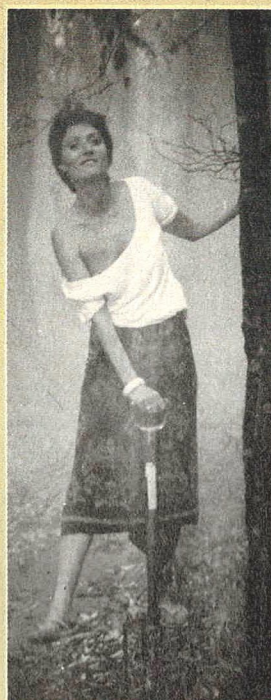
For the dirt, the major alterations to the platoon of motocross, trail and enduro bikes are the addition to the range of an IT enduro bike with 465cc engine and watercooling for the successful YZ 125 motocrosser. The YZ 125 has been asked



The Myth of Soviet Supremacy



Women's Role



Utopia

Kultcher Special — In which we examine two aspects of popular culture in Australia. Chris Pritchard looks at rock concerts and the often dismal bottom line for rock promoters. Malcolm Frawley, himself a theatrical type of the fringe persuasion, asks Is There An Audience In The House? An amusing look at the state of the art of Australian theatre.

The Myth of Soviet Supremacy — Since the end of World War II the United States has spent hundreds of billions of dollars on a phony arms race with the Soviet Union. The only winner has been the defence industry, says author Tom Gervasi. Gervasi, who wrote the bestseller Arsenal of Democracy, believes that every president since Truman has endeavored to "scare the hell out of the country" in order to promote the arms race. "These bouts of hysteria," he says, "have taken hundreds of billions of dollars from the taxpayer." An absorbing and chilling article.

Women's Role — Cartoonist and illustrator Mary Leunig believes it's a man's world, and that it shouldn't be. We agree, and we've given Mary five pages to make her point. Which she does, with much humor and not a little pathos.

The Gnomes of Bilderberg — Conspiracy theorists (just because they're paranoid doesn't mean they're not being followed) will know that the annual Bilderberg meeting is held secretly and that the future of the world is decided over port and coffee. No journalist has ever reported proceedings until Craig S. Karpel beat brains and brawn with bullshit and cracked the big one. On the eve of the 1981 Bilderberg meeting he reveals how, last year at the height of the New Cold War, he rubbed shoulders with the Kissingers and Rockefellers and discovered that the men who pull the strings were a little unsure of themselves.

Utopia — Journalist/author Craig McGregor turned his back on the city a few years ago to live high on a ridgetop in Northern NSW. A lot of other people had the same idea at the same time, and there now exists a strange subculture living in relative harmony with the old rural settlers. McGregor goes beyond the hippie stereotypes to look at the new settler movement from the inside. 

to give more power, for longer, with less wear on engine parts by the addition of liquid cooling. Driven at two-thirds engine speed, the coolant pump has the impressive performance figure of being able to recycle its entire capacity every three seconds at 10,000 engine rpm.

Clearly the most popular bikes last year were the up to 250cc commuters, with an increased sales of 188 percent on the previous year as the need for energy efficiency made its impact on the beleaguered public.

The new RD 250 (\$1899) and its larger twin cylinder two-stroke look-alike the RD 350 (\$2099), employ liquid cooling and almost identical engine dimensions to the racing versions, the YZs.

Although the up to 250cc commuter class includes purring feline-like mopeds, Yamaha's RD performance figures put it in a different class altogether.

At the top of the range the proven XS 1100 (\$3899) gets a superficial revamp which includes a shiny black coat from stem to stern, headlight fairing, tinted windscreen, something unusual in the form of black exhausts and mufflers — with just a ripple of polished alloy for relief on the cylinder finning and round the cases. It's just the thing for formal evenings or Mafia assignments.

The arrival of the PW 50 (\$459) sees Yamaha lower the minimum riding age to four years with a motocross version of something just a little larger than a roller skate.

The Yamaha range climbs from the Pee Wee to minis, to farmers, MXers, trail, enduro, moped, commuter, light-weights, middle, heavy and super heavy-weights in a bewildering array of names, numbers, shapes and colors.

To prove they haven't forgotten a thing this time, there comes a three-wheeled "moon buggy" all-terrain vehicle — YT 125 (\$1249). The fat, low-pressure knurled aircraft tyres, arranged in tricycle configuration, gives this bike its ability to tackle marsh or swamp.

In tests it has towed a Falcon sedan out of a bog which normally would require the services of a four-wheel drive towtruck... but has anyone tried it with a Harley? 

THE MAIL ORDER HOUSE

You have trusted since 1965

Proudly presents
A NEW COMPREHENSIVE
ADULT CATALOGUE

Send \$2 today for samples and your
personal free copy to:
C.C. OF A. DEPT. Z.
P.O. BOX M335,
SYDNEY MAIL EXCHANGE,
N.S.W., 2012.

Please certify over 18 years of age.
779 George St., Sydney.

"If my putter was as reliable as this U-Bix Copier, every hole would be a birdie."

Jack Newton
JACK NEWTON



U-Bix
V3R

What you need most in golf, is what you need most in a copying machine — reliability. The thing for which U-Bix copiers are famous. This new U-Bix V3R is as versatile as it is reliable.

This compact plain paper copier gives you: 30 (A4) copies per minute; a high speed document feed that accepts anything from a score card to a computer printout; same size copies or choice of two reduction sizes; automatic collation of documents.

Then over the weeks, months, and years, you'll enjoy the one feature no other copier can promise: famous U-Bix reliability. (On the subject of reliability, how's your photocopier working today?)

U-BIX reliability put it to work for you.

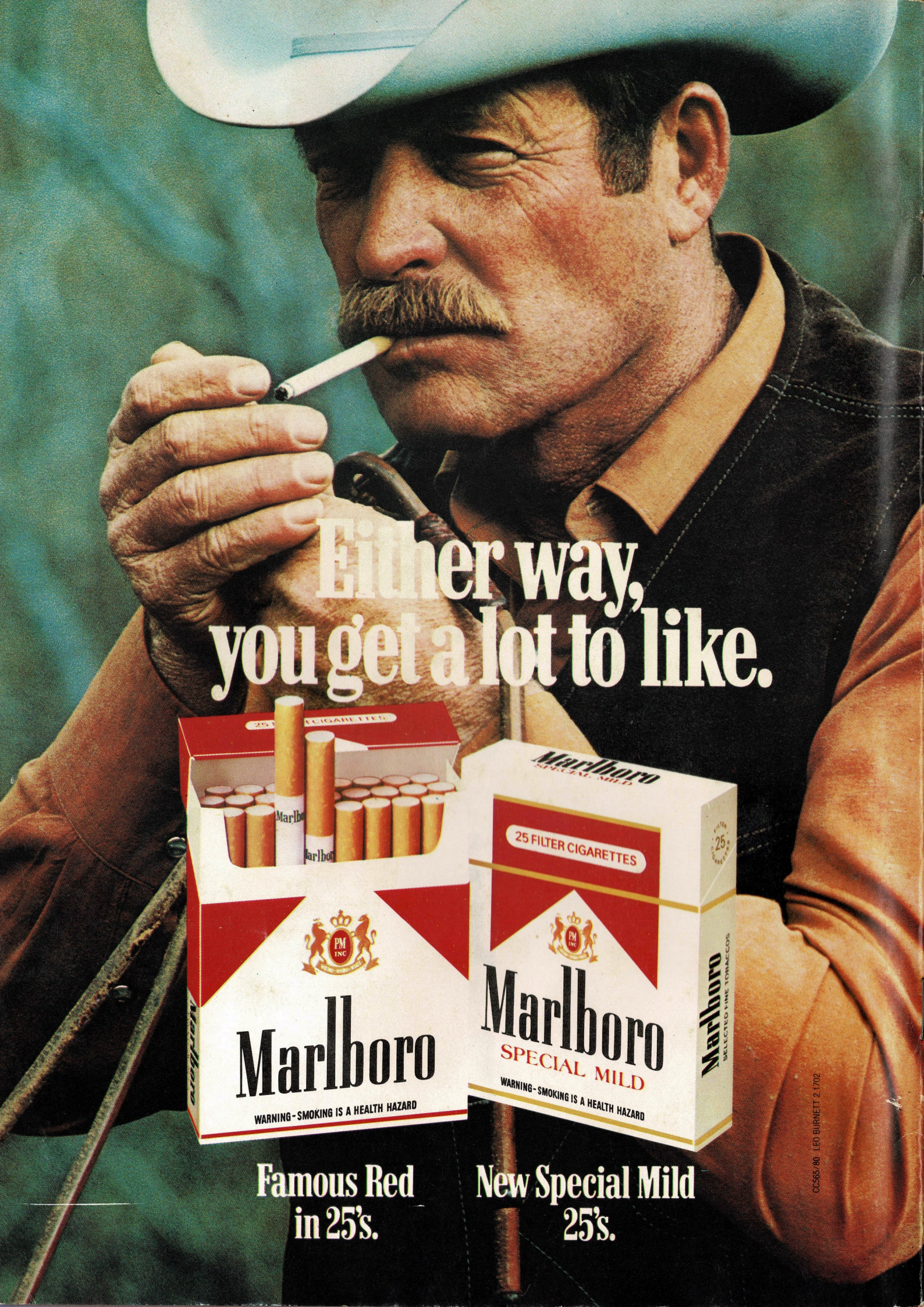
Contact A.B.E. Copiers Pty Ltd

Telephone: Sydney 428 4066 Melbourne 544 0733 Brisbane 52 3288 Adelaide 297 5466
Perth 362 1233 Canberra 80 5518 Newcastle 26 2900 Wollongong 29 3888

FREE OFFER!

With every demonstration of a U-Bix copier comes this superbly balanced brass centre shaft putter, fitted with the sensational new U.S. Tacki-Mac grip. Simply send this coupon to: A.B.E. Copiers Pty Ltd 13 Sirius Road, Lane Cove, NSW 2066. Phone: (02) 428 4066

Company _____
Name _____
Title _____
Address _____
Postcode _____ Phone _____

A close-up photograph of a man with a mustache wearing a light blue cowboy hat and a brown leather jacket over a tan shirt. He is holding a lit cigarette in his right hand, with smoke rising from it. The background is a soft-focus green.

Either way,
you get a lot to like.



Famous Red
in 25's.



New Special Mild
25's.